47302
May, 1976
75¢

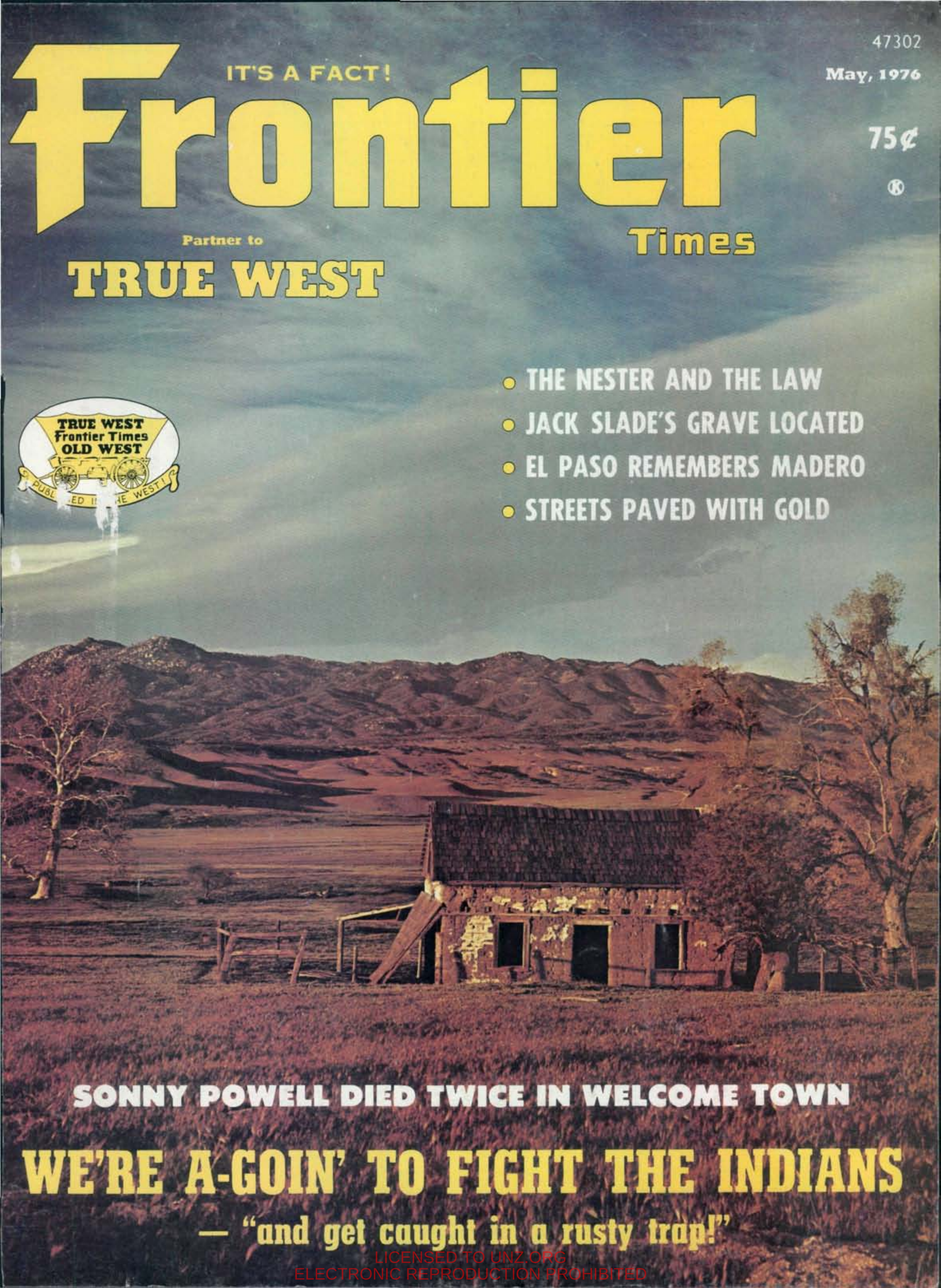
IT'S A FACT!

Frontier Times

Partner to
TRUE WEST

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBL ED I HE WEST!

- THE NESTER AND THE LAW
- JACK SLADE'S GRAVE LOCATED
- EL PASO REMEMBERS MADERO
- STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD



SONNY POWELL DIED TWICE IN WELCOME TOWN

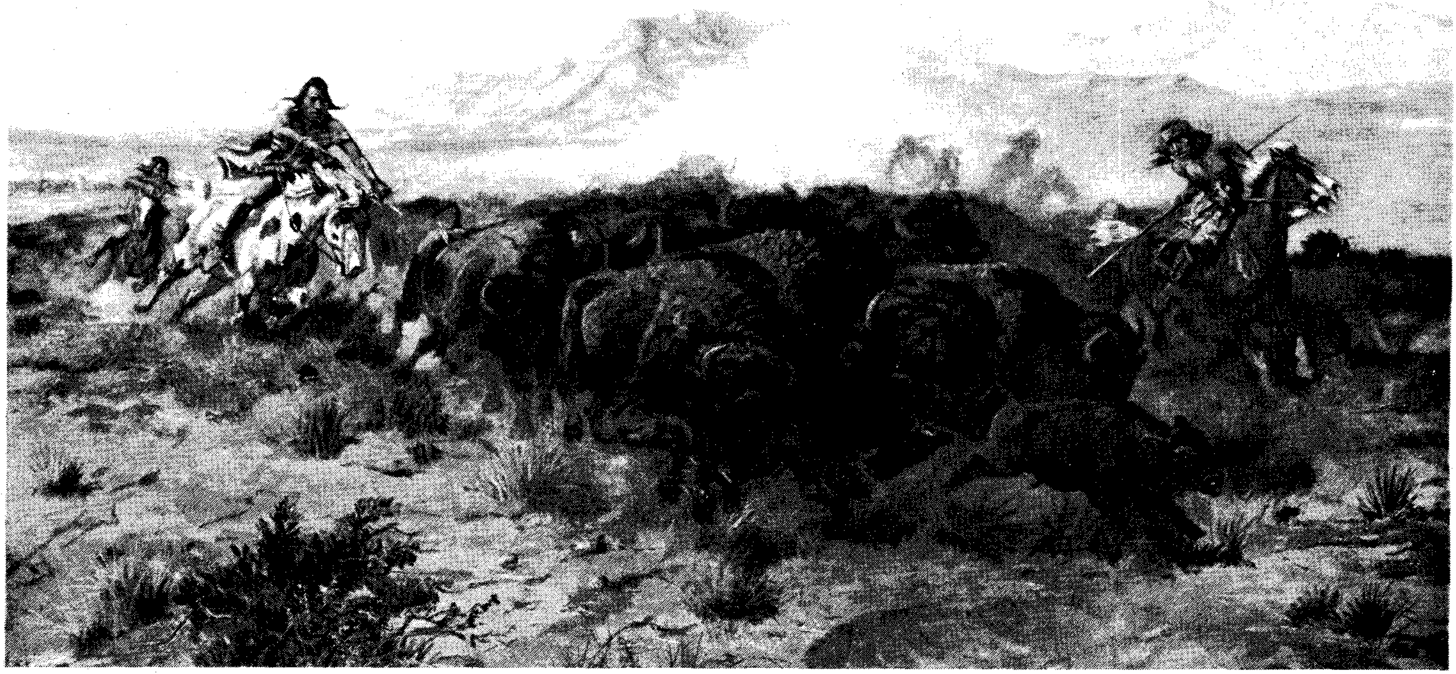
WE'RE A-GOIN' TO FIGHT THE INDIANS

— "and get caught in a rusty trap!"

Charles M. Russell Color Prints

Beautiful reproductions of his greatest paintings. All prints are in full color—suitable for framing.

This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—*Prospectors*, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½

77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—*A Crow Chief*, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—*The Fire Boat*, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

IDEAL FOR THE HOME, TACK ROOM, DEN, CLUB ROOMS OR OFFICE. SENT POSTPAID.

$1.00 Each. 5 Pictures—$4.50 10 Pictures—$8.50 25 Pictures—$20.00 50 or More Pictures—75¢ Each.

List wanted numbers plainly on a sheet of paper. Not necessary to detach this page. (Brochure not available.)
ORDER NOW! Send Cash, Money Order or Check to:

CHARLES M. RUSSELL PRINTS

P.O. BOX 3338 — AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

Pre-publication special:

General Custer's LIBBIE

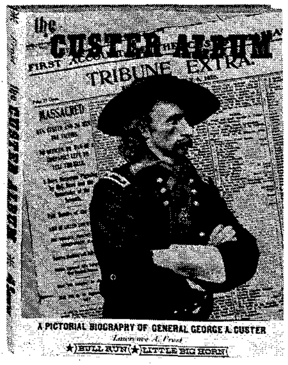
by Dr. Lawrence A. Frost

Elizabeth Bacon Custer: a lady of great breeding, an army wife who shared the anxieties and hardships of frontier posts; a loyal widow who spent 50 years upholding her husband's reputation against those who would vilify a dead hero. A remarkable woman for any age, the wife of Gen. George Armstrong Custer lived through some of our most exciting history, and carefully observed and recorded what she saw. Now, for the first time, the life of Custer's Libbie is fully written, based on her own diaries and letters as well as other unpublished sources. Creating this illuminating portrait is Dr. Lawrence A. Frost, noted Custer historian, and author of Superior's "The Custer Album" (see below).

Libbie's story is delightfully told and fully documented in 336 fact-filled pages (big 8⅜"x10½" size) and 125 rare photos. Hardbound. To be ready in May, the book will list at $19.95. You can order *now* and save, at pre-publication price of $17.95.

LIMITED EDITION AVAILABLE:

The publisher is also making available a deluxe-bound, limited, numbered, autographed edition of the book—a true collector's edition to be treasured by any historian or book lover—at $75. Reserve a copy now. (See below for other books, combination discounts.)



THE CUSTER ALBUM

By Lawrence A. Frost. "Best of current, growing stock of Custer studies..." (West Coast Review of Books). A unique pictorial biography—virtually a Custer museum, with 315 photos and drawings, and a huge collection of "Last Stand" paintings. Knowledgeable text by noted Custer expert. 8⅜"x 10½". Hardbound. $12.95.

OTHER SUPERIOR BOOKS:

MY FRIEND THE INDIAN
by James McLaughlin. 31 full-color reproductions of Indian paintings by D. S. Buisson, memoirs of factor at Standing Rock Agency, N.D., during Indian uprisings. 142 pp. $14.95.

SIOUX INDIAN LEADERS
by Mildred Fielder. Profiles of Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, Sitting Bull, Gall, Martin Charger, Red Cloud, Chauncey Yellow Robe, Ben Reifel. 160pp, $13.95.

INDIANS as the Westerners Saw Them
by Ralph W. Andrews. Photo history based on manuscripts, first-hand reports from pioneers, settlers, teamsters, army wives. $7.95.

Myron Eells' PUGET SOUND INDIANS
by Robt. Ruby, John Brown. Interesting text on Coast tribes, loaded with drawings of rare Indian artifacts, some no longer in existence. 160 pp. Ready June, list price $14.95. Pre-publication price, $12.95.

COMBINATION OFFER:

Order $35 worth (any titles), take a 5% discount; order $50 worth, take 10% discount; $100 worth, take 15% discount.

You need send no money, pay on receipt of books. Or, send check and books will be shipped postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed!

See coupon for combination discounts!

Superior
Publishing Company
708 6th No., Box 1710, Seattle, WA 98111

Superior Publishing Co., Box 1710, Seattle WA 98111

FT

Send me

____copies General Custer's Libbie at $17.95 pre-pub ($19.95 list)
____copies Deluxe edition of General Custer's Libbie at $75
____copies The Custer Album at $12.95
____copies My Friend the Indian at $14.95
____copies Sioux Indian Leaders at $13.95
____copies Indians as The Westerners Saw Them at $7.95
____copies Myron Eells' Puget Sound Indians at $12.95 pre-pub. ($14.95 list)

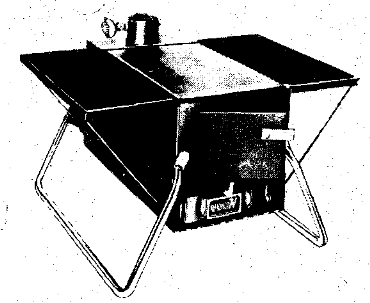
☐ I've ordered $35 worth and deducted 5%; ☐ $50 worth and deducted 10%; ☐ $100 worth and deducted 15%. ☐ Bill me. ☐ Check enclosed, discounts deducted.

Name ____________________

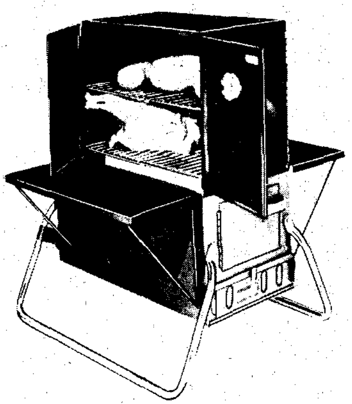
Street ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________ Zip ____________

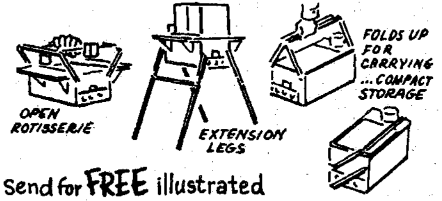
BEST
COOKER!
BEST
WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7 IN 1



★Charcoal Broil ★ Smoke Cook ★ Roast Bake ★ Barbeque (Rotisserie) ★ Fry ★Space Heat! The 7in1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours, unattended. The most versatile stove for campers, use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!


OPEN ROTISSERIE
EXTENSION LEGS
FOLDS UP FOR CARRYING ...COMPACT STORAGE

Send for FREE illustrated booklet, uses, prices.

RAEMCO, SOMERVILLE, 16 N.J. 08876
Please send FREE information on RAEMCO 7 in 1
MY NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY________ ZIP______ STATE______

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

April-May, 1976
Volume 50, No. 3
New Series No. 101

True Stories of the West!

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, General Mgr.

Mary Sanders, Editorial Asst.
Sue Ashley, Design/Production
Marilyn White, Circulation Mgr.
Joe Small, Jr., Advertising Mgr.

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue —

FRONTIER POST 3
WE'RE A-GOIN' TO FIGHT THE INDIANS .... Lee E. Echols 6
STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD .... Ralph Berard 12
TRAILS GROWN DIM 15
EL PASO REMEMBERS MADERO .... Thelma Knoles 16
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP .... The Old Bookaroos 21
SONNY POWELL DIED TWICE IN WELCOME TOWN .... Olevia E. Myers 22
JACK SLADE'S GRAVE LOCATED .... Kerry Ross Boren 24
RANCHER TAD RICHARDS .... Betty Wheeler Thomason 26
DREAMWEAVERS .... Eileen Miles Charbo 28
THE NESTER AND THE LAW .... Lyo Lee/Eve Ball 34
NUGGETS 36
FOUR YEARS IN THE DEAF SMITH COUNTY JAIL .... Eddie Connell Trussell 38

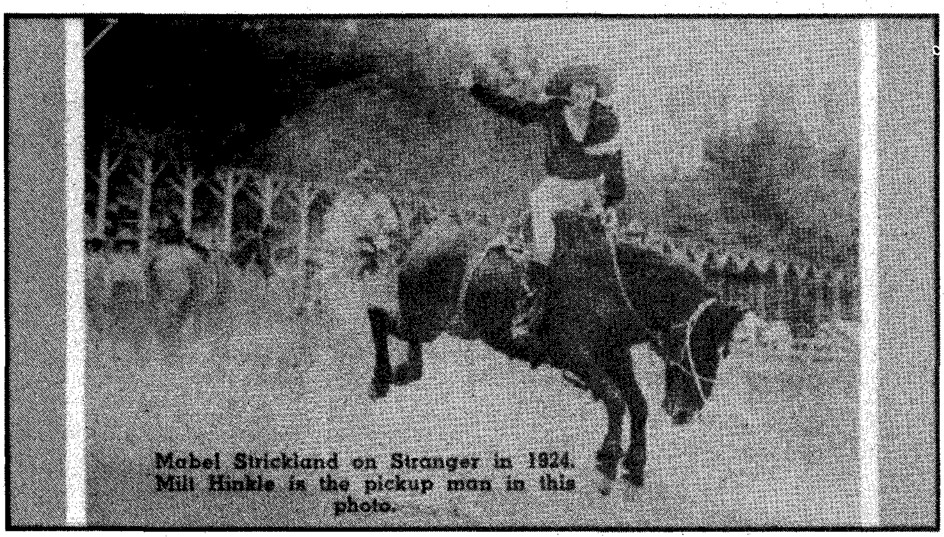
Cover: Cloyd Sorensen, Jr.
(See Page 3—"About the Cover")

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy, $7.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $8.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. Copyright 1976 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, of sufficient size for return, with all submissions.

FRONTIER POST



Mabel Strickland on Stranger in 1924. Milt Hinkle is the pickup man in this photo.

Mabel Strickland Woodward

Mabel Strickland Woodward died Saturday, January 3, 1976 in Phoenix, Arizona. I have seen her ride many times. She was a world champion rodeo performer, a member of the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and an actress. She was seventy-nine years old.

Her riding career began when she was only thirteen in her home town of Walla Walla, Washington. She was a rodeo star for a quarter of a century and was awarded the All-around trophy at Cheyenne, Wyoming. She appeared in "Rhythm on the Range" with Bing Crosby and Yakima Canutt.—Stan Baker, P. O. Box 458, Walport, Oregon 97394

Two Blacksmiths—and a Helper

I enjoyed Maurice Kildare's article, "Tools of the Blacksmith," in the January, 1976 FRONTIER TIMES. I would like to mention two blacksmiths who left memories for me. One was Andy Florence, better known as "Portugee Andy," of the logging camps in the Klamath Falls country, 1920. He would arrive with a 1½ pound hammer, go to the shop, throw all the tongs, chisels, hammers and tools that he would be using into a pile, then begin forging his own. He served seven years as an apprentice in Portugal and was truly an artist.

Another blacksmith, and I'm sorry that I cannot recall his name, came out to the Big Lakes Box Co. camp looking like a doctor or banker. He was pale, his hands were white, nails clean, and he wore a beautifully tailored suit, overcoat and fedora. But he had good recommendations and he was hired. He stayed all summer. His work was beautiful. He was up every morning at four, swept the dirt floor in the shop, and watered it down. His cabin was just as neat. He looked, every morning, as if he had come out of an office downtown. Eventually we learned that he had married a lady who operated a beauty parlor in Oakland, California and for several years endured this life. When he could no longer take it, he went back to his old trade, but he kept the polish standards of the beauty parlor!

I wish Maurice had mentioned the blacksmith's helper. I also learned to "strike"—not pound!—Howard F. Steiner, Route 1, Box 700-6, Tuolumne, California 95379

Canadian Ranchers

I have read your magazines since way back about 1950 and I enjoy every one of them. An article in Nuggets in the November, 1975 issue was headed "Largest Barn in North America" and my dad, Conrad Stock, worked on this ranch in his homesteading days. That was when the country around Leader, Saskatchewan was being settled. I find the descriptions and activities in this article quite accurate according to the accounts I heard from my dad and others. Mr. Smith's grave can be found in our local cemetery and some of the irrigation ditches are still visible. I still have in my possession a piece of square timber about 8"x8" and also some rough-cut 2"x4"s of poplar that were cut in his own sawmill.

My folks came up from North Dakota in 1910. They stayed in Maple Creek that winter and then moved to the homestead south of Leader in the spring of 1911. They came from near the towns of Benedict and Turtle Lake, North Dakota where they did some farming. My dad also worked in the coal mines there.

My wife's uncle, Manuel Sept, also worked on this ranch as a horse wrangler. If I have my information correct, he had a group of men working under him. He told us of one experience he had while they were taking a herd of horses up north to the Saskatoon area to sell to settlers up there. The country was very sparsely settled and they camped out on the prairie at night. One morning as the cowboys saddled up and were going to start the day's journey, one of the horses began to pitch viciously. It finally fell over on its back and crushed the cowboy before he could get his feet out of the stirrups. The long saddle horn went through the cowboy's chest and he died very quickly. Since it was all wild country, they buried him where he died and reported it to the R.C.M.P. (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) when they reached their destination.

Some years later Uncle Manuel moved to Portland, Oregon and passed away some years ago.—Emil Stock, Box 301, Leader, Sask., Canada SON 1HO

Boren

I enjoyed "Forgotten Feudist" by Chuck Parsons in January 1976 issue. I am familiar with George Tennille and the characters mentioned in Mr. Parson's account. How often we hear of Wes Hardin but how infrequently we hear of his contemporaries. Mr. Parsons has done a fine job in chronicling the events in the life of

(Continued on page 53)

ABOUT THE COVER

Warner's Ranch in the mountains overlooking the Anza-Borrego Desert holds a special place in the history of California. It was first an Indian campground, then a stopping place for the early Spanish explorers; next it was a stage stop on the Butterfield Line.

The well preserved adobe shown on the cover was long thought to be the Butterfield Stage Station at Warner's but it was actually the old Kimbal-Wilson store located a little to the south of the route. Reportedly there were eight murders in this store, and one hanging from a nearby tree.

The green fields and towering oak trees of the ranch were a welcome sight to travelers after crossing the harsh desert wastes. Gold was the waybill that brought men to the site. The Spanish were the first, then came the '49ers heading for the Mother Lode. Later these same '49ers would return on their way to the gold fields at nearby Julian and Banner.

It was Warner's Ranch that Peg Leg Smith used as a starting point each time that he set out to search for his lost black nuggets of gold. Another favorite story is about a Yaqui Indian who worked at the ranch and always had lots of gold to spend. Whenever he seemed to need money, he would set out down San Felipe Creek and be gone for three days and would always return with a bag of nuggets. When he died nearly $4,000 in gold, encased in black lava, was found in his bunk.—James Klein, author of *Where To Find Gold in the Desert.*

BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST!

Books you can read and refer to over and over again. Ideal for gifts.

OUTLAWS AND LAWMEN

100—**WYATT EARP—THE UNTOLD STORY,** by Ed Bartholomew. (328 pages, softbound.) "Documented, and unvarnished, a treasure chest of forgotten and buried facts." **Only $2.95**

101—**WYATT EARP—THE MAN AND THE MYTH,** by Ed Bartholomew. (335 pages, softbound). Limited to 1,000 copies. Almost 900 sources, including books, old newspapers, court records and archives material. **Only $2.95**

104—**WESTERN HARD-CASES,** by Ed Bartholomew. (191 pages, hardback.) This book deals with a hundred trouble-makers, some notorious, some hardly known. Regular price $3.50. **Now $2.95**

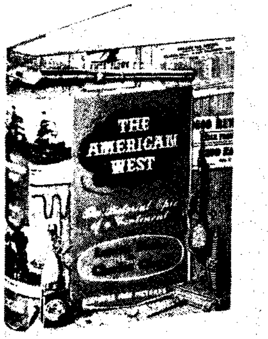
105—**THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS,** by Walter Prescott Webb. This thrilling saga, long out-of-print and in continuous demand, is now available. It is the adventurous story of dedicated men who fought against the outlaw breed of three races—Anglo desperadoes, Mexican bandits, and Indian warriors. Reprint. **Only $6.95**

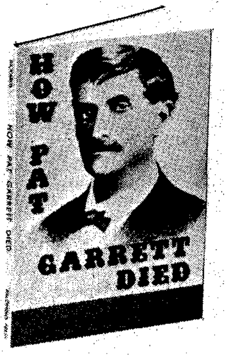
106—**BILL LONGLEY—A TEXAS HARD-CASE,** by Ed Bartholomew. (120 pages, paperback.) One of Texas' most colorful outlaws, born to lose! **Special $1.95**

111—**ROY BEAN, Law West of the Pecos,** by C. L. Sonnichsen. A witty, authenticated biography of one of the rough-and-ready immortals of the old West. Illustrated. (207 pages, hardback.) **$2.95**

114—**A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS,** by Paul I. Wellman. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. (384 pages, hardback.) Indexed—and all the outlaws are there! **Only $3.75**

115—**HOW PAT GARRETT DIED,** by Colin Rickards who has researched for over a decade. Here's the inside story of this controversial killing. Paperback. Published at $3.00. **Now $1.50**





116 **JOHN SELMAN TEXAS GUNFIGHTER.** By L. C. Metz. Photos. Action-packed biography of the Southwest's notorious 19th century rustler, robber, who shot John Wesley Hardin. Pub. at $6.95. **Only $3.50**

117—**THE LAST OF THE BANDIT RIDERS.** By Matt Warner & M. E. King. 27 Photos. Life and exploits of Matt Warner, outlaw cattle rustler, bank and highway robber and killer. One of the most colorful first-hand accounts of banditry in the Far West of the 80's and 90's. Rare, out-of-print work of Americana, formerly available only at high premium prices. **Only $3.75**

431—**A RANGER LEGACY,** by Dan E. Kilgore. A distinguished volume, a colorful new insight with material available thru no other source. An untold story of 1823 Rangers; early names, rank, ages, etc. Foreword by Col. Wilson E. Speir. A book to own or to give with pride. **Only $6.95**

430—**LIFE OF PANCHO VILLA,** Twenty Episodes. Sheila M. Ohlendorf's brilliant translation makes Elias L. Torres' fascinating book available in English for the first time. An insight into the complex, unforgettable, cruel and gentle personality that was Villa. **Our Special Price $6.95**

TREASURE

200—**LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST,** by John D. Mitchell. (202 pages, hardback.) This book has dug up some of the thousands of legends about the hidden treasures of the Indians and the Spaniards. Two fold-out maps and index. Regular price $7.50. **Our Price $5.95**

202—**LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES ALONG THE OLD FRONTIERS,** by John D. Mitchell. (260 pages, hardback.) Another excellent compilation of myths and legends. Good reading, and a good guide to gold hunting. Fold-out map and index. Regular price $7.50. **Now $5.95**

203—**DIG FOR PIRATE TREASURE,** by Robert I. Nesmith. (302 pages, hardback.) Prints, drawings, maps and authentic information on buried and sunken treasure which still remains to be discovered—or recovered. Tells about the people who are finding treasure and how to hunt for treasure properly. Photos and index. **Only $2.95**

206—**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TREASURES,** by Rascoe. Over 80 Treasure Tales! Considered by many to be the best True Clue Treasure book ever done on this rich old state. A best seller at $4.00. **Our Price $1.75**

208—**CANADIAN TREASURE TROVE,** by Garnet Basque. Tales of treasure and mystery in the magnificent land the author knows so well. Pictures and maps. Softbound. Reduced in price. **Special $3.00.**

209—**PEGLEG'S LOST GOLD,** by Jesse Rascoe. (101 pages, paperback) Pegleg was real—born Thomas Long Smith in 1801. A well known author gives all the facts about Pegleg and the lore and research surrounding the mysterious lost treasure. A special purchase permits us to offer this book at a bargain price. **Only $1.95**

432—**EL LOBO AND SPANISH GOLD,** by C. E. Ricketts. True adventures of Richard Thompson by an author as colorful as El Lobo himself. Hardbound. A beautiful volume for gifts **$8.50**

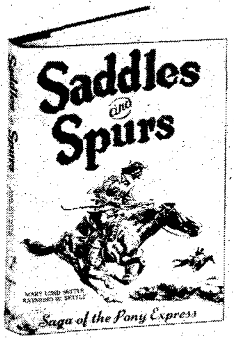
INDIANS

301—**BREEDS AND HALF-BREEDS,** by Gordon Speck. (361 pages, hardback.) Accounts of the interpreter-guides (almost all with some Indian blood) and the part they played on the Northern and Western frontiers. Over 50 illustrations and 15 maps. Regular price $7.50. UNAVAILABLE

303—**THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN,** by Col. W. A. Graham. Long accepted as the most comprehensive account of the great battle. This edition also includes the facsimile of Custer's last message and a reproduction of the N.Y. Graphic's sketch of the battlefield. Over 50 photos and maps. Regular price $5.00 **$3.50**

304—**THE CUSTER MYTH,** by Col. W. A. Graham. Illustrated with over 100 photos, maps, drawings, as well as the Dustin Bibliography. It gives a colorful account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, the events leading up to it, including the aftermath, and the famous Benteen letters and Indian accounts. Regular price $10. UNAVAILABLE

305—**INDIAN AND ESKIMO ARTIFACTS OF NORTH AMERICA,** by C. Miles. Over 2,000 examples, including 7 color plates, all of the major kinds of North American native-made artifacts—tools, weapons, pottery, basketry, boats, regalia, etc. from as far back as pre-Columbian times. Size 8¾ x 11¼. Regular price $25.00. **Special $7.95**



The Story of the LITTLE BIG HORN
Colonel W.A. Graham

306—**THE LAST CAPTIVE**—Herman Lehmann's story in his own words and commentary by author, A. C. Greene. Lehmann, abducted by Indians in Mason County, Texas when eleven years old, became an Apache warrior, an outcast, and later the adopted son of Quanah Parker. A classic of American frontier narratives. Here is your opportunity to have the complete, authentic Herman Lehmann life story in this distinguished volume with many pictures. Published at $8.95. **Only $7.50**

308—**FIGHTING INDIAN WARRIORS, True Tales of the Wild Frontier,** by E. A. Brininstool. Accurate accounts of Indian battles, more dramatic and exciting than any fiction. (353 pages, hardback.) Originally $5.95. UNAVAILABLE

309—**INDIAN MASKS & MYTHS OF THE WEST,** by Joseph H. Wherry, award winning author and Indian authority. (273 pages, hardback.) Authoritative mythological index and many illustrations. A must for a real insight into Indian culture. Published at $10.00. **Our Price $5.95**

310—**DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN,** by John Stoutenburgh, Jr. Here at last is a comprehensive book of Indian dialect, lore and history that clarifies terms often used incorrectly. (Hardbound, 459 pages.) Originally $10.00. **Now $2.95**

311—**I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO,** by Jason Betzinez with W. S. Nye. Authentic, exciting text, pictures, maps. Index. UNAVAILABLE

313—**GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER, A Biography and Picture Gallery of the Dean of Indian Painters** by Harold McCracken. 36 full-color, 130 black & white reproductions. Published at $18.50. We're proud to be able to offer this beautiful volume. **Special $6.95**

314—**OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY THE INDIANS IN THEIR WARS WITH WHITE PEOPLE,** by Archibald Loudon. Every buff's Indian shelf needs this reprint of the rare, 1808 classic. Eastern tribes. This is a chronicle of grisly atrocities, cruelty and torture on both sides of the struggle. Absorbing reading. Two volumes in one. Over 650 pages. Hardbound. **Only $6.00**

315—**THE CUSTER STORY.** Ed. by M. Merington. 17 Photos and line drawings. The life of history's "Boy General," his forays against the Confederate forces, the carpetbaggers of the South, and the campaign against the Indians, incl. intimate letters between General Custer and his wife Elizabeth. Orig. Pub. at $7.50. **Now Only $3.75**

THE AMERICAN WEST

406—**TEXAS UNDER ARMS: 1836-1846,** by Gerald S. Pierce. (268 pages, hardback.) The first complete study of all the important military establishments of the Republic of Texas. It gives the history, function, location and occupancy of more than 30 principal military towns, 53 public and private forts, and 130 military camps and posts. Maps. Regular price $10.00. **Now $8.50**

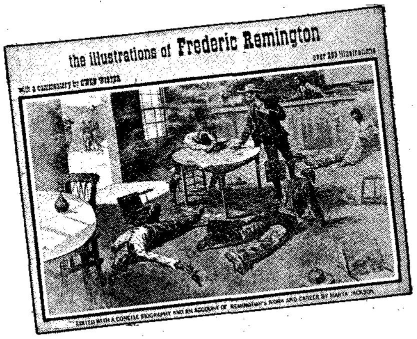
400—THE AMERICAN WEST: The Pictorial Epic of a Continent. By Lucius Beebe & Chas. Clegg. More than 1000 rare illustrations and vivid authoritative text portray the Old West from the days of the pioneers to the passing of the frontier with its heroes and villains, the ordinary people, the Indians, soldiers, hunters, prospectors and cowpunchers. 8¼ x 11¼. Orig. Pub. at $14.95 **Our Price $8.25**

402—THE BEST OF TRUE WEST, edited by Joe A. Small. (317 pages, hardback.) In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gibson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb—selected to excite, inform, and always, to entertain. Pen and Ink sketches. **Only $6.95**

407—TEXAS FOLK MEDICINE, compiled and edited by John Q. Anderson. (91 pages, hardback.) A collection of 1,333 folk cures, remedies, and preventatives of old-time "do-it-yourself" doctoring. Woodcuts. **Only $5.00**

408—THE HOUSTON STORY, by Ed Bartholomew. (240 pages, softbound.) A chronicle of the City of Houston and the man Sam Houston, from the battle of San Jacinto to the War Between the States, 1836-1865. (Second printing Sept. 1951.) **Only $2.50**

409—COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH, by Judge Orland L. Sims. (297 pages, photos, hardback) Written in his eighties the Judge was as outspoken as ever and his wit just as biting. It will inform, amuse, entertain, offend, or maybe please you to the point of recommending the book to others. Regular price $8.50. **Only $7.25**


the Illustrations of Frederic Remington
with a commentary by Owen Wister

416—NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO IN 1881, by C. M. Chase. (233 pages, hardback.) Reprint of twenty-eight letters written by the editor of the *Vermont Union*, Lyndon, Vermont. The original is quite scarce. Chase gives his views on "wicked" towns in Kansas, mining areas, Indians, the morals of Raton, etc. Territorial history with plenty of adventure. **Only $2.95**

418—THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST, prepared under the direction of the noted historian, Jay Monaghan. (608 pages, hardbound.) A truly beautiful book for gift giving. Authentic text, profusely illustrated in black and white and color. A front cover drawing by Frederic Remington. Indexed. A must for everyone who enjoys reading about the way the West really was. Published at $22.50. UNAVAILABLE

412—REMEMBER GOLIAD!, by Clarence Wharton. (149 pages, hardback.) A facsimile of the rare, privately-published volume which sells among book collectors for $125.00 and upwards. The moving story of Goliad where 342 American boys and men died in one of the most dramatic battles ever fought. Pictures and a new index. Regular price $7.00. UNAVAILABLE

415—THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, by W. H. Ryus. (159 pages, hardback.) A true account of incidents that happened along the old Santa Fe Trail in the 1860s. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

419—PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS, or "Gordon's Stockade Party in 1874" by David Aken, one of the party. A thrilling narrative of Dakota adventure, hardships, laughable episodes, and startling experiences. Hardback. **Only $2.95**

420—SADDLES AND SPURS, Saga of the Pony Express, by Mary Lund Settle and Raymond W. Settle. Many unpublished photographs and a fascinating, accurate narrative. (217 pages, hardback.) **Only $2.95**

421—BEFORE BARBED WIRE. Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton collaborated on the text that accompanies 125 photographs by L. A. Huffman, the frontier photographer who has been called the Brady of the West. (254 pages, hardback.) 8½"x 11". Makes an outstanding gift. Was $10.00. **Now $5.95**

422—THE FRONTIER YEARS, with 125 photographs from the famous L. A. Huffman originals. A truly beautiful book, 8½"x11". (272 pages, hardback.) Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton, authorities on the period, provide the text. **$5.95**

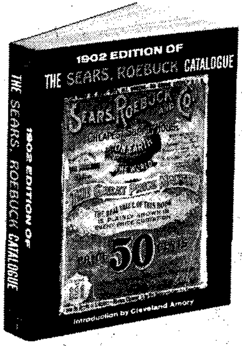
423—THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON, commentary by Owen Wister. Over 200 illustrations, a beautiful hardbound, 192 page edition. **An Exceptional Value. $4.95**

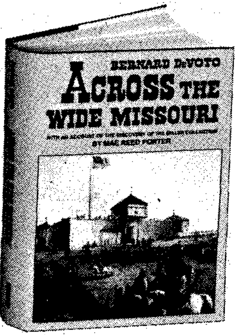
426—ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI, by Bernard DeVoto. A beautiful book, a powerful and vast narrative of the winning of the West. Almost 100 illustrations—a third of them in color. (483 pages.) Indexed. Published at $12.50. **A Real Bargain $5.95**

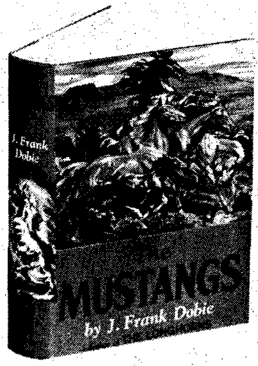
429—THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER. A fascinating account of a colorful career with the great and near-great and events that shaped the destiny of the frontier. 332 pages. This beautiful hard-bound volume will make a memorable gift. Rare Villa and Obregon pictures. Published at $12.50. **Our Price $7.90**

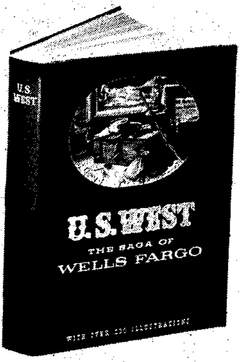
434—U. S. WEST THE SAGA OF WELLS FARGO, by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, two of this country's most eminent authorities. Many excellent pictures. Indexed. 320 pages. A beautiful book, hardbound. Will make an exceptional gift. **Only $5.00**

435—1902 SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOGUE. Intro. by Cleveland Amory. America at the turn of the century when a drophead sewing machine cost $10.45, buggies were the rage and you could order a sure cure for tobacco habit, a secret liquor cure. More than 40,000 other items mostly all illustrated. Over 700 pages. Hour upon hour of antiques, history, nostalgia and entertainment. Softbound. **Now only $4.75**









436—SONGS OF THE COWBOYS. The First Printed Collection of Cowboy Songs at the Turn of the Century. By N. Howard (Jack) Thorp. A facsimile of the 1908 edition—fully annotated, with variations of text, bibliography, lexicon of cowboy terms. 6½ x 9¼. Pub. at $7.95. **Only $2.95**

437—THE LONGHORNS. By J. Frank Dobie. With illustrations by Tom Lea and many photographs. The history, legend and folklore of the Texas Longhorn and the cowboys, mavericks, conquistadores, Indians and bull fights on the range. Orig. Pub. at $6.75. **Only $5.00**

438—THE MUSTANGS. By J. Frank Dobie. Illus. by Charles Banks Wilson. This magnificent book traces the descent of the mustang from the horses brought to the New World by the Spaniards. Orig. Pub. at $6.75. **Only $3.75**

439—THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST: A Pictorial History from Coronado to the Last Frontier. By James D. Horan. 650 Illus., many in Full Color. The full story of the West from the Conquistadores to the 20th Century, incl. many rare photos, paintings of Remington, Catlin and others, accounts of lawmen and desperadoes, etc. 9 x 12. Pub. at $10.00. **Now Only $7.25**

◆◆◆◆◆◆ MISCELLANEOUS ◆◆◆◆◆◆

703—HOW TO RESTORE, AND DECORATE CHAIRS, by R. R. Blanchard. 111 photos, sketches, detailed patterns. Amateur's complete guide to restoration, finishing, supplies, stencil designs, etc. Hardbound. UNAVAILABLE

704—COINS AND COIN COLLECTING—An Introduction To Coins, Currency & Collecting. By S. Reit. Illus. in color and black & white. Great hobby book for children, with authoritative and helpful tips for beginners, discussing ancient coins, American coins, animal coins, etc., mints, how to display and coin dictionary. Pub. at $3.95. UNAVAILABLE

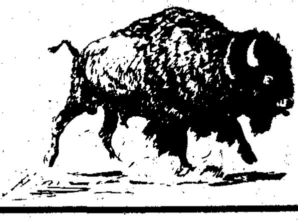
707—CANDLE MAKING AND DECORATIONS, A Step-by-Step Guide, by Valerie Janitch. A beautiful book with color illustrations. Candle making for decorations, lasting art and beauty—and for fun! **Only $2.95**

433—LARGE PRINT BIBLE—KING JAMES VERSION. A beautiful, durable Bible with print so large it can easily be read by the youngest and the oldest. We will mail the Bible postpaid. Hardbound. **Only $8.25**

WESTERN BOOK COMPANY
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

LIST BOOK NUMBERS AND PRICES BELOW

#________ $____________
#________ $____________
#________ $____________
#________ $____________
#________ $____________
#________ $____________

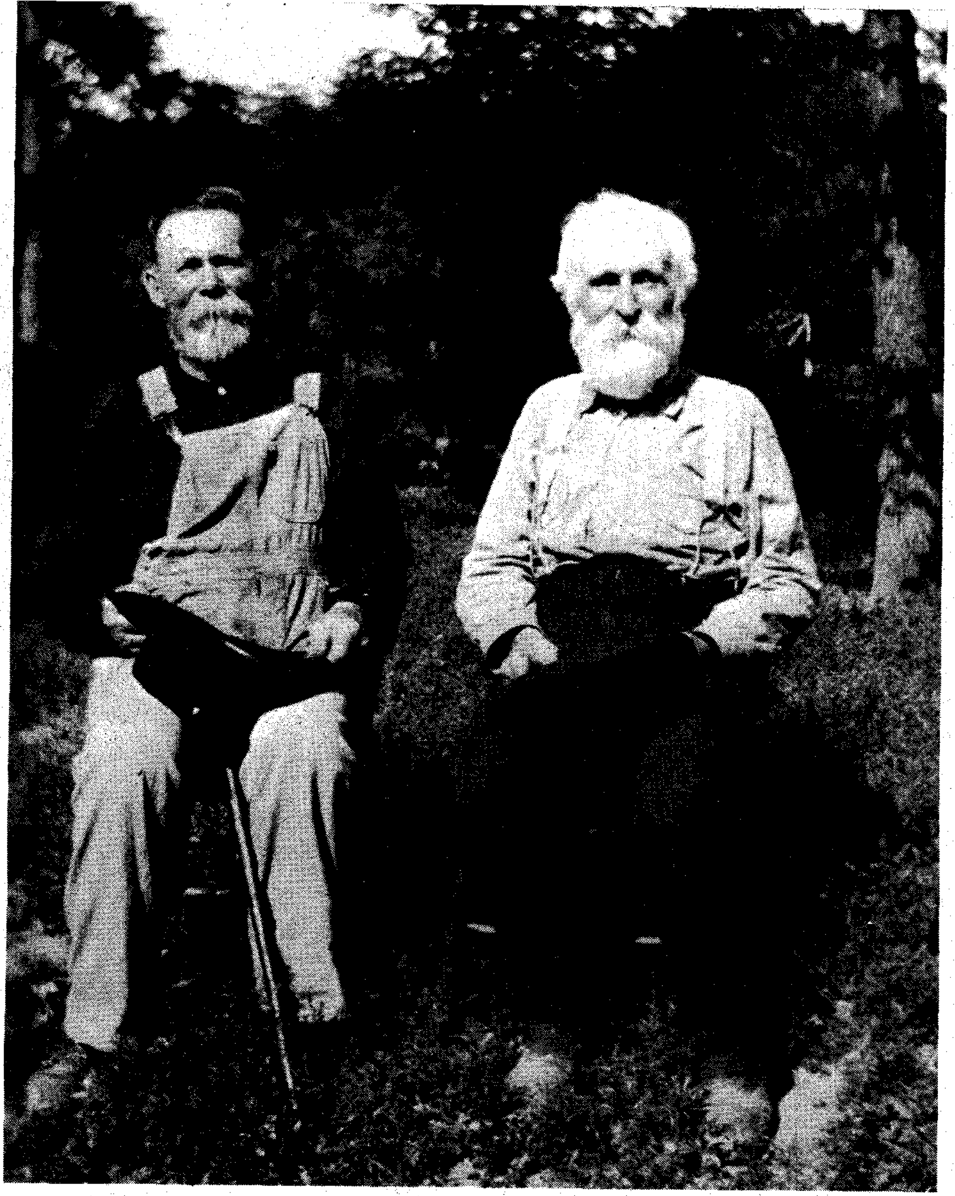


Enclosed is $__________. List book numbers and prices below, or on a separate sheet of paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine. Please include 25¢ postage per book for U.S.A. orders—all others 50¢ per book. Book orders $30.00 or more shipped postpaid.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City______________ State__________ Zip__________



Left: The two old Indian fighters, Frank Niles and Henry Heath, in their late eighties, sit and remember crossing the muddy "Mosura" and eating wormy crackers during Sully's Expeditions of 1863 and 1864.

WE'RE A-GOIN' TO FIGHT THE INDIANS

—"and get caught in a rusty trap!"

BY LEE E. ECHOLS

Photos Courtesy Author

FRANKLIN J. NILES of Cedar Rapids, Iowa and young men like him were destined to become legend—many of them while they yet lived—for the Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry had few knight-hearted zealots in it and the rawhide tough young men who joined when it was shaping up at Davenport knew that wherever their leaders took them there would be fire-cracker action. As Frank Niles later wrote, they would trade many a little blue pill with the enemy from between the wheel spokes of an artillery caisson or over the fallen body of a cavalry horse.

Of course, there were rascals who got in the Sixth Cavalry, too. There were corpse defilers, malingerers and inefficient officers, as in any army. But the warp and woof of the Iowa Sixth Cavalry were plain and simple farm youths who hardened under fire like steel horseshoes in a forge.

The difference between Frank Niles and most of his companions who went to Davenport in that cold January of 1863 to be mustered into one of the Indian-fightingest regiments ever assembled in the United States, was that Frank wrote home about it. He wrote home about it and his family kept the letters.

On the twelfth of January of that third year of the Civil War, Frank Niles was swinging a double-bitted axe into dried hickory wood and it rang out through the frozen Iowa farmland like a fire bell. He was thinking of his brother Adanijah and wondering why in the world Adanijah had ridden his big grey gelding across Iowa and into Missouri almost two years ago to join the Rebel Army. Frank, at eighteen, was one year younger than Adanijah and he couldn't fathom the thinking of his brother in joining with the Secessionists.

He sank the axe blade into a log, loaded his arms with the hickory firewood and started toward the farm house. His youngest sister, Nora, was standing in the yard, wrapped in a warm coat and playing with her big friend, "Watchdog." Suddenly he began a loud, raucous barking, looking down the roadway winding toward Cedar Rapids.

"What's ol' Watch barkin' at?" Frank asked Nora as he piled the firewood in the rack.

"Looks like Curly Heath's a-comin'," Nora replied.

Henry Heath was riding a big, feather-legged farm horse and as he rode up, Frank's sixteen-year-old sister, Louisa, came out to greet him.

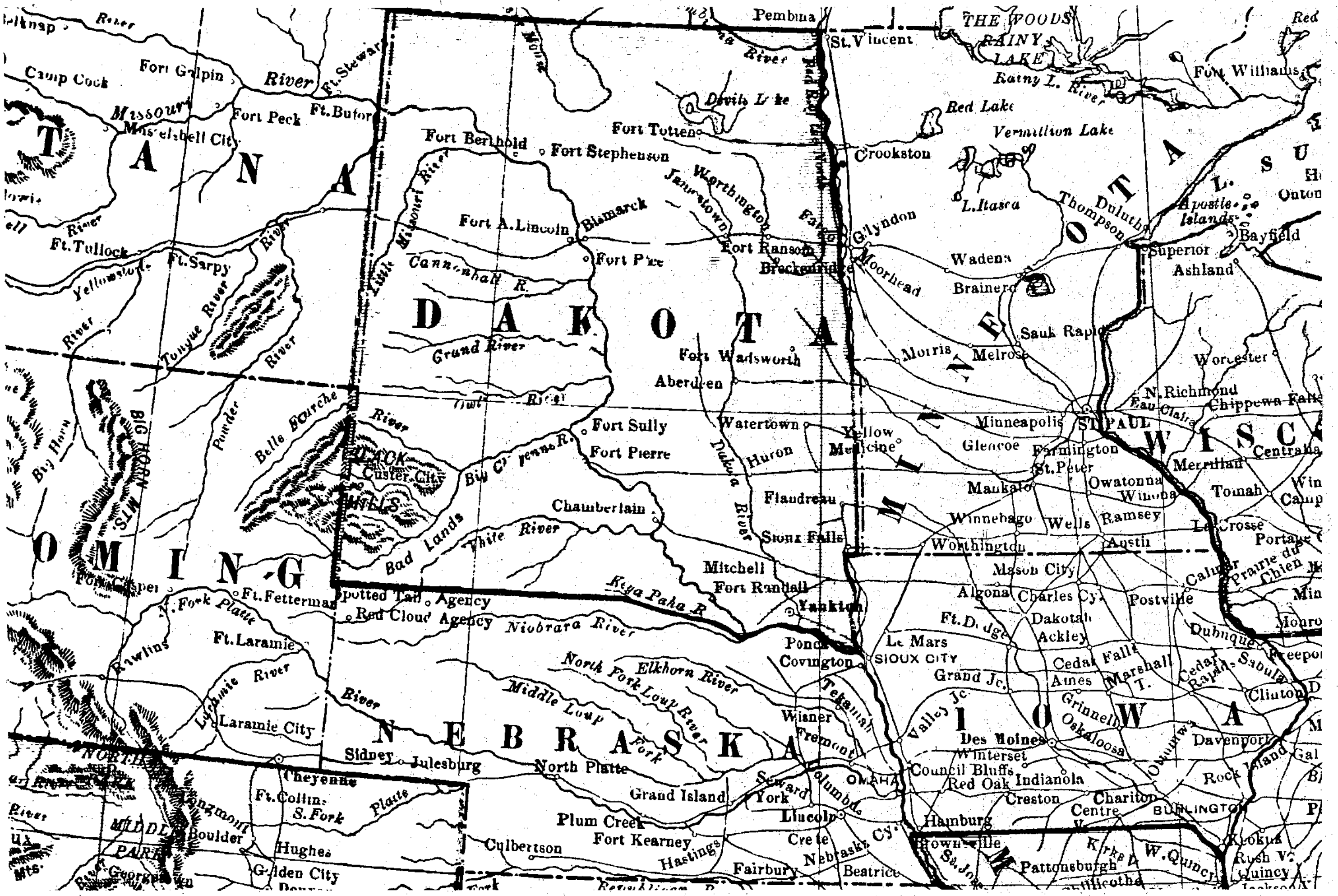
"Get down, Curly, and come in," she said. "I'm a-fixin' some taffy."

When Henry Heath got off the big horse and walked him toward the barn, Louisa joined him. As she took him by the hand it was easy to see where her affection lay.

After they had all gathered in the warm kitchen and Louisa had everyone pulling taffy, Henry Heath said, "Frank, they're a-organizin' a cavalry regiment in Davenport. I'm a-thinkin' of taking the stage over there and joinin' up. How about comin' along?"

"I've heard about it," Frank answered, "and I've been a-thinkin' about it. But Jesus! I couldn't just deliberately join up and then go off to fight my brother!"

"Aw, shucks, Frank," Hen Heath grinned, "there's a million of them Johnny Rebs! The chances of you tangling'


DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
IOWA
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
WYOMING
CANADA
Pembina
St. Vincent
THE WOODS
RAINY LAKE
Fort Williams
Red Lake
Vermillion Lake
Devils Lake
Fort Totten
Fort Berthold
Fort Stephenson
Crookston
Jamestown
Worthington
Bismarck
Fort A. Lincoln
Fargo
Glyndon
Moorhead
Fort Ransom
Breckenridge
L. Itasca
Duluth
Thompson
Apostle Islands
Bayfield
Superior
Ashland
Wadena
Brainerd
Fort Pierre
Cannonball R.
Grand River
Little Missouri River
Fort Wadsworth
Aberdeen
Sauk Rapids
Morris
Melrose
Worcester
N. Richmond
Eau Claire
Chippewa Falls
Fort Sully
Fort Pierre
Watertown
Huron
Yellow Medicine
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Glencoe
Farmington
St. Peter
Mankato
Owatonna
Winona
Merrillan
Tomah
Centralia
Chamberlain
Flandreau
Sioux Falls
Winnebago
Wells
Ramsey
La Crosse
Worthington
Austin
Mitchell
Fort Randall
Yankton
Mason City
Algona
Charles City
Postville
Ft. Dodge
Dakotah
Ackley
Dubuque
Le Mars
SIOUX CITY
Ponca
Covington
Cedar Falls
Cedar Rapids
Marshall T.
Grand Jc.
Ames
Clinton
Grinnell
Oskaloosa
Davenport
Rock Island
Des Moines
Winterset
Council Bluffs
Red Oak
Indianola
Creston
Chariton
Centre
BURLINGTON
Hamburg
Brownville
Keokuk
Quincy
Pattonsburgh
Chillicothe
St. Joe
Black Hills
Custer City
Bad Lands
Big Cheyenne R.
White River
Belle Fourche River
Powder River
Big Horn Mts.
Spotted Tail Agency
Red Cloud Agency
Keya Paha R.
Niobrara River
North Fork Elkhorn River
Middle Loup Fork
North Fork Loup River
Ft. Fetterman
Ft. Laramie
Laramie City
Cheyenne
Ft. Collins
Boulder
Longmont
Sidney
Julesburg
North Platte
Grand Island
Plum Creek
Fort Kearney
Hastings
Culbertson
Seward
York
Lincoln
Crete
Fairbury
Beatrice
Nebraska City
OMAHA
Fremont
Wisner
Tekamah
Columbus
Camp Cook
Fort Galpin
Ft. Stewart
Fort Peck
Ft. Buford
Missouri River
Ft. Tullock
Ft. Sarpy
Yellowstone River
Tongue River
Rawlins
Golden City
Hughes
Fort Pierre

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

Movements of the Iowa Sixth Cavalry that Frank wrote home about can be followed on this map.

with your brother is so remote you shouldn't even think of it."

"You may be right," Frank admitted. "When are you leavin'?"

"I'm a-fixin' to take the stage out of the Rapids day after tomorrow and I'll ride the cars about the last thirty miles. You'd best talk it over with your folks and if your pa and your brother George can get the plantin' done this spring without you, you'd do mighty well to be on that stage with me."

FRANK was on it. The date was January 14, 1863 and on January 17 he wrote home:

"Dear Parents: It is with pleasure that I seat myself to write a few lines to you to let you know that I am well, and I hope this will find you the same.

"We got here last Monday night and Tuesday I was examined, sworn in and drawed my clothes. I like it first rate. We have a good comfortable barracks, a good bed, and plenty of covering. Each man is allowed one cap, three coats, 2 shirts, 2 pair of drawers, 1 pair of pants, 2 pair of socks, 1 pair of boots, 1 horse blanket and 1 soldier blanket. So you can see we don't suffer with the cold. I have been out on drill three times since I have been here. I have got my horse picked out. It is a white horse and as gentle as any one I ever tended to. I have got a saddle, sursingle, two bridles, halter, curry comb and brush.

"Heath and I bunk together. We are now in our bunk writing while the rest of the boys are dancing, fiddling and cutting up monkey shines. We have plenty to eat and drink. We have salt pork, fresh beef, beans, sausage, baker's bread, coffee, tea, salt, sugar and vinegar and other things too numerous to mention.

"We have plenty of good men excepting 5 or 6 Irishmen who are pretty wild. But they dasent say much for fear they will have to pay the guard house a visit.

"It is pretty country here. I guess we rode at least an hour on the cars before we got to Davenport without seeing a bit of timber, and it was just as pretty prairie as I ever looked at. I want you to write to me just as soon as you get this and tell me how you get along.

"No more at present.—From Frank"

The Sixth Regiment of Iowa Cavalry was forming. There were to be twelve companies and the rendezvous was Camp Hendershott, near Davenport. They were being mustered in by Captain H. B. Hendershott of the Regular Army and they would have an aggregate strength of 1,125 rank and file. Curly and Frank were assigned to Company H, and Heath made Corporal immediately.

One man was drummed out of the Army for political activity, but the food was fine, morale was high, and as Frank told his sister in his second letter home, written on January 25, everything was "first rate."

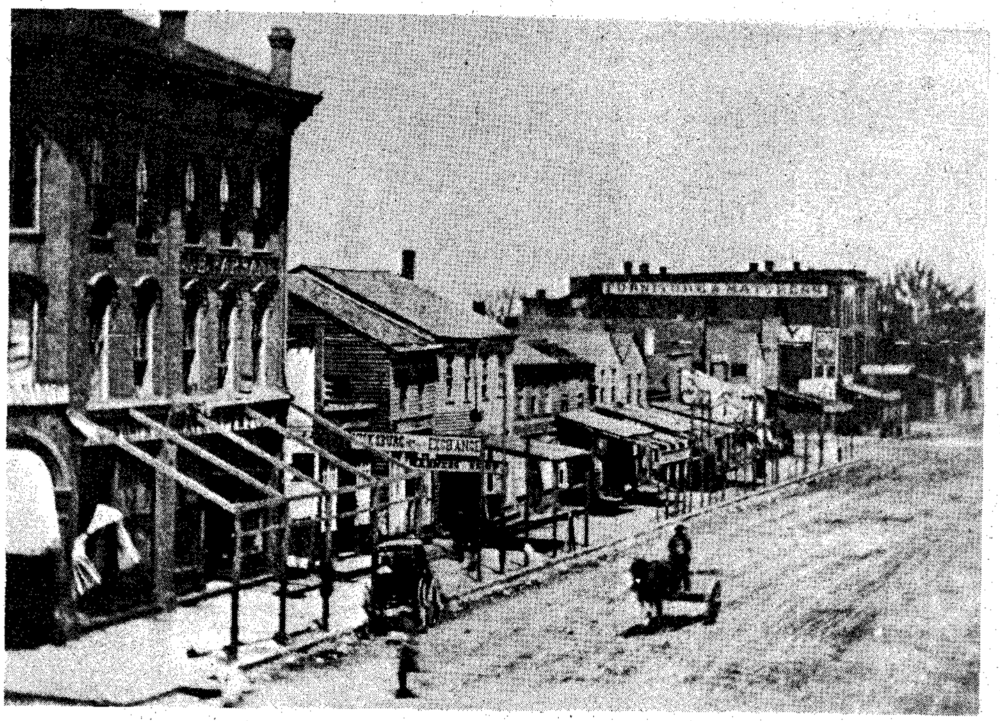
"Dear Sister: I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to let you know that I am well at present.

"I like soldiering first rate, what I have seen of it. We have a first rate company of boys with the exception of a few Irish and Dutch. We have a good clever Captain now. Merritt resigned. Our first lieutenant is a 'peu.' None of the boys like him. Our second lieutenant is a young man, not over 22 years old. His name is Carter Burkley, a first rate fellow. Henry Heath is Corporal. We have first rate times here. We have nothing to do but drill, eat and drink. I ain't been on guard but once since I have been here, and then I didn't have to stand but four hours.

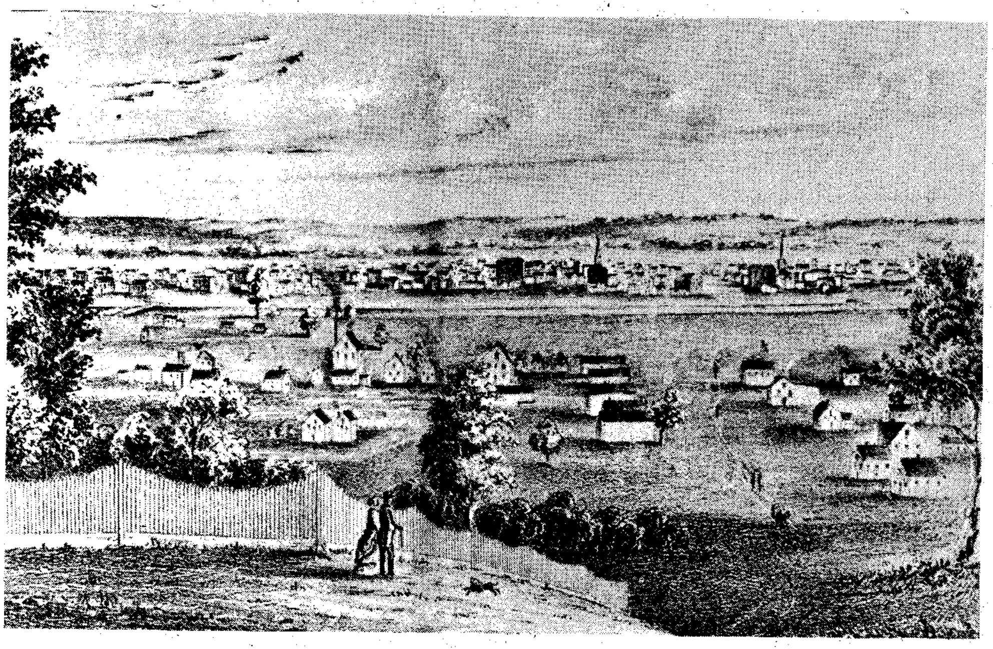
"We had a great time here yesterday. Squire Abigail, a private in our company, was drilled out of camp. They took us out on the drill in the afternoon and at 2 o'clock they brought us up in line before the barracks and then the drill master read his sentence. The reason they drummed him out was because he got up a paper for the soldiers to sign, saying they would not leave camp till every cent was paid them that was due. 855 signed it. They stripped him of his uniform and wouldn't pay him for the time he was in service.

"I wish you would send me a dollar paper once and a while when you write to me. I want you to tell me whether you hear from Adanijah and how can I write to him?

"When I first come here I got a horse that was uglier than prince ever dared to



Above: Davenport, circa 1860. Below: Des Moines, 1857.



Photos above Courtesy Iowa State Historical Society

be but I soon got rid of him and got one that is gentle as a lamb and beat two thirds of the company running.—From your affectionate brother, F. Niles"

IN Frank's next letter, written to his sister Louisa he was happy as could be that he had joined the Cavalry. The rations kept getting better all the time:

"Camp Hendershott, January 28th, Sister Louisa:

"Well, Louisa, you wanted to know whether I thought I was lucky or not by catching that stage coach. Well I think I was, cause why? Cause I think I can *earn more money* here than I could at home. I think I can help more to pay for our place and not have to work half so hard.

"We expect to get mustered this week. We will draw $27 as soon as we are mustered in. The rest we will get shortly after. The Colonel says we shall have a furlough afterwards.

"I was glad to hear from Adanijah. Seems he is getting over being homesick. You wanted to know if we fared well as he with our rations. Well, I will tell you what we have and then you can judge for yourself how it compares with Rebel food. We have plenty of baker's bread, the kind they had to Iowa City; fresh beef three times a day, biled morning and night, fried at noon; salt and fresh pork, fried and baked. We have sausage twice a week; coffee twice a day; tea once a day; a few lasses twice a week; plenty of drinks and take it all in all we have first rate times. Standing guard is not the hardest work in the world. We only have to stand 8 hours in two weeks. I received a letter from Ira Marten. He wanted to know if there was any chance of his getting in this company. Tell him they won't take anybody under eighteen in this regiment.

"Louisa, I want you to write to me as soon as you get this and let me know how Pa and George get along getting wood and rails, and how do you get along at school?—From Frank"

By early March the Regiment was getting into training action and bivouacs were made. Frank tells of this in his letter to his mother dated March 6, and he also has learned that the Iowa Sixth Cavalry will be on the move in the course of a week or ten days and that their headquarters will be Sioux City. "We're a-goin' to fight the Indians," Frank wrote. "We drawed our Indian rubber blankets, leather collars to wear on our necks, saddle bags to carry our rations in, another great awkward thing that will hold about a half bushel to feed a horse out of, a picket rope and iron pin that weigh about 90 pounds to fasten the rope to, an iron ring and other things too numerous to mention."

Frank wrote to Louisa the following day. He had been suffering from dizzy spells and thought that coal stoves and dirt were the causes.

Although lowly horse soldiers like Frank Niles and Henry Heath had not been apprised of this, the Sixth Iowa Cavalry had been organized for one purpose. During the civil conflict, Indians had taken advantage of the inability of the Government to supply enough regular troops to protect the settlers on the Minnesota and Iowa borders and in Dakota Territory. Volunteer regiments, such as the Sixth, were being formed for that assignment. The character of the service was such as to involve great danger. There would be hardships and suffering, particularly in the winter.

Relations with the Sioux and other Northern Plains Indians in the fall of 1862 and the winter and spring of 1862-63 were of the most serious nature. Governor Ramsey of Minnesota stated that nearly six hundred persons had been killed and over a hundred women and children had been taken captive. They were attacking forts, plundering stores and farm houses, driving off large numbers of horses and cattle. It was estimated that over five thousand people had left their homes and all their property, causing immense loss and suffering.

Colonel Wilson, Commander of the Iowa Sixth Cavalry, realizing the importance of the expedition, saw to it that the companies were properly equipped and in rendezvous long enough to become well drilled and disciplined. He insisted on, and got, the finest horses in the Midwest.

EARLY in March, Wilson moved them out and Frank's letter to Louisa, dated March 10, tells of this and their encounter with a Secessionist:

"Sister Louisa: I once more take my pen in hand to write a few lines to you in answer to your kind letter which I received from Curly on his return.

Courtesy Iowa State Historical Society

Colonel D. S. Wilson, 1863.

General Alfred Sully.

"I was glad to hear that Pa and George are getting along so well sowing wheat and farming in general. I would like to be there to help sow wheat and plant corn, but if they can get along without me, I think it is best that I am where I are.

"I feel very well contented where I are. The more I see of soldiering, the better I like it, but it does me good to hear from home. I don't want you to ever write me again without telling me how Pa and George are getting along with the work.

"We have been mustered for our pay today. This makes twice they have mustered us and not paid us. We are now four miles from Des Moines City on the Des Moines River. We expect to leave tomorrow. We arrived here last night. We make 20 miles a day. Night before last we camped in an old Secesh's hog-pen and he was one of the meanest old shits I ever saw. He drove us away from his well, or tried to, and said he wouldn't have a soldier around him. But we paid him off pretty well. We carried off about two tons of good oat straw and commenced on his chickens before sun down. Before the Colonel put guards around his barn every 8 feet apart, we got about 400 chickens, geese and turkeys. The boys put him through a high dudgeon and they were so mad at him they took them right before his eyes. I should think he had $80,000 in property in sight.

"We never steal of a decent man, but the abolishenists and secesh has got to let us alone, so you see, that's what's the matter with the purp [an old Civil War song].—F. Niles"

They moved across Iowa to Sioux City, where they arrived on the 26th of April. This long march was made over bad roads and, for the greater portion of the way, in stormy weather, but it was good preliminary experience for the greater privations and hardships the men would be called upon to endure later. Frank and Henry didn't feel this way about it, however. In a letter to Louisa after they arrived at Sioux City, Frank wrote: "I have about got well once more, and no thanks to the doctors of this regiment. What cured me was I quit taking medicine and began sleeping right on the ground. Curly has about got well too. He begins feeling better when he thinks we may muster and get our greenbacks."

Colonel Wilson reported to Brigadier John Cook, commanding the military district of Iowa and Dakota, and was ordered to cross the Sioux River and go into camp until preparations for an active campaign against the Indians could be completed.

In Frank's next letter home he laments about how the rations had changed since leaving Davenport: "Camp Cook, May 3rd, 1863, Sister Louisa:

"Things are high here. For instance, one dozen eggs-50 cents. One plate pie for the same price. One fish hook like I used to buy two for a cent, we have to pay 10 cents for.

"And now I must tell you what our rations is. In the first place, we get plenty of tea and coffee. In the next place instead of having meat as we used to have it, about one third of the time, we get flour and have to make it into bread ourselves. I will give you the recipe and you can make some if you wish. Take a pan half full of flour and put a handful of salt and then fill it up with clear, cold water out of the muddy Mosura River. Then take a stick or your rifle and stir her up until she is pretty well mixed up. Then take a big pan, like you put in the oven to bake bread in, only three times as big, and pour your batter in and burn it done. Then you have excellent bread. The devil bless old Abe for feeding us so well! The boys are all fat and rugged as bears. I can eat anything now, but a very little of that stuff will do me. I honestly believe I could eat a horse terd if it was seazened.

"I had a pretty good dinner today. I went fishing yesterday and got two good ones. One pike that weighed 10 pounds and a cat fish that weighed the same. I got them in the big Sioux River. They catch cat fish there that weigh 200 pounds. There was a fellow got one there the other day that weighed 100 pounds after it was dressed. There is nobody lives here but white men that are married to Sioux and are raising half breeds. They live by trapping and hunting.

"Tell father never to go any farther

Twenty years after his Indian-fighting days, Frank Niles married the Iowa farm girl, Edna Parrot.

West to live than the place he has got now, not to be fooled buying house lots without seeing them, for I have seen enough of them to know something about them. Some places where we'd be 20 or 40 miles from any inhabitents or timber, there would be large cities staked out and I wouldn't take a hundred thousand acres of it as a gift. After we got past Council Bluffs, they would call one old log cabin and a saw mill a town, and where there was a log barn shingled with straw and two or three houses and a grocery, they would call it a large city!

"Send me some fish hooks and some postage stamps as I haven't had any since we left Davenport, nor any money to buy them.

"Give my love to all, not forgetting Nora's chickens and Watchdog and keep what is left for yourself.—From Frank"

WHEN the regiment moved across the Sioux River to Camp Cook, Frank began to realize the magnitude of the planned expedition. He wrote to his mother: "The Sioux, Santees, Cutheads, Yanktonais, Unkpapas and some Blackfeet, under a Chief named Big Head, are ransacking the farms up ahead of us. They are shooting folks in their own houses and killing trappers on the rivers. The prospects for a bloody war with them this summer is good. We expect to leave here in two or three weeks, as our hay is played out and we can't get any more."

He also told her of the enormous wild hogs which they were killing to replenish their larder: "They're as big as yearlen calves and wild as deers. They are some the settlers left at the time of the massacre at Spirit Lake and they have run wild."

On May 5 he wrote to the family: "They may send us down the old Mosura River for duty as they've withdrawn the expedition against the Indians and I'd just as leave they did as not. I have got tired of the weather here. One day it will be so hot as to almost burn a fellow up. The next day it will rain all day and the next it will be so cold that the boys have to wear their overcoats and gloves to keep from freezen."

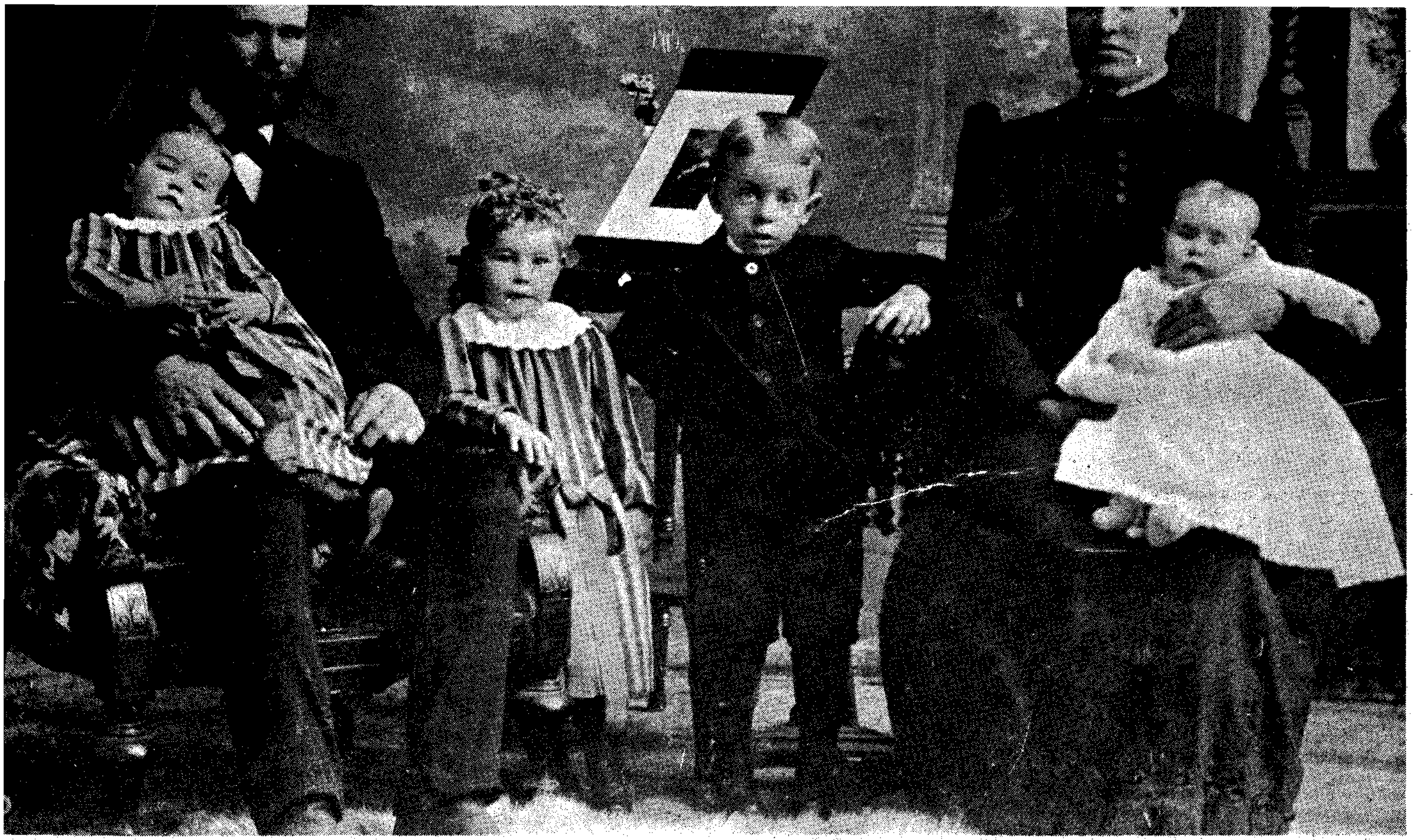
He went on to say: "We are in Decota Territora and if you look on the map you will notice at the mouth of the Sioux River that Decota runs to a point between the Sioux and Mosura River and right on that point we are camped. There are a few Indians here, mostly Sioux. You ought to have been at Council Bluffs to of seen the Indian bones that laid scattered over the bluffs. Skulls and bones of every description. The boys found a dead Indian laying in a tree about 50 rods from our camp where the Sioux had buried him. They made a little scarfold for to lay him on and wrapt his blanket and buffalo robe around him and put him in a tree about 20 feet from the ground. That is the way the Sioux bury their dead. George Gibson, a fellow out of our Co., clumb up and pulled his jaw off and some more fellows out of another Co. and Bill Slate, our waiter captain, pulled the whole concern down and took his skull and other bones and his knife and belt away. I went down to see him after they tore him down and it looked as if a mess of hogs had been at work on him. They say we get our pay tomorrow and if we do, I'll send it home in this letter.

"May 7—I wrote this letter the other day and expected to finish it yesterday, but we didn't get our greenbacks and I'm afraid we'll have to wait quite a while. Some say we will get them today, but I guess it's all a hoax.

"The camp is all excited. They are giving out cartridges and rigging up a company of men to chase a lot of Indians that killed a couple of white men night before last. They are about 60 miles from here and our men are going after them tonight. We had a great time here yesterday. We picketed our horses out for the first time, and one of them got scairt and started to run and scairt all the rest and then you ought to have seen the stampede! The picket lines flew in every direction. They all made right for camp with a 30 foot rope laid to each one's halter and an iron pin to the end of that. You ought to have seen the boys holler and try to get out of the way. It so happened that anybody didn't get hurt, but it was a wonderful mirical, you better believe."

APPARENTLY Frank's information about calling off the expedition against the Indians was erroneous, as May 24 found him writing to Louisa that they had moved to Fort Randall and were getting closer to the Indians all the time.

"We are well now at Fort Randle. We crossed the Mosura River yesterday and lost one of our best men in the operation. It took all day for our men to cross. John Frazer was his name. The biggest man in our company. He fell overboard and a horse fell on him. He came up and swam to the boat, when another fell on him. That time he come up about two rods from the boat and his saber, canteen, haversack and pistol pulled him down



Frank and Edna Niles with some of their children.

so he couldn't swim more than two or three rods, when he sunk to rise no more. They fished for him last night but couldn't find him, and in the old muddy Mosura lays John Frazer to be eaten by the fishes. He was about 25 years old, has no family and I never saw him get into any quarrel with the boys. He always done his duty faithfully and was an upright, honest man.

"Our battallion left Camp Cook and the rest of the Regt. last Monday and are now in the midst of 2400 Indians. They are savage looking buggers, but they can't scare us, though they ride around us all painted up with their tomahawks, knives, war clubs and rifles. We are on our way to Fort Pierce [actually Fort Pierre], about 300 miles from Sioux City. Fort Pierce is surrounded by Indians who are trying to starve the soldiers out. I reckon they will skedaddle when they see us coming!

"I sent my likeness to you about a week ago, and I have another which I will send you if you ain't got that one. You mustn't look for much mail. It's hard to get it through the Indian country. I want your likeness and all the rest as quick as possible. Henry is well. Write soon. Direct to Fort Randall, Decota Territora—F. Niles"

Major TenBroeck had been ordered to march to Fort Pierre with a battalion of the Sixth Cavalry to relieve the beleaguered fort. It was located on the Missouri River about two hundred miles from Fort Randall, and troops were beginning to concentrate at this point for further aggressive movement against the hostiles.

Early in June 1863 General Cook was relieved of his command by General Alfred Sully, a wily, well trained, aggressive Indian fighter who established his base of supplies at Fort Pierre and, when all the available troops were concentrated, began his expedition toward the uninhabited region to which the Indians had fled when Major TenBroeck and his battalion appeared at Fort Pierre. It was evident to Sully that the Indians, before making a stand, were attempting to draw him as far away from his base of supplies as possible.

Frank's letter to his parents dated July 1, 1863 tells of Sully's move. It was written from camp after he had been on the march for over a month: "We are getting pretty well up the old Mosura. We are 80 miles above Fort Riley on Swan Lake. We have not had any fights worth mentioning since we started. Day before yesterday three redskins laid in ambush ahead of us and shot a captain that belonged to our command. When a company of our boys took after them and killed the whole three, General Sully ordered their heads cut off and stuck on poles. The boys cut their heads off and brought them in a sack to camp and stuck them on poles, around the place where they killed the captain. You better believe they looked nice, with short poles stuck in their necks. I think they will never kill any more soldiers."

The grapevine was busy again in the regiment, for Frank continued: "The talk is we will have a battle in two or three days from here, but guess it won't amount to much for we number three thousand and they won't fight us very long before they'll be non est."

Farther on in this letter, Frank confessed: "I had my fortune told last night. He told me some of my folks was sick and had lots of trouble. He said I was going to get out of the Army without being hurt. He has told lots of the boys fortunes and it has all come true. He told John Frazer's fortune and he told him he would never be in a battle, but would be killed before he went into battle, and sure enough, he was drowned in the Mosura. But I hope none of you are sick or in trouble. I dreamed of seeing Ma drowned the other night, but I don't believe in dreams. Anyway, that dream haunts me night and day." He also expressed concern about Adanijah, who was still with the Rebel Army.

On August 1, Frank reassured his mother: "If you ever hear we have been in battle, I don't want you to worry

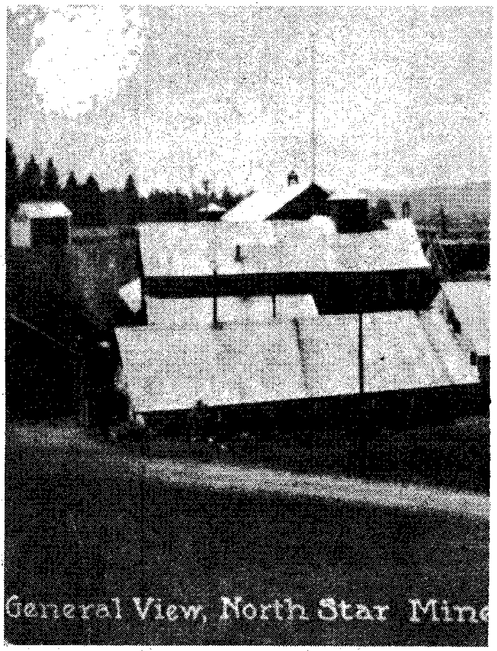
(Continued on page 45)

STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD

Gravel with sparkles will tickle your heels!

BY RALPH BERARD

Photos Courtesy Author


General View, North Star Min

Snow View, NEVADA CITY, CAL.

ONE MORNING in the spring of 1959 a young special agent of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company sat in my Seattle office and asked me, "Where will you go when you sell your insurance business?"

I replied jokingly, "Perhaps heaven, where angels play on harps and the streets are paved with gold."

"Have you considered California, where people play on beaches and the roads are paved with gold?"

That was how I obtained the first hint that roads and highways in California really are paved with gold. I learned that this young special agent had a father-in-law named Anderson, who lived at Grass Valley in Nevada County. Grass Valley and Nevada City (only five miles north on Highway #49) have been headquarters for placer, hard rock, and hydraulic mining (now outlawed) since the rush, beginning in 1850. Between the first discoveries and 1898 Nevada County produced $200,000,000 in gold.

The Empire Mine, founded in 1851, operated continuously for over a hundred years. Its one-time owner, William Bowers Bourn, became a multi-millionaire. He acquired a 750-acre estate in San Mateo County on Spring Valley Lake for an estimated $100,000 and built improvements, most of which, including an impressive dwelling constructed in 1915, are now owned and occupied by Mrs. William Roth, whose maiden name was Lurline Matson, a daughter of Captain Matson, founder of the Matson Steamship Lines.

William Bowers Bourn also had extended holdings in Ireland, including a 10,000-acre estate on which two of the three lakes of Killarney were located. There were other famous landmarks on this Irish estate, Muckross House and

ss Valley, California

Above: The North Star Mine is a sister to the Empire Mine. This view was about one mile from the Empire at the time they were both operating in the last part of the 19th Century and the first part of the 20th.

what was left of the ruined and ancient Muckross Abbey. Eventually this great Irish establishment became a gift to the Irish Republic to serve as a public park.

All of this, it would seem, should have some association with the town of Grass Valley (population, 1970, 5,149), and with the mining of gold. There are other dramatic stories, including those told about the famous actress, Charlotte (Lotta) Crabtree, which indicate this little mining town was a mighty important place in its day.

AROUND the turn of the century, the Empire Mine had a president who desired to live nearby. He purchased seven acres of the mine's property (excluding mineral rights) and built a beautiful stone home of their gold-bearing rock tailings. This, according to my special agent friend, was an unusual home in a rather unbelievably spectacular location. Finally it had been purchased by Doctor Anderson. "My wife's dad wants to sell the property because he works at the hospital in Auburn. That causes a daily trip of fifty miles, so he would rather move to Auburn."

An appointment was arranged. My wife and I met Doctor Anderson on a street corner in Grass Valley and followed his car a short distance along the highway toward Colfax, then turned up a private dirt road to the top of a pine-studded hill. The Andersons were lovely people. The house indeed was of stone. At the time it was built, the Empire Mine's ore was hand-graded. Only those fragments of rock which experienced miners chose as being rich enough to be profitable were milled. The tailings, all of which also contained values, were placed in piles for future appraisal. From this remainder, the selections of material were made to build the dwelling.

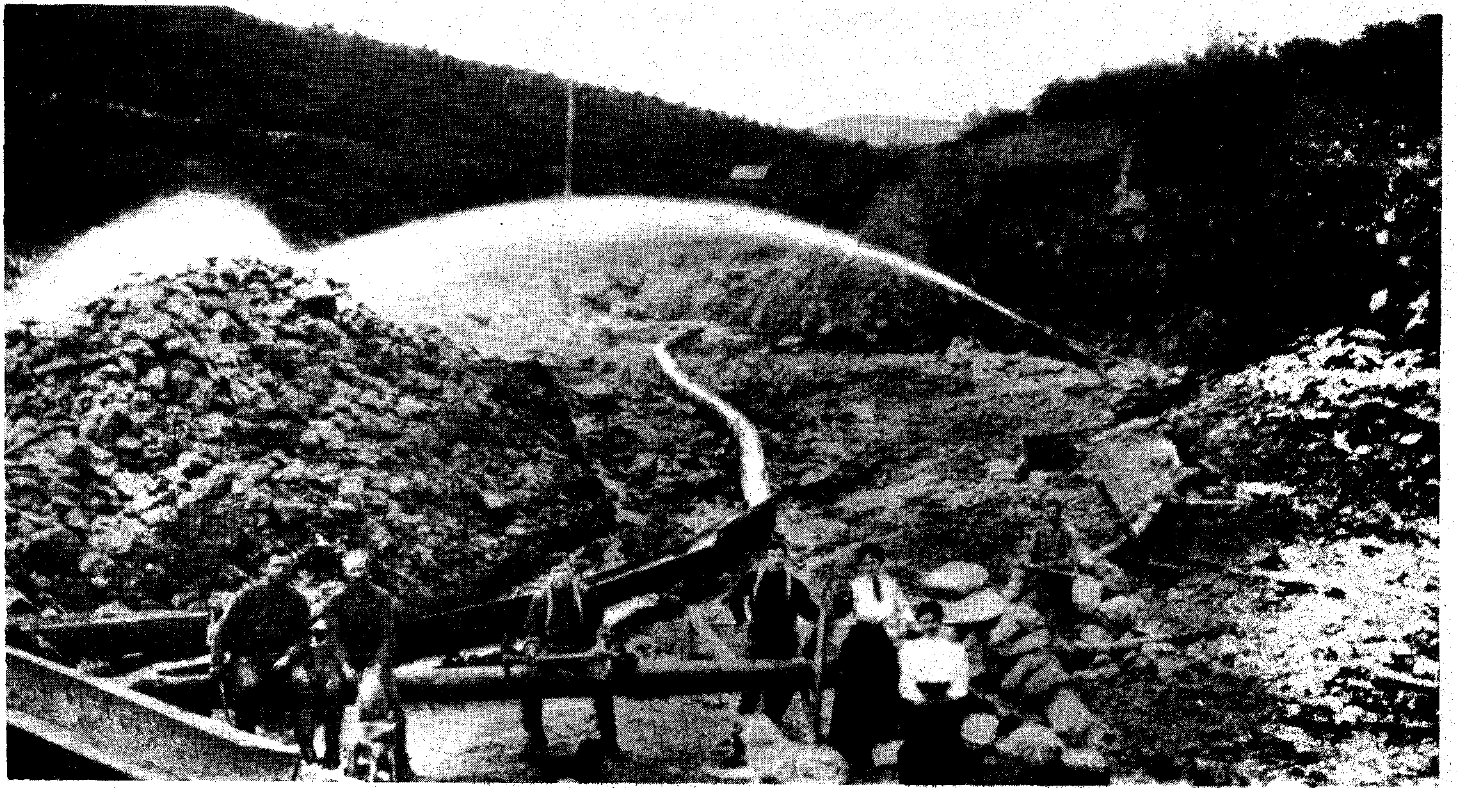
The house sat on the crest of a sloping ridge which rose even higher to the northeast and sloped downward to the southwest. Doctor Anderson led us along a trail that slanted upward to a raised concrete swimming pool at least three times as large as any private pool I had previously seen. Water was raised by an electric pump from an irrigation canal at the foot of the dirt road where we had left the Colfax highway. The water was not chlorinated and no chemicals were used in the pool. It was simply filled with clean fresh water when there was occasion to use it, and the drainage was downhill toward a thriving garden of fresh vegetables.

"I know you are interested in gold," Doctor Anderson said, then recited the history of the Empire Mine. "It was the last large one in this area to close down after the price was pegged at $35 and labor and other costs kept rising. It is being kept ready, with twenty-four hour watchman's service, to start up any time conditions warrant. There is still plenty of gold. Right now it is being extracted from the biggest pile of tailings. We want you folks to stay overnight and tomorrow morning I'll arrange to take you down and watch the gold being separated. Meantime, I'll show you some in the house."

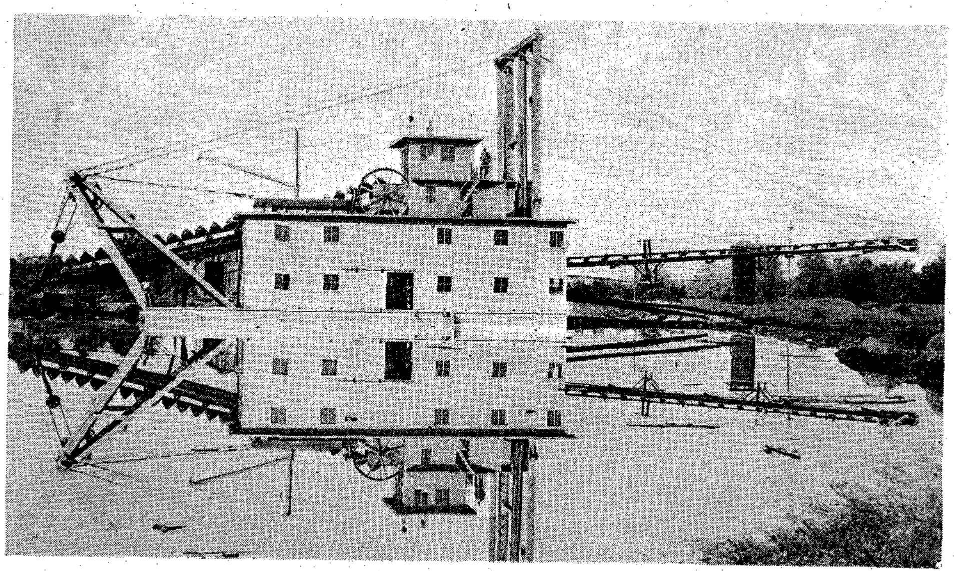
I naturally assumed that he had some gold inside the home, but that was not what he meant. Anderson pointed out a couple of rocks just above the front steps where virgin specks were visible to the naked eye. He moved around the corner and showed me another rock in which gold was visible. Using a magnifying glass, which I customarily carry, I amused myself looking over the masonry of this house which was figuratively built of gold. Of course there were no rich values, but there were several places in the outside walls where the precious metal could easily be seen.

Anderson obtained a gold pan. "I'm not sure we can get colors," he said, "but we can try." He took me across the yard

Hydraulic mining as it was near Nevada City, California, where the largest such operation in world history was carried out until stopped by state law because of stream polution.



Above: Hard rock underground mining for gold as was done near Grass Valley. Below: One or forty gold ships (gold dredges) in operation near Oroville around 1900. Oroville is 60 or 70 miles from the Empire Mine.



Below: Gold can still be panned just as this miner was doing circa 1911.

to where several cubic feet of sand and gravel had been recently dumped. "This came from the Bear River. I'm going to use it to make concrete and I had it unloaded near a water faucet." The faucets around the yard all operated by gravity pressure from the swimming pool.

I thought the entire set-up rather fabulous and unbelievable, especially when two or three pans of gravel each yielded "colors." Of course, neither the gold values in the stones of the house or in the gravel were anything suggesting possible profit, but they certainly did bear out Anderson's statement, "There's gold all over this country. If you want to have fun panning or looking for a one-chance-in-a-million nugget, just wander over a pile of old tailings or along any of the creeks."

YET there were disadvantages as well as advantages in the site. In winter snow could be on top of this hill. Not a deep or extensive fall, but enough to close the private road for possibly three or four days of complete isolation with no convenient way out. And while the water supply was sufficient and dependable, it was contingent on the pump being in repair and working. We were sixty miles from Sacramento and more than a hundred and twenty from San Francisco.

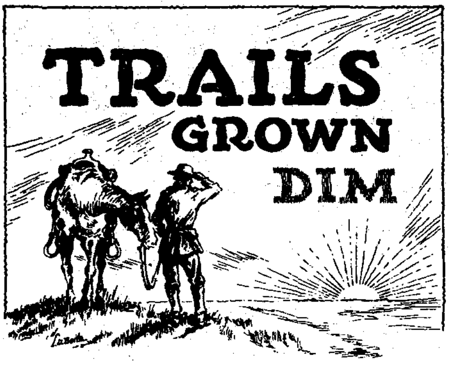
This certainly was the most adventurous house-hunting I had ever done. Mrs. Anderson served us a superb dinner and played the piano. Later we were shown the twinkling lights of Sacramento sixty miles away on one side of the house, while we only needed to walk across the living room and look eastward to see the headlight of a Southern Pacific train coming down from the Sierra Summit.

The next morning Doctor Anderson took me to the main Empire Mining Company headquarters. There was a miniature mountain of rocks there, perhaps a city block long and half as wide, rising to sixty or eighty feet in the middle. The rocks were in every conceivable shape and ranged from three to eight inches in diameter just as they had been brought from the portal of the mine a short distance away. We heard the sound of a rock crusher on the far side of a row of trees.

A few minutes later I stood beside a gold-separation table and was introduced to Mister X. (I call him Mister X simply because I *cannot* recall his name.) He was a business-like and very friendly gentleman and we had a most interesting conversation. An enormous rock crusher was groveling through a stream of material being supplied to it from the Empire Mine tailing heap. At the far end of the crusher, smaller rocks, ranging from three-fourths to an inch and a half, were dropping into a dump truck. A second truck stood nearby, ready to take position when the first had been loaded and departed.

There was nothing about the crusher itself to suggest other than a regulation road-building job, with the crushed rock being hauled out immediately for delivery to the California Department of

(Continued on page 61)



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Greer

I would greatly appreciate any information concerning relatives of my father, Thomas D. (Joe) Greer. He was always known as Joe here in Montana. He was born in Springfield, Missouri to George W. and Jemima Shipman Greer in 1870. I have always thought he grew up in Oklahoma and/or Texas. His parents died when the children were only partly grown, and his two sisters went to live with an aunt. He had two brothers, one of whom was named John. My father died before I was two, so I'd really like to find some trace of any of his folks.—Helen Greer Nelson, Cohagen, Montana 59322

Martin Kingsley Snell

I would like to hear from anyone who might have information concerning one Martin Kingsley Snell and am especially interested in locating his burial place. He was born in 1815 in Pennsylvania, came to Texas and was with Milam at San Antonio de Bexar, fought at San Jacinto, commanded the honor guard at the funeral of Stephen Austin, fought with Waul's Texas Legion in the Civil War, and is said to have died at Hempstead, Texas around 1865. I would welcome any information also concerning his daughters, Emin, born in 1850; Sallie, born in 1852.—Henry H. Snell, 1412 Zephyr, Plainview, Texas 79072

McCleary-McLeery

My grandparents, Henry and Annie McCleary (McCleery) lived in and around Danville, Illinois. My dad was born at Grape Creek, Illinois in 1883. The parents separated, and Henry brought my father to the Indian Territory when he was five or six years old. There was another child, a girl called Dottie. I do not know Annie's maiden name, but in a letter she wrote in 1890, she indicates that her mother and sister helped her, *but she mentions no names.*

Henry worked in the coal mines in eastern Oklahoma and north Texas. When my father was ten or eleven years old, he last saw Henry at Hartshorne, Oklahoma and never heard from him again.

I would like to find out about both of these familites. There should be nieces, nephews and others still alive on both sides. I will answer all letters and answer all questions as I know them.—Mrs. G. R. Bridges, 212 E. Kansas, Walters, Oklahoma 73572

Brown-Cox

I would like to hear from anyone with information on descendants of Daniel T. and Elizabeth Brown who came with their children from Tennessee to Lamar County, Texas about 1849. Their children were Jackey, who married a Berry; Catherine, who married Larkin Coleman; Elizabeth and Bede who married brothers, Bill and Jim Miller; Nancy, who married her first cousin, John Lindley Brown; Jasper; and Tennessee J., an infant in 1850. Nancy and John went to Tennessee after the Civil War but returned to Fannin County by 1880 and lived around Honey Grove.

Kile Richard Cox was born March 8, 1848 *in Tennessee and was reared in* Arkansas by William Cooley, but raised his own family in Jack County, Texas. His second wife, Lucy Stoner, bore him two sons, William, born 1869 and Andrew, born 1871. Andrew had two children, Charley and Nettie Annie. I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Kay Marie Black, 2708 Wemberly Drive, Belmont, California 94002

Gow-Morris

I would like to hear from descendants of, or anyone who knew, the three children of James T. and Mary Rose Gow who lived in Eureka Springs, Arkansas until 1894. James T. died February 13, 1894 and Mary died in November of the same year. Their children were Jeannettie (Nettie), born February 17, 1881; Mack, born October 25, 1883; and J. Eris, born November 1894. On July 22, 1895 an application for a pension for the three children was made by their legal guardian, G W. Thompson, who lived in Duncan, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory. I do have a copy of the notice when J. Eris was dropped from the pension because he had reached the age of 16, and the notice was filed in Topeka, Kansas.

Also, does anyone know of any of the descendants of George Morris who was born June 3, 1826 (Michigan?), moved to Iowa, was in the Civil War, was discharged and not heard from again by his family. It is believed that he went West after his discharge. He was the oldest of eleven children of William Andrew Morris and Abigale Elwell Morris.—Marjorie Karlberg, Rt. 1, Box 7, Sumner, Nebraska 68878

Blakemore-Blackmore-Ely-Eely Bowlin-Richmond

I wish to contact any descendants of John; Charles and his wife Emily; and Bill Blakemore (Blackmore); their sisters; and Charles' two brothers-in-law, the Ely (Eely) brothers. They moved to Texas from Lee County, Virginia in 1868 with my great-grandfather, James Madison Bowlin, his wife, Mary Ann (Polly) Richmond, and their children. The children were Newton Rhea, twenty; Chadwell Ross, nineteen; Sarah or Sallie, fifteen; John Lynn, my grandfather, ten; and Kathryn Esther or Katie, two.

They floated down the Powell, Clinch, Holston, Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to Memphis, Tennessee on a log houseboat which they built near Pennington Gap, Virginia. They took the steamboat *Indiana* to the mouth of the Red River and went up the Red River on a smaller boat, *Cuba No. 2.* They arrived in Jefferson, Marion County, Texas, on one of the last days of March 1868, according to information given by Newton Rhea Bowlin in 1924. If names, dates and narratives are familiar to you, please contact me for exchange of information and family histories.—Dr. Gerald D. Bowlin, APDO. 350 Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico

Crockett-McSwain

My great-grandmother, Judith N. McSwain, born 1834, was the daughter of Mary and Lewis McSwain of Cleveland County, North Carolina. Mary was re*lated to the David Crockett family.* If anyone knows her parents' names, the town and county they came from or any facts concerning the Crockett relationship, please write.—Mrs. Donna Pilcher, 513 Marbella Lane, Vacaville, California 95688

Samuel Thomas

My grandmother's half-brother Samuel Thomas, left Ohio and settled in Austin, Texas about 1860 or after. The family became separated, and while I have located some of them, I would like to hear from the Austin family of Thomas.—Mrs. Katherine Thomas Sims, 10603 Choisser, Whittier, California 90601

Roy Lewis (Louis) Clark

Roy Lewis (Louis) Clark was last seen at Downes, Kansas with a carnival. Show business was his occupation. He was originally from Los Angeles, California and had one sister and a brother, Edward. His sister, mother and father died in a California flood.

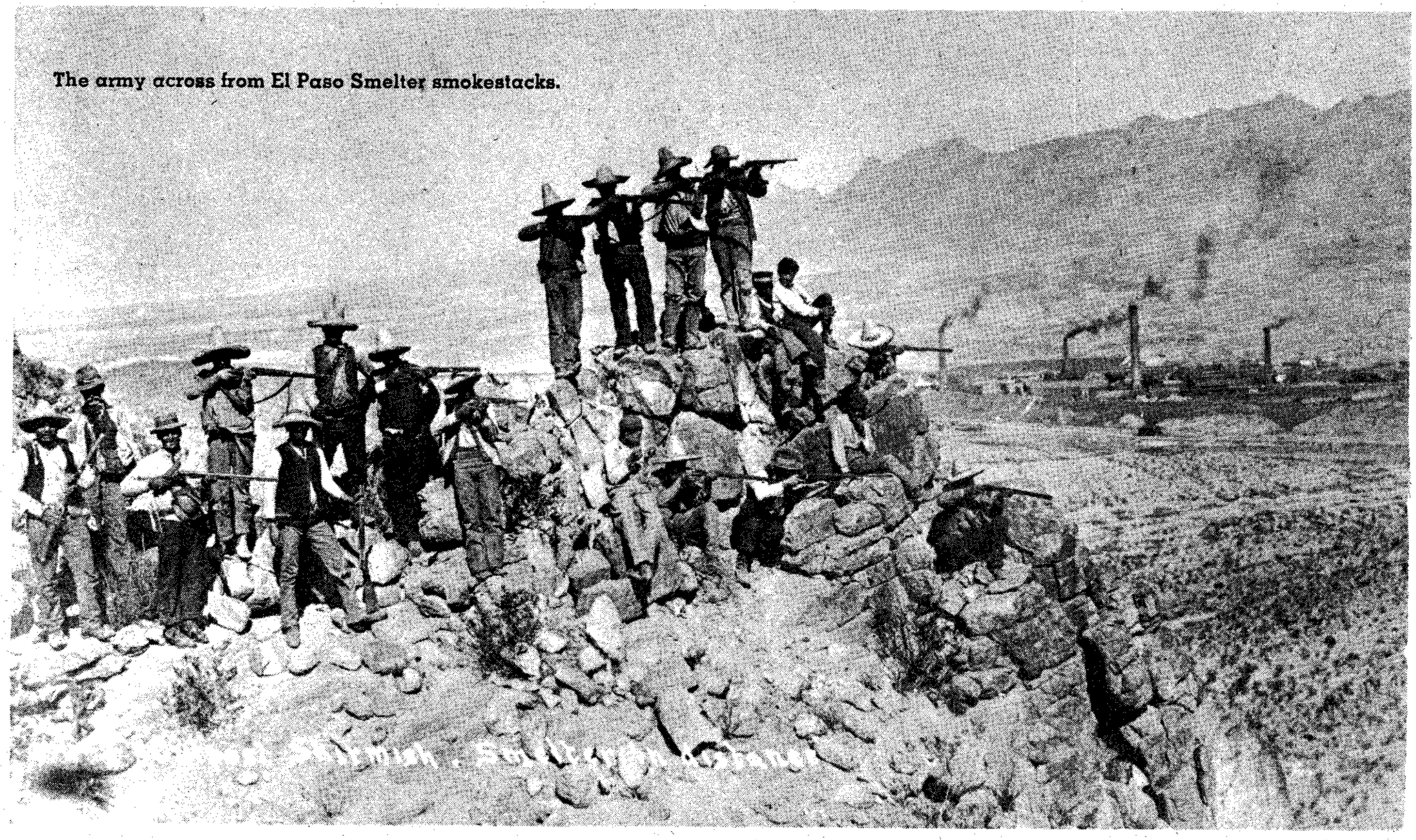
In 1931 Roy married Gladys Leavitt and they had three children: Edward Lewis, Robert Roy and Patsy Nell Ella. They are all grown and have families of their own.

Roy had a heart and arrow tattoo on his left forearm, with the words, "Love, Pat." Any information about him will be appreciated and all letters will be answered.—Gladys Callaway, 507 Sewell, Hastings, Nebraska 68901

Henrietta MacMillan

In 1920 Henrietta MacMillan lived at 1745 Franklin, Denver, Colorado, and I'd like for anyone knowing anything about her whereabouts to get in touch with me.— W. H. Arnold, 3021 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90006

EL PASO REMEMBERS



The army across from El Paso Smelter smokestacks.

BY THELMA KNOLES

Photos Courtesy Author

EARLY in the 1900s the sleeping volcano that was Mexico's populace began to emit rumblings of discontent with the long dictatorship of President Diaz. Scattered manifestations of protest rapidly coalesced into full-scale rebellion. The upheaval flung Francisco I. Madero into a leadership that approached idolatry. For a few blazing years Madero was the spirit of a revolution which strongly affected El Paso, Texas and many of its citizens. They still remember their short acquaintance with that strange man of destiny and the events that catapulted him to the presidency of his turbulent country.

Francisco Indalecio Madero was born in 1873 in Parras, Coahuila, Mexico, to a family widely known for its wealth, ambition, and industry. A delicate and sickly child in the midst of a large clan of robust personalities, he was affectionately nicknamed "Panchito."

His relatives always seemed surprised at the eminence their weakling later attained, and his brother Gustavo was quoted as stating that "of a family of clever men, the only fool was president."

The Mexican people thought different, at least for a time. Some of the titles bestowed on Madero were "Apostle of Mexican Democracy," "The Messiah," "Savior," "Immaculate One," "Redeemer of Mexico," "Apostle of Peace," and finally, "Christ-fool."

Madero himself had no doubt that he was destined for greatness. He never forgot the occasion when he and a group of young friends asked a Ouija Board what the future held for each. The prophecy that Francisco would be president of Mexico was a great joke to everyone else, but Madero took it seriously. From then on he was known to regularly consult the Ouija Board. Years later visitors to Chapultepec Castle reported seeing the regulation planchette on President Madero's bedside table. Perhaps the Ouija Board can be given some credit for the young man's high ambition, whether it was manipulated by spiritual or by manual power.

FRANCISCO completed his education with five years of study in Europe, mostly in France. Then he came home and interested himself in the family's agricultural pursuits. He experimented with new strains of cottonseed, brought in modern machinery, studied irrigation problems. His plans for damming a canyon for storage of water brought approval from engineering experts. He backed the cotton growers in forming a syndicate to protect their interests, especially against the organized oppression of the millers.

Though the Maderos were acknowledged one of Mexico's ten wealthiest families, Panchito always showed more interest in the welfare of the peon farm workers than in increasing the family fortune. He raised cotton workers' wages, provided schooling, better living conditions, and sick benefits. Those ideas from one of the ruling class were enough to label him an idealist. The people remembered.

In 1903 Francisco Madero married Sara Perez. Their union seems to have approached perfection. She was his fierce and devoted champion and partner all the way, from his belief in spiritualism to his political ambitions to his tragic downfall. Before his assassination Sara Madero pleaded with the American Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, for sanctuary in the embassy for her husband. She was told that the United States could not interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico.

By 1908 Madero was raising his voice in behalf of the Mexican people and their rights. His message was: "No ninth self-elected term for Porfirio Diaz; free ballot; restoration of the stolen lands to Mex-

MADERO

His career was bracketed by a Ouija Board and an assassin's bullet

President Francisco I. Madero and his wife, Sara.

ico's landless millions." He wrote and published a little book, *The Presidential Succession*, and began to travel throughout the country expounding the need for political freedom.

Still, Francisco Madero was a most unlikely choice for the leader of a people in revolt. Thirty-seven years old, short, bearded, with an unusually large head, he made a perfect target for caricature. He was a Mason, a vegetarian, an intellectual, a member of a capitalist family, and actively interested in spiritualism.

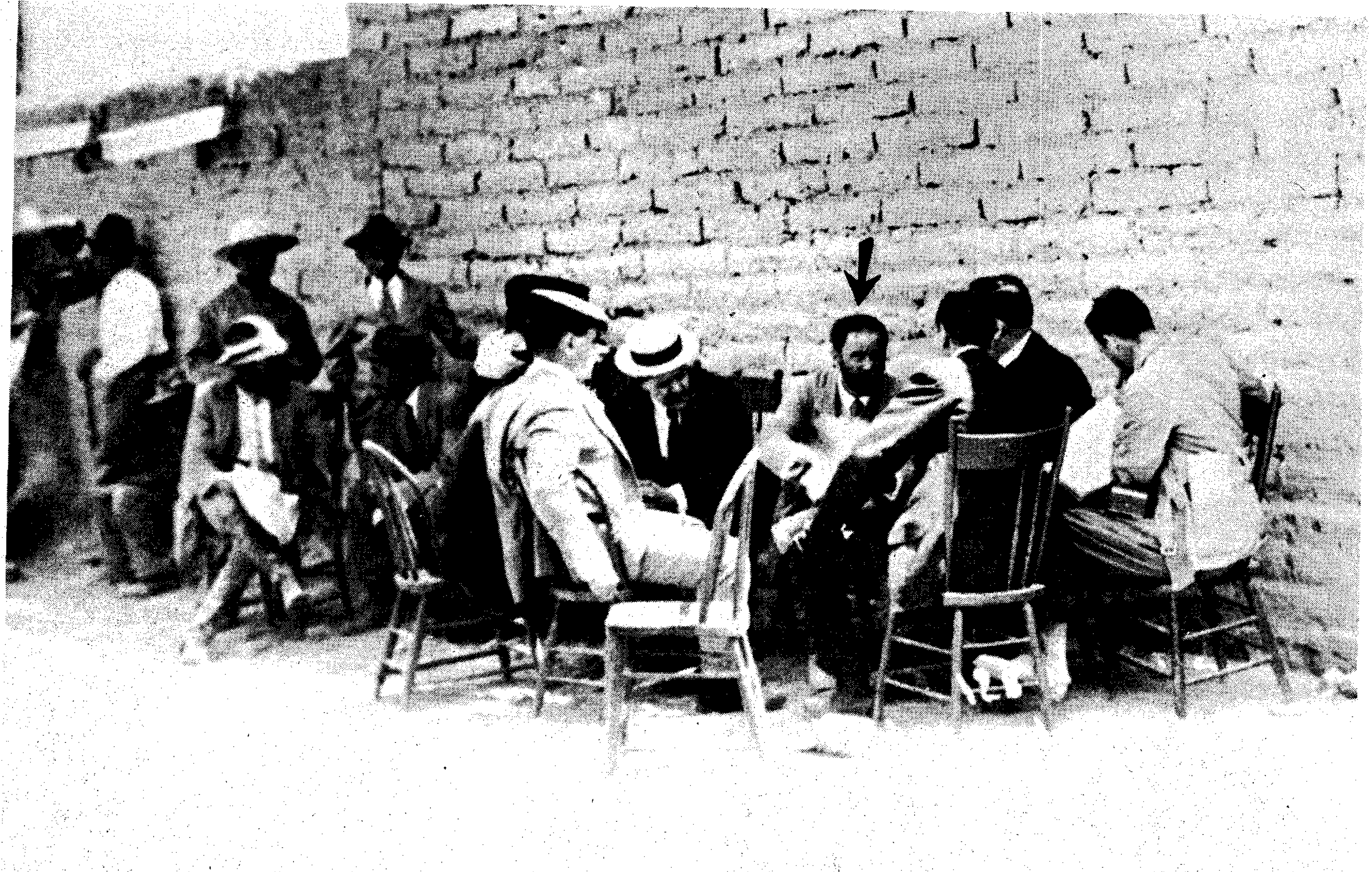
With strong backing of the Masonic Lodge he stumped the country. Indians, Yaquis, Mexican peons gathered in villages and around campfires to listen while Madero's booklet was read to them. For the first time in their lives hope flared in their hearts, hope that they could in their lifetime live like men and enjoy the fruits of their own labor.

President Diaz, in a published interview with American journalist James Creelman, stated that he would retire in 1910. When a new political party was formed supporting Bernardo Reyes, however, Diaz decided to again have himself elected to the presidency, along with his very unpopular vice-president, Ramon Corral. Diaz, having been dictator of Mexico for thirty years, could simply crush any opposition with his army.

Madero continued to address the people who flocked in growing crowds to hear him. They responded with enthusiastic cries of "Viva Madero!" and "Tierra y Libertad!" In April 1910, the anti-reelectionists held a convention and nominated Francisco Madero as a presidential candidate to run against Diaz that year.

Most of those in power ignored foolish young Madero and his babblings. Diaz, finally, and almost contemptuously, had him thrown in jail in Monterrey. Because of the prominence of the Madero family Francisco was spared immediate execution by *ley fuga*, which was the common practice of shooting a prisoner while he reportedly was trying to flee.

After election returns were in and Diaz was once more declared president of Mexico, Madero was transferred to the penitentiary at San Luis Potosí. There are



Conference at Madero's headquarters, with Madero in the center (arrow).

varying stories about this imprisonment. After several months Madero, with the help of friends, managed to escape. Disguised as a railroad brakeman he fled across the international border to San Antonio, Texas.

Here he immediately expanded his activities on behalf of the people of his native land. The citizens of San Antonio were sympathetic to his cause although officially they turned a cold shoulder. Madero made speeches and sent messages. A secretary then with Madero says that often letters would come in congratulating him for his efforts and containing a dollar bill to help. Businessmen provided guns and ammunition for future use. The little juntas throughout the city took on importance and power.

WHILE Madero was in San Antonio various Mexican leaders came to see him at the Hotel Menger where he stayed. Among them was Venustiano Carranza who asked to be appointed Secretary of War and Finance in Madero's cabinet. Madero refused Carranza's request, later saying flatly, "I did not trust him."

On November 20, 1910 Madero issued the "Plan of San Luis Potosí," calling upon all Mexicans to rise against the dictator's tyranny and proposing to return the Indians' lands to them. The proclamation was back-dated to October 5 in order to avoid international implications, but the rebellion was to start throughout Mexico on November 20.

Madero made a farewell speech from the balcony on the hotel, then with his party crossed the Rio Grande into his native land, at a point halfway to the old Presidio. There Francisco I. Madero was declared "Provisional President of Mexico," the ceremony taking place near the Texas border. He named a cabinet and appointed governors for the states. Later when he was officially installed as president these appointments stood.

With a small army rallying around him, led by General Pascual Orozco, the new president advanced through the State of Chihuahua, his forces taking over villages along the way. On February 1, 1911, the rebels by then some 600 strong, defeated the federals near the Mormon town of Casas Grandes. The Madero troops next headed north with plans to seize the border city of Juarez.

In April the Revolutionists, now counting about 2000 troops, established a camp directly across the Rio Grande from the El Paso Smelter north of Juarez.

By this time they were presenting a real threat to Diaz who telegraphed Madero that he was sending an envoy with a peace message. The border cities of Juarez and El Paso waited tensely for the outcome of this mission.

El Paso became the center of burgeoning war rumors. Eastern newspapers and magazines sent reporters and photographers to cover developments. Local citizens openly if not officially rooted for Madero and his rebels.

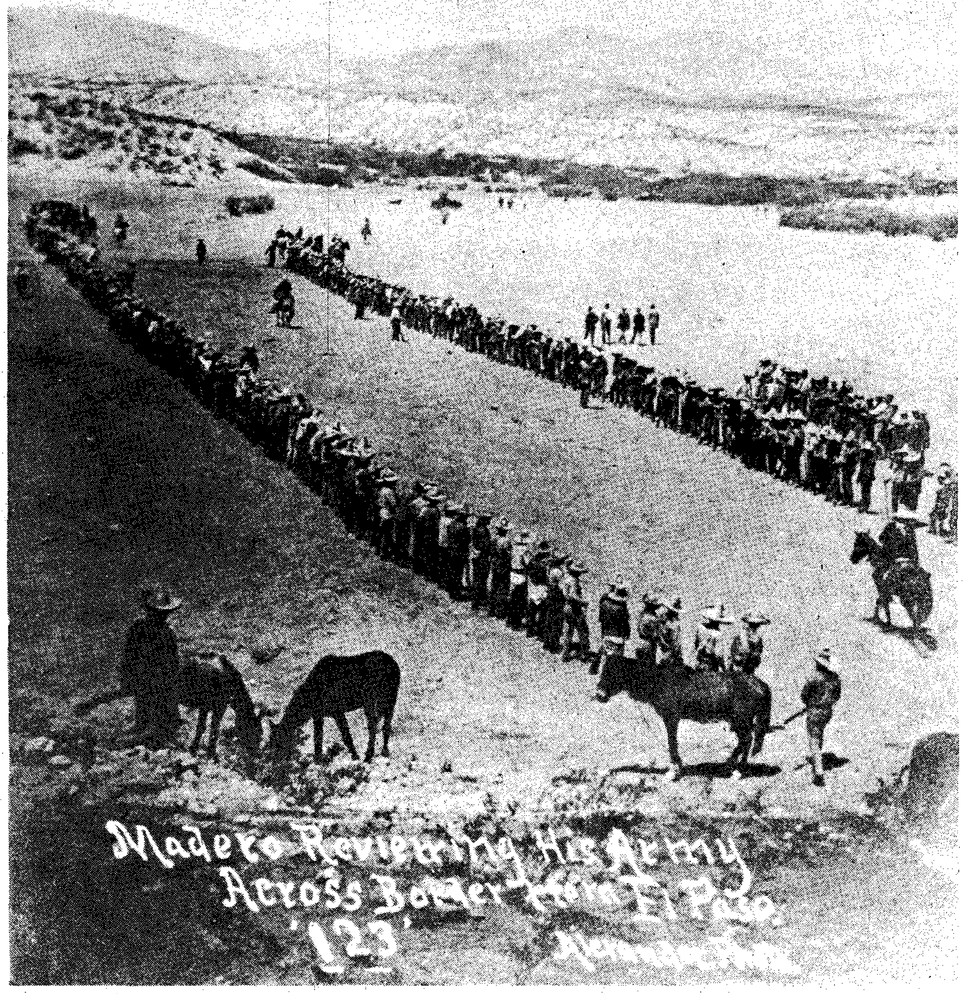
Dr. I. J. Bush, El Paso physician who became Surgeon General of the Mexican Insurrecto Army, stated that he knew of only two El Pasoans who were not friendly to Madero and his cause. General Anson Mills, who had served as a Federal officer in the Civil War, strongly opposed any sort of rebellion and so expressed himself. The other, a prominent merchant who owned stores in Chihuahua, believed that Madero was sure to fail, so chose to his later regret to support the Diaz regime.

El Paso citizens thronged across the Rio Grande to meet Madero and his of-

ficers and to catch a first-hand glimpse of activities in camp. Among the exciting personalities at the Insurrecto headquarters were Guiseppe Garibaldi, grandson of the illustrious Italian patriot; Pancho Villa, notorious guerrilla; handsome, reserved Pascual Orozco, from the western Chihuahua mines; Francisco Madero's brother, Raul, always the militarily correct, expert horseman; and Benjamin Vilgoen, veteran of the Boer War. There were also many young American adventurers known as filibusters who joined the rebels, eager for excitement, gold, and glory.

Provisional President Madero and his wife, Sara, were lavishly entertained in both El Paso and Juarez. Business boomed with the Insurrectos buying ammunition, clothing, food, and war supplies by the carload from American firms. The El Paso *Herald* of April 20 reported that Sam Hawkins who raised carrier pigeons had taken a flock of trained birds to Madero's camp. Three weeks later the *Herald* had this item: "Billy Woolf, inventor of the Viva Madero hat is in town. The hat is a gray-brown felt, a compromise between Alpine and cowboy headgear, and is rather nifty."

Children in El Paso played hooky from school and stayed for hours at the riverbank throwing oranges and soda pop across to the rebels and trying to get a glimpse of the homemade cannon they were said to possess.



Madero's Army.

ONE of the youngsters who did a thriving business selling food to the Insurrectos was the late Cleofas Calleros, famous historian. "Those soldiers would buy almost anything we would take to sell them—sardines, cookies, candy, pop, cans of fruit, anything," he recalled. "We'd buy the stuff from C. H. Lawrence who had a large wholesale business in South El Paso and we'd make good money on each item. There were several boys from El Paso and Juarez and one girl. She was Herlinda Chew, a beautiful Chinese who later became the leader of the Chinese colony in Juarez. Some young and imaginative reporter took Herlinda's picture with a banner hung around her shoulders. Then they ran this picture along with a story about a beautiful *Yaqui* girl joining Villa's forces. We boys got a big kick out of that.

Swinging bridge across the Rio Grande.

"Every day we'd take boxes of food stuff to sell to the soldiers. There were many leaders with their followers, but I think we found Pancho Villa the most intriguing. He was always a colorful figure."

Harper's Magazine of New York sent Edith Lane, a venturesome young journalist, to report on events. Miss Lane visited the Madero camp on April 22 and wrote: "The cars running to the smelter were jammed and seats were at a premium, but we were fortunate in finding seats, even though crammed in like sardines." At the smelter beside the river she climbed onto the "wretched wobbly bridge that must be crossed to enter New Mexico and from there into Mexico. This bridge was built by the brick company for its employees and was not intended to hold up hundreds at one trip."

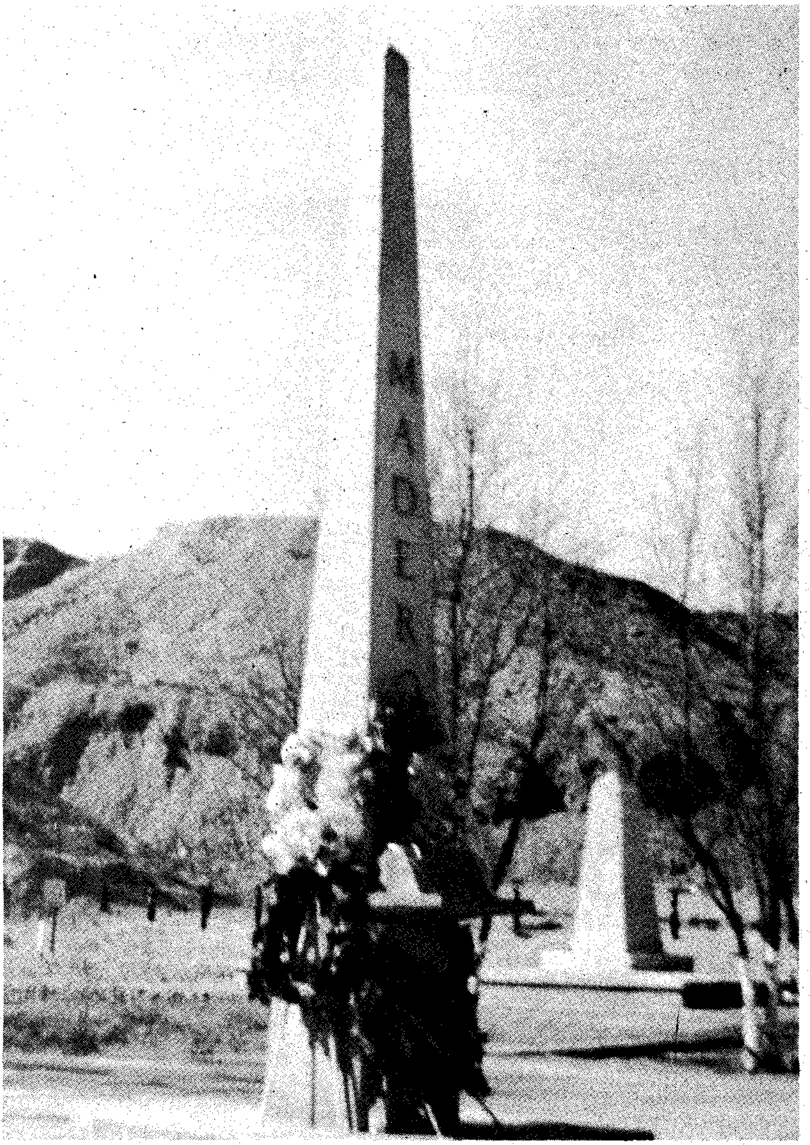
After a breakdown and repair of the bridge, Miss Lane thankfully reached the other side of the river. Two blocks of plodding through ankle-deep dust and sand brought her to the camp headquarters, a small well guarded adobe building, which became known as Madero's "Casa Blanca." Colonel Garibaldi courteously escorted her through the dense crowd and into Madero's presence. There he introduced her to the provisional president and his wife Sara.

Favorably impressed Miss Lane wrote: "Francisco Madero, Jr., is a man of very small stature, brownish black hair and beard *(cut English fashion)*, very large deep black eyes, eyes that look far beyond the present into a dim future. His expression when not talking is rather stern, but at once changes to a more than pleasant expression; it is a bright animated look that transfigures him completely. His little wife, black eyed and haired, is lovable; no other word so well expresses her charming personality."

Norman Walker, Associated Press correspondent, visiting Madero's camp, remarked that he understood Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the polar explorer, had visited Madero.

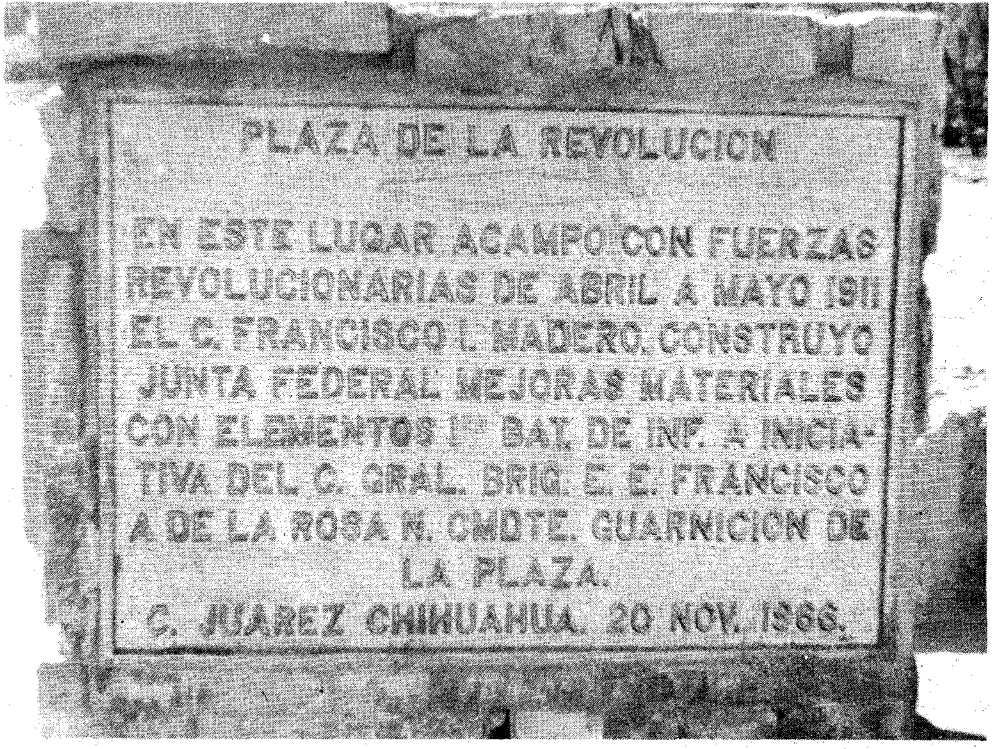
"Yes," Sara Madero proudly replied, "he addressed my husband as 'Mexico's George Washington'."

On April 27, while El Paso and Juarez tensely waited for the outcome of the telegrams between President Diaz and Madero, the provisional president staged



Above: Statue of Madero, the International Marker at right.

Below: Plaque at Peace Grove.



PLAZA DE LA REVOLUCION
EN ESTE LUGAR ACAMPO CON FUERZAS
REVOLUCIONARIAS DE ABRIL A MAYO 1911
EL C. FRANCISCO I. MADERO. CONSTRUYO
JUNTA FEDERAL MEJORAS MATERIALES
CON ELEMENTOS 1er BAT. DE INF. A INICIA-
TIVA DEL C. GRAL. BRIG. E. E. FRANCISCO
A. DE LA ROSA N. CMDTE. GUARNICION DE
LA PLAZA.
C. JUAREZ CHIHUAHUA. 20 NOV. 1966.

an elaborate ceremony to announce promotions of his officers.

Beside the Rio Grande, with the Mexican mountains as a backdrop and the setting sun lighting the scene, a throng of Americans, Mexican citizens, and Insurrectos gathered. From across the river about 2000 El Pasoans watched. President and Mrs. Madero sat in an auto, guarded by ranks four and five deep of soldiers, as commissions were presented making Pascual Orozco a brigadier general, Guiseppi Garibaldi a colonel, Raul Madero a major, and Francisco Villa a colonel. After the presentations Madero stood in the car and delivered an eloquent speech. A band played, finishing with the National Air of Mexico just as the sun went down in a blaze of gold. The rugged mountains, the slowly flowing river reflecting the sunset, the splendor of the dress uniforms and decorations, made the occasion immensely impressive. Edith Lane wrote back to New York that she had viewed many gorgeous military pageants but had never seen anything so stirring.

DIAZ'S emissary, Judge Francisco Carbajal, finally arrived at Madero's camp on May 3 and a conference was held in a tent a short distance south of Madero's headquarters (about opposite Hart's Mill, now the site of the Hacienda Cafe). This spot under rustling cottonwoods became famous as the "Peace Grove." However, President Diaz's message to Provisional President Madero did not promote peace. Diaz flatly refused to accede to Madero's demands and resign.

On May 8 Madero telephoned the commander of the regular Juarez garrison, General Navarro, and demanded his immediate surrender. General Navarro refused and reinforced his position. On May 9 General Orozco, Colonel Garibaldi, and Colonel Villa led the famous attack on Juarez. Many young American filibusters joined the Madero forces, among them Captain Oscar C. Creighton, Captain Sam Dreban, Captain Tracy Richardson, and reportedly Tom Mix. It was a great adventure to them. To Mexico it was the turning point of the revolution, a decisive victory for Madero, with Federad General Navarro surrendering on May 10.

El Pasoans watched the course of the battle from many vantage points. M. L. Burkhead, pioneer car dealer, remembered the historic occasion. "My wife and I had become very friendly with the Madero family," he said. "We stood together with Mrs. Francisco Madero and Madero's mother and two sisters, on the roof of the Sheldon Hotel and watched the historic battle taking place in Juarez. Later I took Madero to the International bridge in my Chalmers."

Hilliard Bryan, retired El Paso banker, still a small boy in 1911, vividly recalls the excitement of being among the crowd gathered around Madero and his staff at Insurrecto headquarters in Juarez following the victory. "Madero was standing in his car speaking to the cheering people. Then all a sudden there was one of his officers, General Orozco, shouting at him. They began to argue, getting louder and louder. When Orozco started

(Continued on page 53)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THE YOUNGER TRIANGLE

The story of the famous outlaws, the Younger Brothers, has been documented in a number of places. But Dorothy Dixon has come up with a new twist about the outlaw clan in her book, *Lavender* (Naylor Company, $5.95). Written in conversational style, the central theme of this historical novel is a three-cornered romance between stolid brother John, his glamorous wife, Lavender, and the brains and glamour boy of the outlaw quartet, Cole Younger. Quantrill, the mentor of the Younger trainees during the Civil War, comes in for a bit part. His famous will to his sagebrush bride left her his money to establish a house of prostitution. She met the conditions of the will. This story deals more with the Youngers' riotous wenching than with bank robbing. The book follows the story line of the Youngers' outlaw history, including the Lawrence, Kansas massacre by Quantrill's raiders, local holdups, and the famous Northfield fiasco where the James Brothers escaped and the Youngers were imprisoned for twenty-five years. Lavender had carried on a clandestine love affair with Cole, a handsome man, handy with the ladies. The husband, John, was oblivious of the affair. He was bushwhacked and Cole was free to follow in his footsteps with Lavender. Cole's long imprisonment ended the affair. This book will shake loyal Cole Younger fans.

TWO ON THE SIOUX

Sioux Indian Leaders (Superior, $13.95) by Mildred Fielder features biographical sketches of eight of the top tribesmen. She leads off with Crazy Horse, the warrior who directed the attack against Custer at the Little Bighorn, and Spotted Tail who persuaded Crazy Horse to lead his people to Fort Robinson, Nebraska where Crazy Horse was killed attempting to escape from jail. Sitting Bull, the Medicine man; Gall, who led the Sioux against Reno at the Little Bighorn; and Red Cloud the warrior turned schemer and foe of peace with the whites, are each treated in separate chapters. Martin Charger, leader of the band known as the Fool Soldiers, was a constant worker for peace with the whites; Chauncey Yellow Robe, Carlisle graduate (class of 1895) and a peace-time leader of his people, and Ben Reifel, with a Harvard doctorate and a five-term Congressman from South Dakota, represent the Sioux leaders who worked hard for meaningful understanding between their people and the whites and for honorable treatment of all Indians. The book is nicely illustrated from photos and a few old prints. A bibliography and an index add to the ease and pleasure of using it. Recommended.

* * *

The Forgotten Sioux: an Ethnohistory of the Lower Brulé Reservation (Nelson-Hall, $12.95) by Ernest L. Schusky presents the case of a tribe which pursued peace, cooperation, and agriculture under the white man's dominion. Their efforts resulted in neglect, mistreatment, and in their being ignored by scholars. Schusky meticulously traces Sioux origins, their transition to a life in the Plains environment before the whites, and their settlement in reservations along the Missouri River. He compares the Brulé with other Sioux tribes, some of which gained many advantages because of their hostility, and the notoriety they achieved. The relationships between the Indians and the Federal government is carefully chronicled by detailed quotes from official correspondence and records in the Bureau of Indian Affairs and various official primary sources. Other tribes were also peaceful and Schusky's book presents the treatment usually meted out to the "Friendlies." Many whites, though well intentioned, were hamstrung by national policy which prevented their taking rational actions to meet local needs. Even the Christian churches which flourished in the tribe did not extend full opportunity and responsibility to the Indian membership. Of the book, Robert M. Utley, Chief Historian of the National Park Service and author of *Last Days of the Sioux Nation*, said: "It is a sound, thorough history of a little known tribe by one who has . . . come to know the people themselves." Detailed notes, bibliography, index, and photos will be of value to students and buffs.

FIGHTERS AND FRIENDS

The Great Chiefs (Time-Life Books, distributed to the trade by Little Brown, $9.95) was written by Benjamin Capps and is a volume in The Old West series. Little Mountain, White Bear, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf of the *Kiowas;* Mangas Coloradas, Cochise, Victorio and Geronimo of the *Apaches*; Quanah Parker of the *Comanches;* Washakie of the *Shoshonis;* Ouray of the *Utes*; Guadalupe of the *Caddos*; Plenty Coups of the *Crows;* Sky Chief of the *Pawnees;* Joseph of the *Nez Perces;* Kientpoos (Captain Jack) of the *Modocs* and Sitting Bull of the *Sioux* are prominent among the Indian leaders covered in the very readable text provided by the novelist-historian, Capps. Numerous photos and portraits in color by Catlin, and scenes in color by Miller et al, greatly enhance the attractive volume. Recommended.

IT SERVES!

Seventy-five Years of Texas History (Jenkins Publishing Company, $7.50) is the saga of the Texas State Historical Association, 1897-1972 as set forth by Dorman H. Winfrey in two papers. Winfrey who served as president of the Association, 1971-72, and was previously an employe of the Association for a dozen years, is eminently qualified to relate the trials, tribulations and triumphs of the TSHA. Joe Frantz, the current director, pays tribute to Winfrey in his introduction, and the value of this little book is increased by a roster of the presidents, the editors of the *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, and of Association publications.

LITERARY LANDMARK

Bransford in Arcadia (University of Oklahoma, $3.95) by Eugene Manlove Rhodes is volume 51 in The Western Frontier Library. It was the first book-length cowboy romance in any mass circulation magazine—appearing in the *Satevepost* in 1912. The introduction by W. H. Hutchinson points out the literary historical importance of the event and reveals that Gene's original ending is used in this reprint—he had changed it for the magazine at the insistance of the editor. The dust wrapper illustration is by W. H. D. Koerner and this is one of Gene's best—a bargain all the way.

SOCIAL HISTORY

Laressa Cox McBurney came from ancestors with their roots deep in the soil of Bonham and Wheeler, Texas; and Altus, Oklahoma. Former country schoolteacher, poet, biographer, civic leader and wife of Dr. Charles McBurney of Clinton, Oklahoma she has written a charming story of pioneer development. In addition there are details of her own love affair plus much about farming, business and educational growth in northern Texas and western Oklahoma. Her autobiography, *Dr. Charlie's Wife* (The Naylor Company, $5.95) is recommended for family reading.

* * *

Out of the Whirlwind (Naylor, $12.95) is a West Texas saga by the daughter and granddaughter of the founding families of Roscoe, Texas (but first known as Prairie Vista). It covers all phases of the settling of the plains west of Sweetwater in the 1890s. Wind, drouth, rancher-nester feuds, rowdy cowboys, barbwire and four-legged varmints vexed these latter-day pioneers. Maurine Whorton Redways tells a good story about the way it was in those days.

ART OF "THE ANCIENTS"

Frank C. Hibbens' *Kiva Art of the Anasazi at Pottery Mound* (K. C. Publications, Box 14883, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89114, $35.00) is highlighted by the publication of an amazing series of pre-

(Continued on page 43)

SONNY POWELL DIED TWICE IN

He made the mistake of swapping a simple misdemeanor charge

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

TO UNDERSTAND the atrocity committed by the people of Nowata, Oklahoma, on September 29, 1916, one must look back at the bloody history of the little town nestled at the foot of the Osage Hills. A review of the town's past might, in some small way, account for the tragedy.

When the Iron Mountain Railroad built into Indian Territory in 1889 two surveyors for the road who boarded with a Cherokee family asked the lady of the house to suggest a name for the townsite they were laying out. "Why not call it Nowata?" she suggested. "Nowata is a Delaware Indian word meaning Welcome."

Welcome, or Nowata, was established in 1892 and had a Cherokee form of government. In 1904 the Federal government incorporated the town, after which it fell under the jurisdiction of the Federal marshal riding out of Fort Smith, Arkansas. The two forms of government soon clashed.

Blood darkened the streets of Welcome Town when a Cherokee marshal and his brother died in a gun battle with the Federal marshal. The latter was convicted of murder and given a sentence of twenty years, but President Teddy Roosevelt pardoned him at once and that was the end of Cherokee law and the beginning of Welcome Town's long and brutal history.

In the early days Nowata was a wild town in a rough country. Scattered in the vicinity of the village were trading posts, bootleg joints, churches, Indians, cowboys, outlaws, farmers, and ranchers. The Osage Hills in the great Osage Reservation only a short distance away harbored the most dangerous of all *animals—the human vultures*, the outlaws who preyed upon the industry of others, gangs who stole and murdered with sometimes no more excuse than just to watch a man die.

The Osage Hills, with their great craggy bluffs, their hidden caves and clear springs, became a safe hide-out for such men as the five Jarrett brothers who grew up just east of Nowata, the Connor gang, the Daltons, Al Spencer, Bill Doolin, George (Bitter Creek) Newcomb, Black Face Charley Bryant, Charlie Pierce and Texas Jack Broadwell.

Then there was Henry Starr who made the Osage Hills a second home. The streets of Nowata knew him well.

Worst of all was the deadly Cherokee Bill. He worked alone, *roaming* at will the northeastern part of the state, and Nowata suffered. Twice he struck the town, leaving death and sorrow in his wake.

All of these desperate men were most *unwelcome* in Welcome Town.

SO things stood when the long suffering, quiet, good people of Nowata one beautiful Indian Summer day turned into a crazy, senseless mob after two young men, one *still* in his teens, killed a deputy marshal in a jail break. The pair had been jailed the night before on a simple misdemeanor charge.

Police court records show that on December 1, 1915 Sonny Powell had been charged with attempted jail break. Again on December 15, he had been charged with assault and battery. For this he drew ninety days in jail and a hundred dollar fine. Matt Forman, the other young man, had no previous police record.

THE
IMPERIAL
CLEANING
PRES
REPA
IMPERIAL CLEANING AND PRESSING CO
G Phon

At noon on September 2, 1916 Sheriff Jim Mays went to the boys' cell to take their lunch. He had known them most of their lives and this might account for the foolish mistake he made—he entered the cell wearing his gun.

As he stooped over to set the tray down, Matt Forman hit him in the neck, knocking him off-balance and causing the tray to fall with a great clatter on the concrete floor. This noise was heard outside by Deputy Jim Gibson.

When Gibson rushed inside to see what the disturbance was, he was met by a bullet in the brain that killed him instantly. The cell door stood open.

Matt Forman and Sonny Powell were now in the hall and Sonny Powell was holding the sheriff's gun in his hand. Sheriff Mays lay bloody and senseless on the cell floor.

The jail was in the courthouse and at the sound of gunfire people poured out of offices into the hall. There they were met by the two escapees. Sonny Powell was waving the sheriff's six-shooter back and forth with grim purpose as he ordered, "Stay back and no one will get hurt!" They could see Jim Gibson, his head blown apart; they could see Sheriff Mays apparently dead on the cell floor. No one interfered as the two desperate men headed for the street and freedom.

Then suddenly there was a loud outburst of repressed rage and dozens of people took up the cry, "They've killed the sheriff! Jail break! They've killed the laws!" Men poured from business places along the street, from the sidewalks and the wagon yard, and from the blacksmith shop. They came in bunches, in pairs and singly. From all directions they took up the cry: "Jail break! They have killed the sheriff!"

"On the streets of Nowata there were six-guns, shotguns, squirrel rifles and Winchesters. There was also utter confusion. Because of the crowds no one could shoot at the fleeing men. They could only follow them and surround them in their blind anger at the murder of their beloved Sheriff Mays. In the back of every citizen's mind were the past useless killings and robbings, the suffering of decent folk at the hands of outlaws. No more! No more! Something had to be done!

The sheriff's gun was empty now and Sonny Powell threw it aside as he ran down the street, trying to avoid being overtaken. As the enraged pursuers closed in upon the two, Matt Forman suddenly darted into a small crooked alley. Sonny Powell sank to the sidewalk smothered in an avalanche of angry fists. Torn, kicked, and dragged bodily down the street he was unconscious when the mob came to a small tree that stood in the yard of the First Methodist Church.

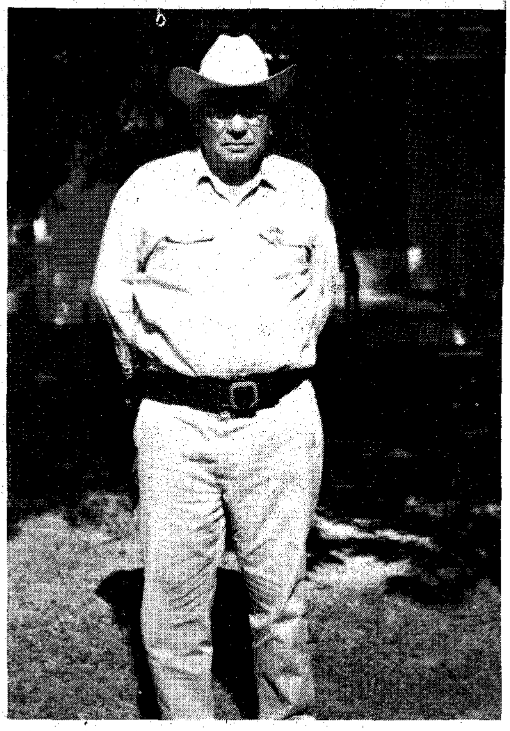
SONNY POWELL was hanged from the small tree in the church yard. No one waited to see him die. "Come on! Come on! Let's get the other one!" was the cry as the men turned back to search for Forman.

The Methodist minister, along with several members who had been in the study with him, hurried outside the church and quickly cut Sonny Powell down. Even more quickly they carried the gasping man to a small building nearby and attended to his needs as best they could without being observed. All was quiet. Too quiet. The only sound was labored breathing. Sonny Powell knowing now how narrow his escape from death had been, was shedding silent tears as he struggled to draw air into his lungs.

(Continued on page 57)

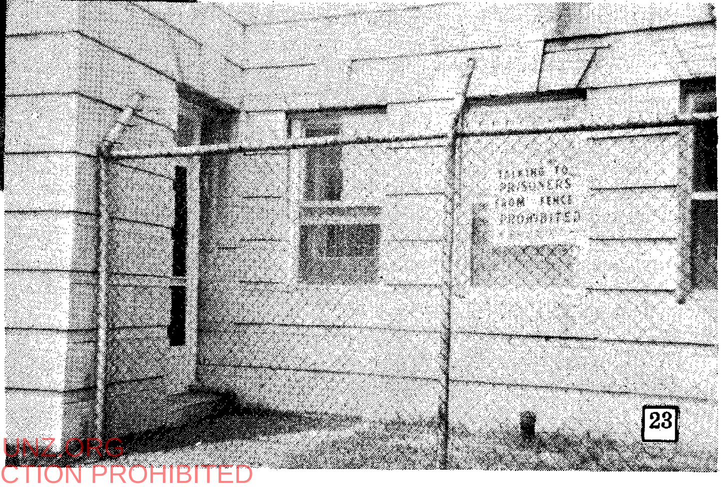
WELCOME TOWN

for one of murdering a lawman!



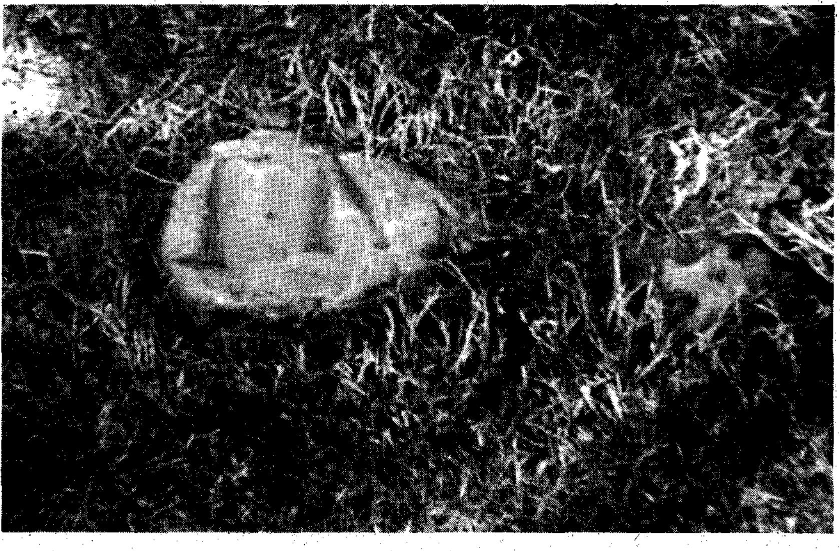
Sheriff Arch Sequichie

Courtesy Edna Blanke



Above: Georgie Miller, right, who fainted at the sight of the hanging men. Laura, center, and Ethel, right, her sisters who were also witnesses. Right: Nowata (Welcome Town) jail.

Opposite page: Matt Forman ran from the mob in front of this shop (the first cleaners in Nowata) and along this street.



Left: Remains of gravestones of Joseph A. Slade (erroneously marked "I. A." instead of "J. A.") in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, Utah, Block B., Lot 6, Grave #7.

JACK SLADE'S GRAVE LOCATED

BY KERRY ROSS BOREN

Photos and Cemetery Map Courtesy Author

After all these years is it too late to mourn? Maybe Slade was not as villainous as he was painted...

THE NAME of Jack Slade has long been associated with vigilantes, outlaws and badmen of every sort, but Jack Slade was not a "badman" in the strict sense of the word. His name has been slandered unjustly, perhaps.

It is common knowledge that Jack Slade was hanged by vigilantes in Montana in 1864, but it is not as commonly known that he may be the only person in the history of the United States to have suffered the death penalty for a misdemeanor!

Jack Slade was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery under very unusual circumstances, but his final visit was not his first visit to Utah, for Slade had been a resident of that state more than once.

Joseph Alfred Slade was born in Carlyle, Illinois in 1829, son of Charles William Slade, noted U. S. Congressman from Illinois and the founder of Carlyle. Joseph had brothers Charles and William and two sisters, Mary and Virginia. His father died in 1832 and young Joe never knew a father's influence, even though his mother, the daughter of a wealthy land owner and merchant of Carlyle, did her best to raise her children properly.

Joe Slade showed early signs of a violent nature and was constantly in and out of trouble. While still in his teens, he joined some boys in throwing rocks at an old man named Gottlieb, and Joe's aim was straight. He hit the man in the temple and killed him. In the dark of night, Joe slipped away to St. Louis and from there spent some time in California and Texas before returning home.

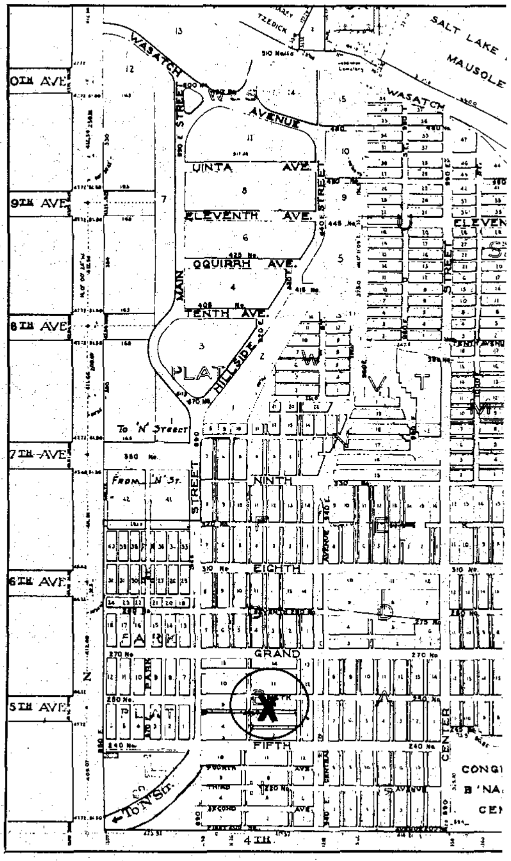
At the outbreak of the Mexican War Joe enlisted on May 4, 1847 at Carlyle in the First Illinois Infantry with his two brothers. Charles Slade died of illness at Santa Fe and William Slade returned home to tend the family store, but nothing is known of Joe Slade's movements after his final pay was received on April 30, 1848.

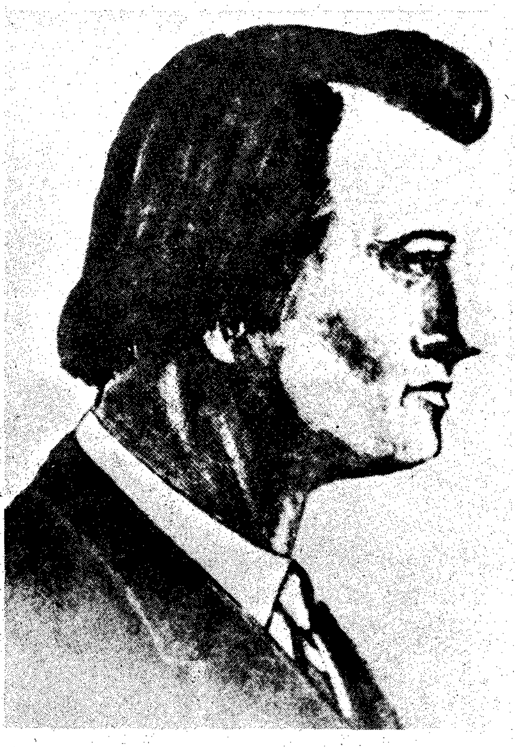
Slade was a teamster with a hard reputation when he was hired by Russell, Majors and Waddell in 1857 to head sixteen wagons loaded with provisions from Westport, Missouri to supply the army of Albert Sidney Johnston then near Fort Bridger on its way to "put down the Mormon uprising" in Utah.

Near Ham's Fork, Slade, who had been drinking since leaving Green River, got into an argument with one of his drivers, and shot and killed him. The event was witnessed by Granville and James Stuart who heard the shots from their camp a few miles below and went up to investigate, later recording the event for posterity.

Slade remained around Fort Bridger for a time, then about 1858 went with William Fairweather, Robert Hereford, Major Noyes Baldwin, and others to South Pass on a prospecting venture where he met an old prospector and trader named Jesse Ewing.

Slade and Ewing purchased a wagon and made a trading trip into Brown's Hole (northeastern Utah) among the Utes. On the return trip, Ewing encountered a grizzly bear which chewed his face so badly that he was scarred for





Above: Photo believed to be Virginia, wife of Joseph Alfred Slade, taken in Helena, Montana. Left: A likeness of Slade.

life, and was saved by Slade who shot the bear. (Ewing later returned to Brown's Park where he located the now famous Lost Ewing Mine, and was murdered and buried there.)

In 1860 Slade, his reputation as a no-nonsense character confirmed, was hired by Ben Holladay to oversee the Julesburg to Rocky Ridge Division of the Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Company stage line.

The agent at Julesburg was Jules Reni, and the feud which developed when Slade replaced Reni has become famous in Western lore. Briefly, Slade brought to a halt the graft which had permeated the stage line under Reni's supervision. At one point Slade caught stagecoach robbers (Reni's friends) in the act and had them all hanged.

Reni finally found the opportune moment and pumped thirteen bullets into Slade, but Slade miraculously lived, swearing on oath that he would "wear Reni's ears on his watch chain." Several slugs were taken out of Slade in St. Louis and the rest he had to endure. When he was well enough, he revisited Jules Reni and killed him unmercifully; and true to his oath, he cut off Reni's ears and dried them, carrying them ever after in his pocket. They were often good for a drink in a saloon or as a "calling card" to his enemies.

DURING this time, Jack Slade—or Captain Slade, as he was known—had married a beautiful lady named Virginia Maria. Just below the Wyoming border within Colorado, he built his division headquarters and named it for his wife—Virginia Dale.

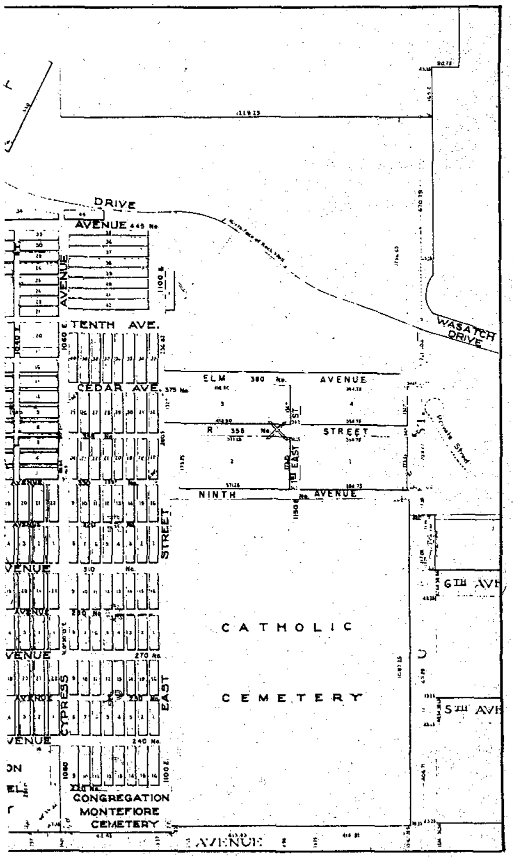
From Virginia Dale, Jack Slade ranged far and wide on his horse-rustling and stage-robbing deterrent raids, sometimes accompanied by others including Wild Bill Hickok and young Buffalo Bill Cody.

Near Fort Bridger, Slade and his men killed a Frenchman named Savoie and burned the house to rout a Spaniard who was a known horse-thief. But the wife of Savoie was also killed, and a little girl and boy crawled out the back window and hid in the brush. The girl died of exposure but Slade found the boy, Jimmy Savoie, and adopted him and raised him as his own.

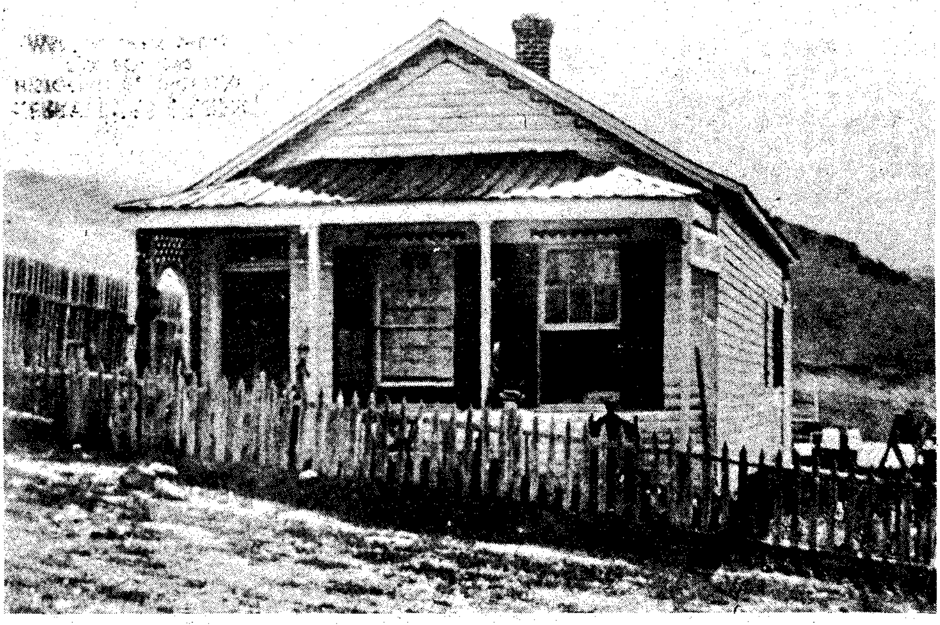
Captain Jack Slade was in charge of the Overland Stage Station at Weber (at the mouth of Weber Canyon, near Ogden, Utah) when Mark Twain paid him a visit en route West by stagecoach. Twain recorded the event in his book *Roughing It,* jokingly remarking that when Slade had kindly offered the last cup of coffee to him at breakfast, Twain had declined because "I was afraid he had not killed anybody that morning and might be needing diversion."

The writer was aware of Slade's good side, however, stating, "He was so friendly and gentle-spoken that I warmed to him in spite of his awful history. It was hardy possible to realize that this

(Continued on page 56)



Left: Map of Salt Lake City Cemetery. The circle and X mark the approximate location of Slade's grave. Below: The house in Virginia City, where Slade's body was kept for three months before being transported to Salt Lake City for burial.



Some people sew up their pockets and draw the shades, but that could never be said of

RANCHER TAD RICHARDS

BY BETTY WHEELER THOMASON

Photos Courtesy Author

LIGHTS BLAZED in Tad Richards' Spanish-style home on the night of September 2, 1939 but all the action was in the huge domed barn about a hundred yards from the house. Country music drifted down from a well-lit hayloft into the cool night air—"round and round we go . . ." Square dancers "dosey doed" and changed their partners "right and left."

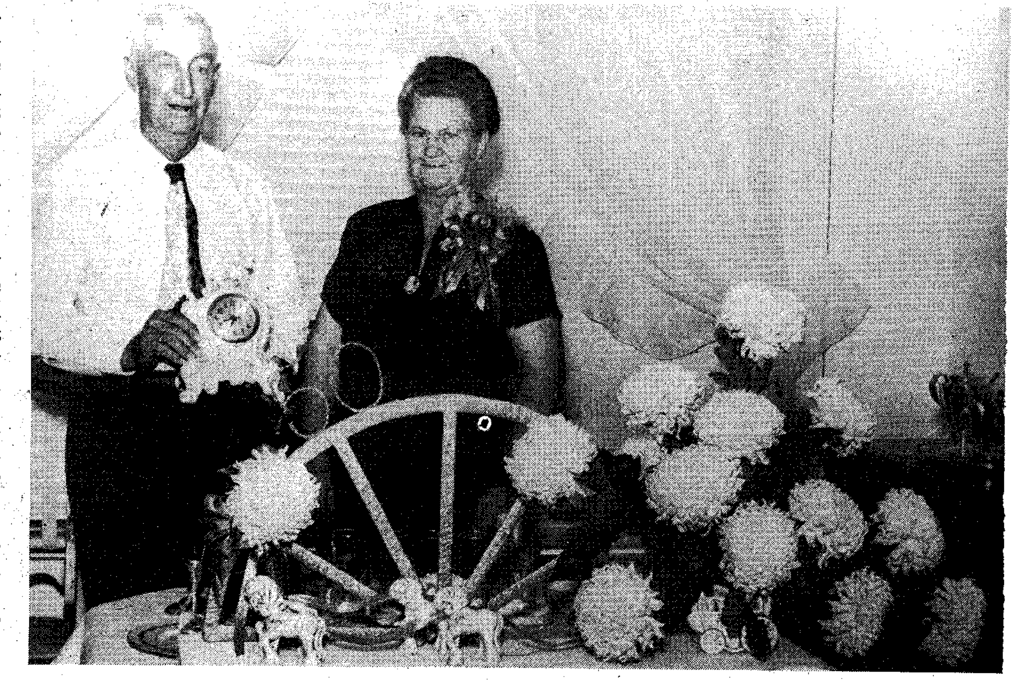
The celebration was in honor of the 60th birthday of a pioneer West Texan—Tad Richards. Precisely at the stroke of midnight, the hardwood dance floor inside the loft was cleared. With a pocketful of cigars dangling from his white shirt pocket, the tall thin gray-haired cattleman dominated the attention of his guests by dancing a jig. The other dancers, mostly his country neighbors, circled the lone performer, clapping their hands and tapping their toes in time to the hoedown music.

This scene was to be repeated many times. For, at the end of the dance the convivial Runnels County rancher would always invite the hundred or so present to return the next year on his birthday to a free barbecue and dance. Tad Richards hosted an annual barbecue and barn dance every year for the next two decades. His dancing a jig became customary at these gatherings. According to his daughter, Mrs. Mable Rowland, "Dad was never happier than when he was surrounded by friends and relatives."

People from the Oak Creek community and adjoining counties came in droves. As reported in the San Angelo *Standard Times*, September 3, 1952: "Tad Richards changed into a white shirt Tuesday and put on a dark tie adorned with cattle brands to celebrate his 73rd birthday." The account went on to say that among the hundreds who convened were cattlemen, friends, politicians, oilmen, and kinfolk. Cars streamed over winding back roads hedged with cocklebur plants, broom weeds, wild gourds and sticker vines called "goatheads" to reach the Richards ranch.

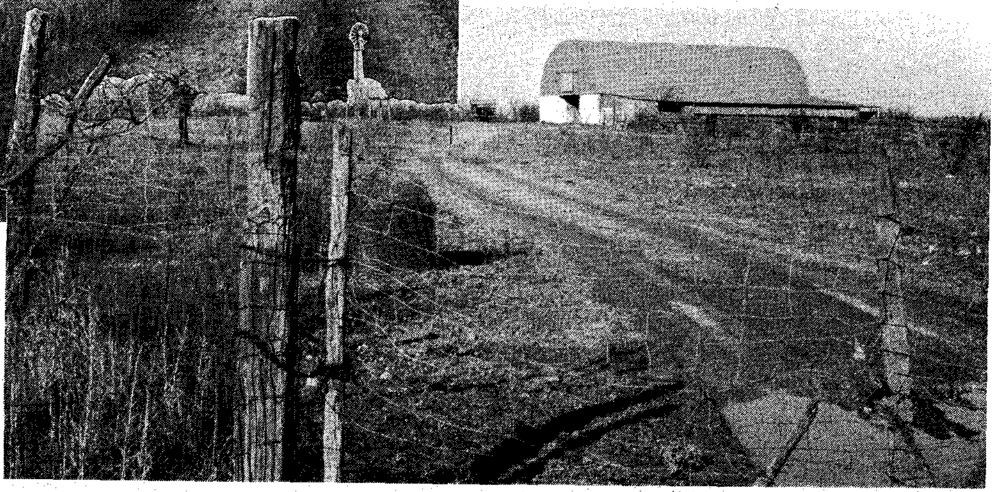
Mary Lawhon, one of his granddaughters, remembers, "We started preparing food days prior to the actual party. In addition we cooked for extra relatives who came often for a two-weeks stay beforehand. We could never cook more than they could eat. In later years, we were

Tad and Eva celebrating their 50th Wedding Anniversary.



Top, opposite page: Isolation of the Richards ranch is accented by the winding back roads.

The Richards' Spanish style home (left) with the domed barn in the background as they stand today. The barn (below) was about a hundred yards from the house. In the lower portion is the runway where the chow line was set up.



simply dumbfounded when the number Granddaddy invited to his free barbecues reached to near a thousand."

Mrs. Rowland at her home near Oak Creek said, "By nature, Daddy was a giver. He made money and he gave it away. I guess if there was a disadvantage in having a free heart it was in the fact that he sometimes loaned money and never got it back."

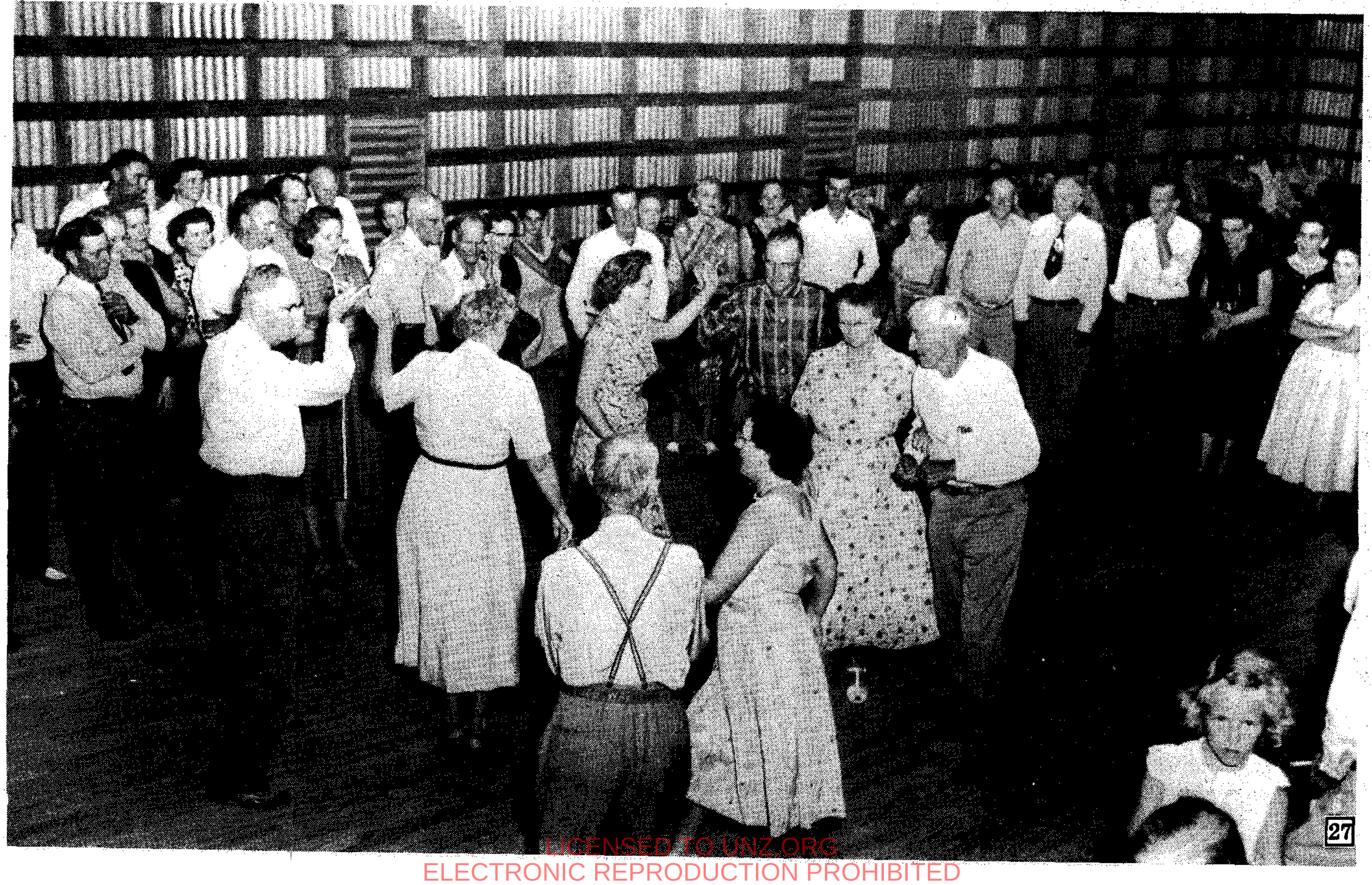
THIS charitable and outgoing man was born in 1879 near Bronte, Texas. His childhood home was just a few miles to the west of where he would one day build the site of his famous parties. It was situated near Fort Chadbourne and south of the Butterfield stage line that ran between Abilene and San Angelo. Tad lived there with his father, mother, sister and five brothers until disaster struck the family in 1887.

Tad Richards was eight years old when he and his family sighted an ominous cloud approaching from the west. The day had been unusually sultry. Tad's father quickly gathered the family into the cellar before the cyclone hit.

Tad Richards later told his children,

(Continued on page 40)

The chow line (left) formed at sundown in the barn runway every September 2, followed by a barn dance in the loft (below). Tad, wearing a white shirt with cigars in his pocket, square dances, center right.



DREAMWEAVERS

Many ventures in the West were never meant to succeed, but so it went and so it will continue to go— for some men fear the unknown and others rush to embrace it . . .

BY EILEEN MILES CHARBO

Photos Courtesy Author

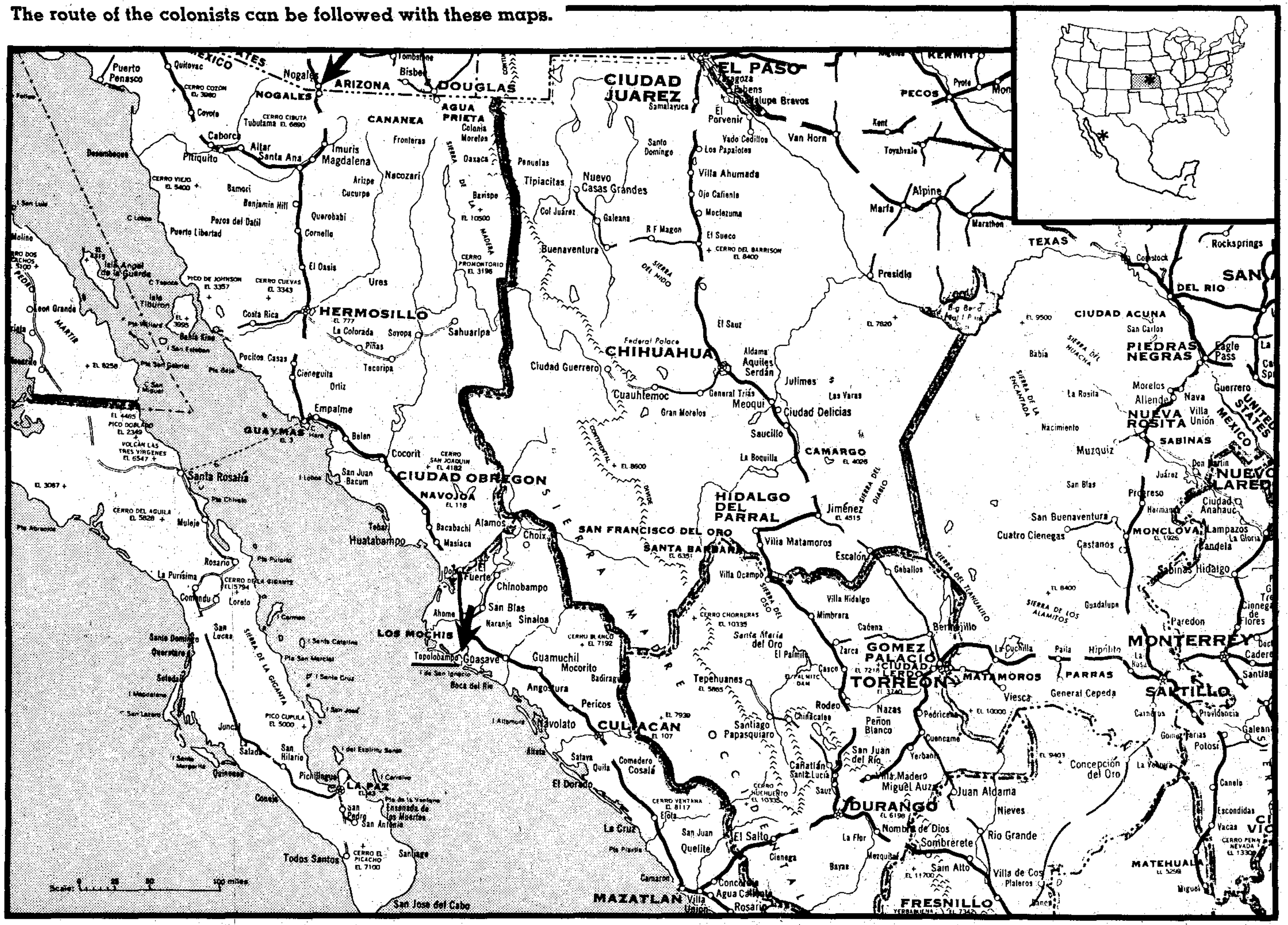
MANY MEN fill out retirement applications at sixty-two, the age Great-grandfather Henry Osborne Benedict mortgaged Sandcreek Farm at Bennington, Kansas and undertook a trek—a super pilgrimage as distant and prodigious as that of the Knights Templar. It was an era when huge dreams laid hold of old hearts.

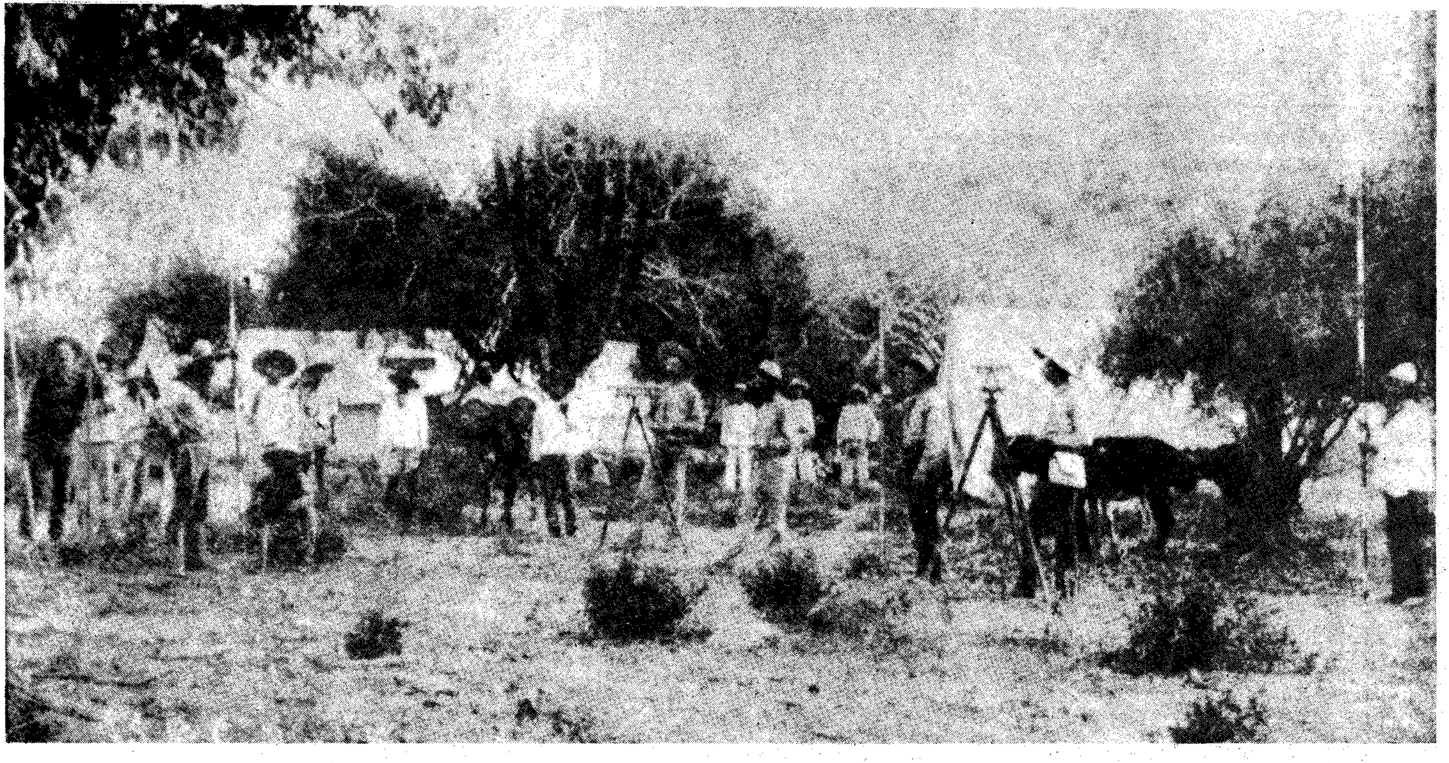
Henry was the oldest of the travelers. Up to 1890 he was considered a shrewd man. By then he had become a soft-handed farmer rocking on his front stoop, with time for discontent over high taxes as he looked out over the black bottomland or nearby at his wife's blackberry bushes and roses rambling around the saltbox house he built of heartpine and ironstone off the place, when they came in 1878. Louisa said the Topo scheme was "sillier than carrying milk to the market in a sieve." The idea! Abandoning a productive paid-up farm for Old Mexico to undertake a vast production plan of beef and vegetables for the New York winter market.

Henry had aspirations for a sugar refinery, ready the same minute as the railroad that would connect Chihuahua and the Pacific. This railroad, as early as 1871, had been the dream of Albert Kinsey Owen. Down the Pacific Coast, he hunted an ideal location for his utopian socialist colony, originally based in new Harmony, Indiana. A colony, this dreamweaver had said, would make millions in agriculture, mining, and shipping for the wise souls who got there first. In 1880 General Manuel Gonzalez, then president of Mexico, had granted a railroad concession from Piedras Negras to Topolobampo Bay on the Pacific. That bay, breathtaking in its beauty, attracted Owen's first colony of 600 men in 1886, but it had fizzled out from lack of organization, communication, sickness, poverty and dissension.

By 1890, a second group of well-

The route of the colonists can be followed with these maps.


ARIZONA
NOGALES
DOUGLAS
CIUDAD JUAREZ
EL PASO
PECOS
TEXAS
Alpine
Marfa
Presidio
Tombstone
Bisbee
AGUA PRIETA
CANANEA
Caborca
Altar
Santa Ana
Imuris
Magdalena
Nacozari
Puerto Peñasco
HERMOSILLO
Ures
Sahuaripa
Guaymas
Empalme
Santa Rosalia
CIUDAD OBREGON
NAVOJOA
Alamos
Huatabampo
Los Mochis
Topolobampo
Fuerte
Chinobampo
San Blas
Sinaloa
Guamuchil
Mocorito
Angostura
CULIACAN
MAZATLAN
LA PAZ
Todos Santos
San Jose del Cabo
Nuevo Casas Grandes
Buenaventura
CHIHUAHUA
Ciudad Guerrero
Cuauhtemoc
Meoqui
Ciudad Delicias
Saucillo
CAMARGO
HIDALGO DEL PARRAL
Jiménez
SAN FRANCISCO DEL ORO
SANTA BARBARA
Villa Matamoros
Escalón
GOMEZ PALACIO
CIUDAD LERDO
TORREON
MATAMOROS
DURANGO
Santiago Papasquiaro
Tepehuanes
Sombrerete
FRESNILLO
CIUDAD ACUÑA
Del Rio
PIEDRAS NEGRAS
Eagle Pass
NUEVA ROSITA
SABINAS
Muzquiz
MONCLOVA
MONTERREY
SALTILLO
PARRAS
General Cepeda
Viesca
Concepción del Oro
MATEHUALA
NUEVO LAREDO
SIERRA MADRE
UNITED STATES
Scale: 100 miles



Engineers laying out plans for the railroad that would link the Pacific to Chihuahua, Mexico. It was the forerunner of the Copper Canyon R.R.

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

heeled Midwesterners from six states had formed, and it was in this thirty-month venture that Henry Benedict participated. "We had Topo Bay for breakfast, dinner and supper months before Pa really got on the train," commented his daughter.

A wealthy miller, Carl Hoffman of Enterprise, Kansas, was the chief convert in the Midwest to Albert K. Owen's socialist community plan. Leaving family and business behind, Hoffman moved to Kansas City and published the *Integral Cooperator*, a socialist paper. According to the *Cooperator*, authorized capital for the Mexico Sinaloa Investment company was $100,000—a trifle of its projected return. "Eastern backing" was rooted in the *Crédit Foncier*, a French agricultural banking corporation dreamed up in the 1860s by Louis Napoleon. Its vast land developments were to be repaid in terminal annuities.

The Topo scheme was to dig a seven-mile irrigation ditch, 22-feet maximum depth, with horses and slipshovels. In the process 289,000 cubic yards of earth and rock were moved, and $75,000 in scrip was issued in pay. The scrip was a lien on the ditch. Revenue to redeem it would come in abundance from the water users (minimum $5 per acre). Well, figure 20,000 acres at $5 an acre! The first year, too!

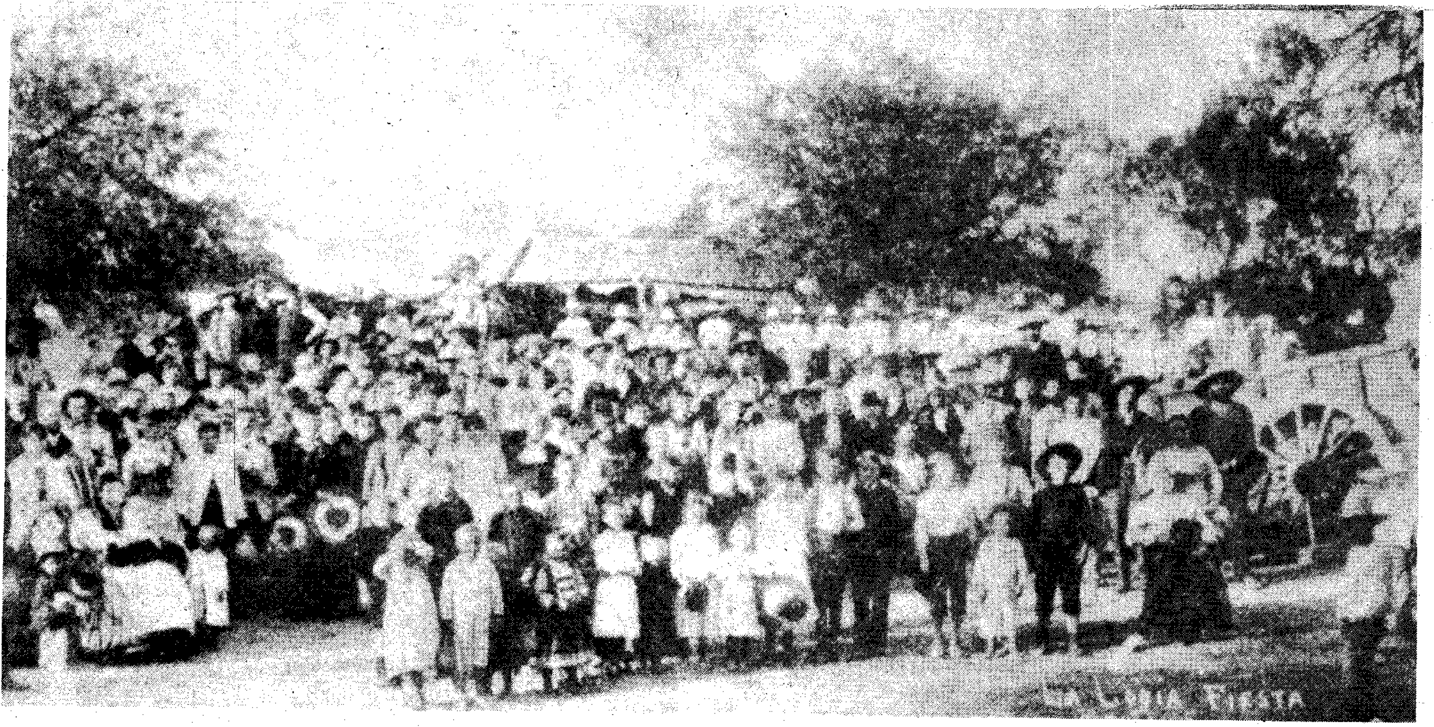
The *Cooperator* advertised for sale, along with catarrh sure-cures and trusses, a book *Social Solutions*, translated from the French, attesting that communal living could turn ordinary men into millionaires.

DREAMWEAVERS trigger their schemes from some unpleasant certainty. High taxes was the springboard for the Topolobampo Bay venture. In 1889 Henry's farm produced a bumper corn crop that sold from ten to twelve cents a bushel. His hired hands got $18 a month and found. But Henry thought of Mexico's El Fuerte Valley, exceeded in fertility only by the Garden of Eden.

The "Experiment" sought men, or families if there were no infants. Each man was to put in $600; in that way

H. O. Benedict (second from the left, with a violin) with a group of musicians. Their names are unknown, but some were "The Stanley Family."

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society



The colonists at a La Logia fiesta.

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

insolvent adventurers would be discouraged. A schoolteacher and preacher would accompany the party. Each man was to take a wagon, work team, a good set of harness, and a buggy if desired, enough hay and grain to last a month, a ewe or bred heifer, Leghorn chickens and a shoat.

The proposed ditch, to run from the Fuerte River to the Sinaloa Valley, would produce marvelous vegetables and fruits for winter markets up north. Henry dreamed of constructing headgates for a sugar mill that could refine acres of cane.

Those people were ahead of their time, their efforts as futile as plowing the sea. For there never was a way to the hungry markets. The railroad never materialized. The Mexican method was often to lay a roadbed six or eight miles long any old where in flat country, and then abandon both ends in the face of a mountain or ravine.

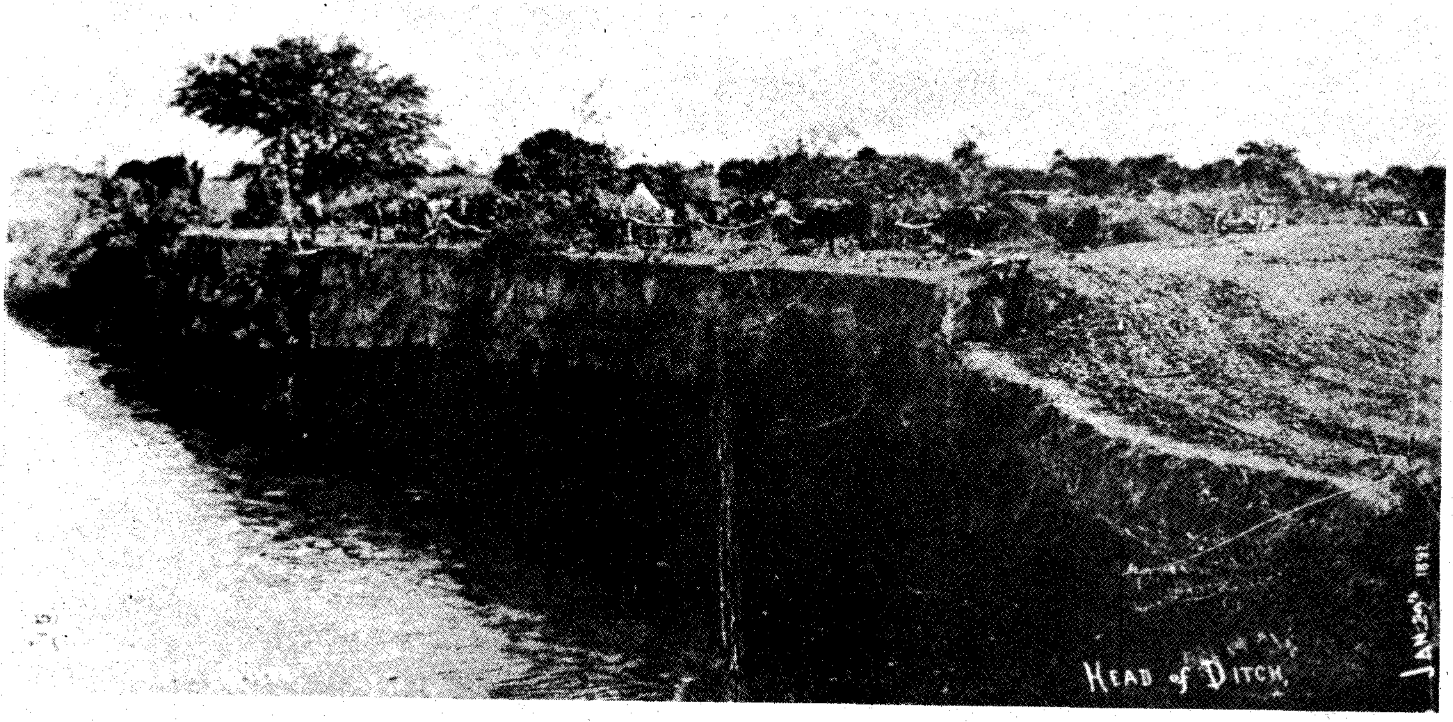
MEMENTOES of the venture were Henry Benedict's letters; stories he told afterward; a Mexican silver dollar; and a big bundle of scrip, more worthless than the paper it was printed on—not to mention the old parrot Don Bampo, carried home in a bamboo cage that looked like a little church.

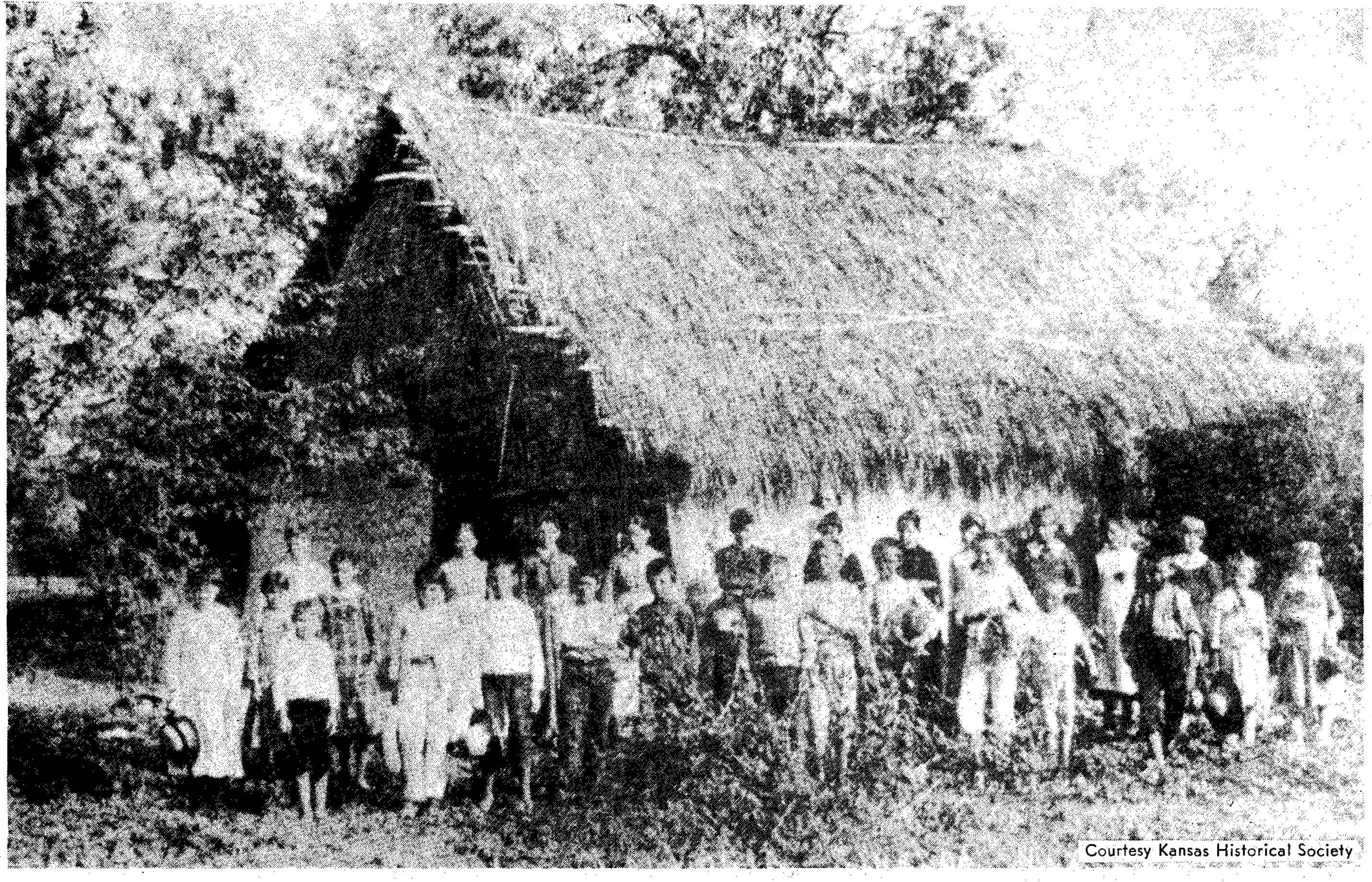
In October 1889 Mexico's President Porfirio Diaz contracted with Albert K. Owen through his secretary of public works, General Carlos Pacheco. Owens was possessor of a franchise concession of over 26,000 acres; and the railroad concession, La Logia, would be the ditch camp name in Sinaloa state.

Back home President Grover Cleveland voiced reservations about the socialistic scheme. The contract, he said, merely exempted men from Mexican military service, or from paying export duty on any produce they might raise and ship, even though it did offer special protection for introduction of any new culture or industry.

Don Bampo was a hard-eyed old bird

Crews at work on the head of the Ditch January 29, 1891. The Fuerte River is in the foreground.

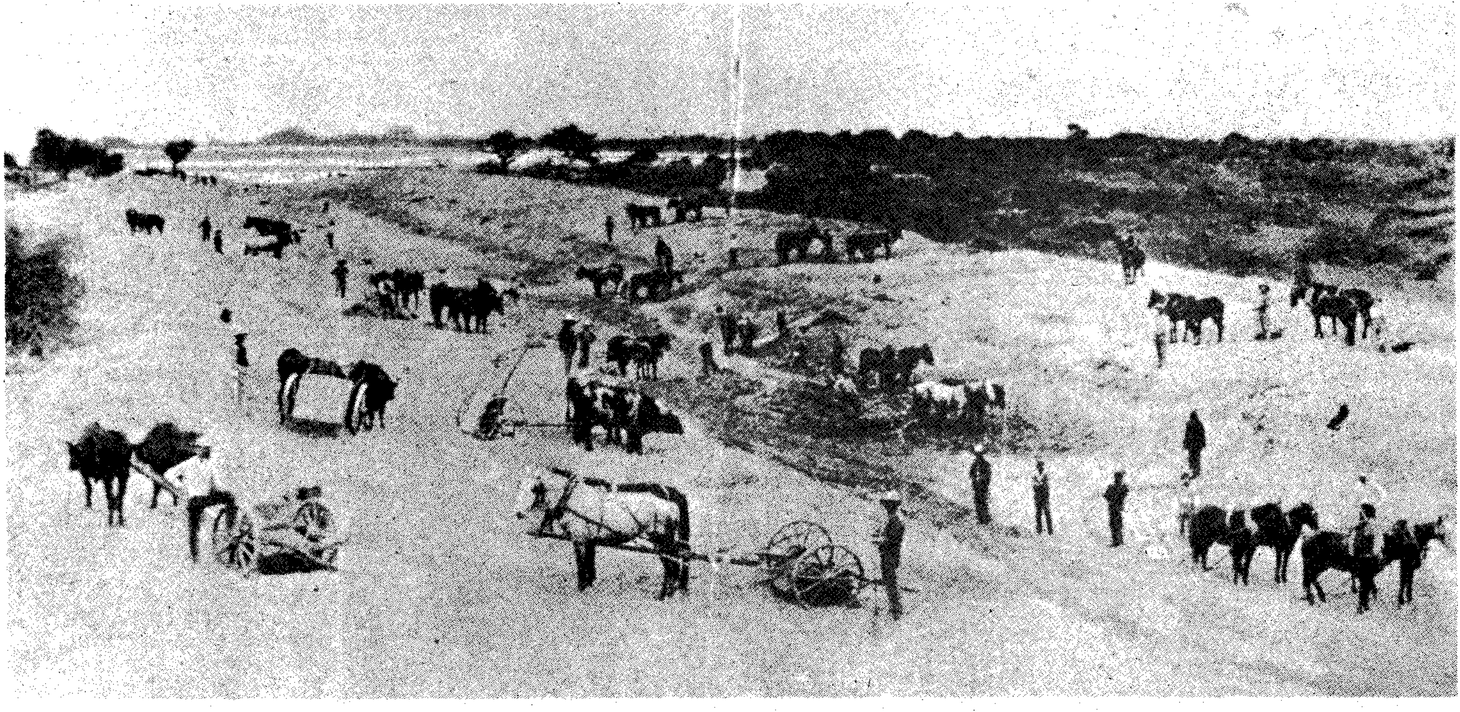



Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

School children of La Logia Camp, 1891. The school teacher, third from the right, married widower John King in 1893.

by the time I came along, but he was the brightest thing around Bennington, Kansas where, for years, he rasped tirades we took for Mexican invective. However, gentle Grandmother Elnora would interpret his shrieks as, "He says his little feet are chilly" or, "He wants a nice orange slice." Staying clear of his curved beak, we worked at getting him to fill the house with cusswords from the past. We enjoyed the shrieking loud oaths he had uttered in desperation when flash floods roared down the terrible Fuerte, dissolving the toil of four hot months of slip-shoveling in the Ditch. We imagined he was cursing the day the warped cottonwood headgates, all set for the millslip, washed into the foaming floodwaters. Or was it angry dismay over the mounds of beautiful overripe fruits and vegetables lying under swarms of flies and gnats while vainly waiting for transportation OUT! Old Mexico's sun produced 145 degrees, with little abatement even in shade. Sometimes the old parrot must have recalled men retching and dying with burning fever. Will Comfort, of Delphos, Kansas, was one of these. He was buried at twenty-four in the lonely clay cemetery

Teams working on the Ditch the same date as opposite page.



C. F. water and fishing crew at Las Copas December 1890.

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society

above Los Mochis, crowded now by eighty years. Or maybe Don remembered young Alden King's voice as he faced a slow gangrenous death after a shark raked clean the flesh of his foot while he swam in beautiful Topo Bay.

On your map, about a thumb-length up from the tip of Lower California, on Mexico's west coast, you can see this dream bay that took its name from "Sea Lions' Watering Place." Highway 15 unwinds its ribbon of blacktop for the buses and campers and passenger cars; but in those days *lobos* and *serpientes* made more trails than men did.

EXPECTATIONS UNLIMITED were not Henry Benedict's usual bent. He had five generations of Quakers behind him. Quaker children expect, as adults, to be stewards of God's goods in the world; to possess all that can be fairly attained; to leave the world better than they found it. So Henry walked with the assurance of a man favorably known in heaven as well as his home county. The "Venture" was out of keeping.

Four hundred families, a total of 750 people, made up the party that Henry joined as train coaches across the country filled with the hopeful. At Wells, Kansas Henry's group moved restlessly in the Union-Pacific waiting room. Tearful goodbyes, October 6, 1890, were said on a gloomy day that did not portend a rainbow ending to the journey.

Among the group were Ezra Comfort of Downs, his younger boy Herb, and older son Will who had a pretty bride, Surelta. She was eager for the adventure, but returned a widow to piece out her long life with memories.

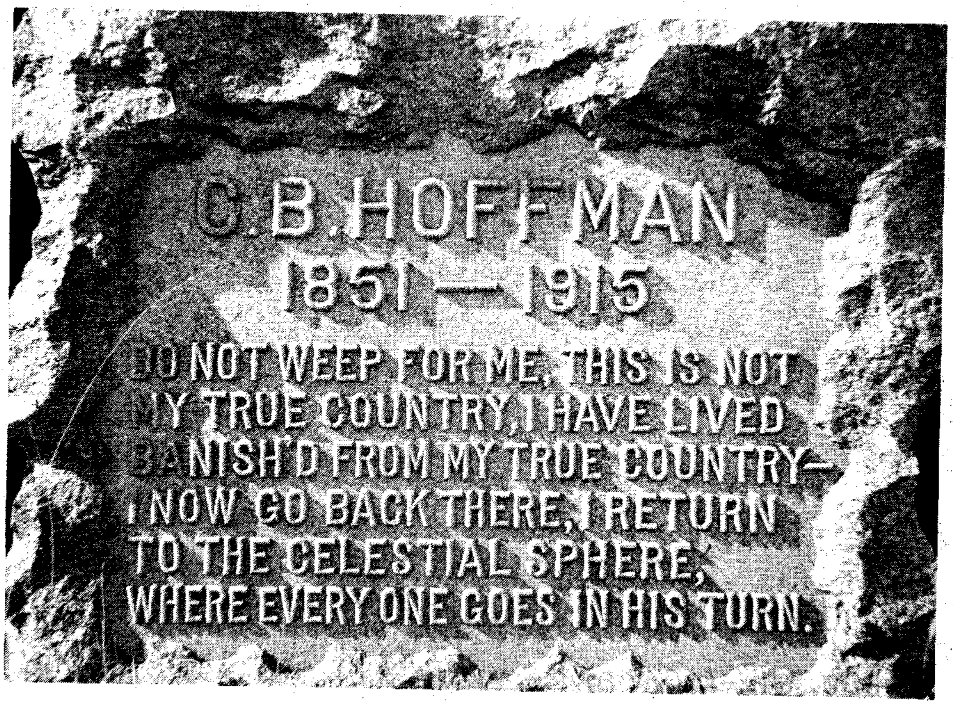
There was also John King and his two pockmarked sons. John and the motherless boys had moved into a lean-to room they built onto Henry Benedict's house after the terrible smallpox winter of 1883.

John had nursed his stricken wife and eight-year-old May with a sort of desperation. Henry would drive the spring wagon into the cornfield back of John's homestead and unload boxes of groceries and a kettle of soup or gruel cooked by Louisa. John would scribble his needs on a board, leaving it in the stubblefield so Henry could read it without touching it. Louisa was sitting in the kitchen rocker working buttonholes when Henry, in tears, said, "John requires thy shears, Louisa. Little May is gone. Jenny is mortal sick but wants to cut her mull to line the burying box."

Louisa hid her face and wept. The mull had been Jenny's marrying dress, and Sunday dress ever since. But Jenny never cut the mull. Within the week she was dead, and John buried her in it. Alone, he had nursed his family and alone he buried his wife and daughter in the stubblefield, mumbling a prayer and giving a little wave to the neighbors who braved contagion at a distance. Then John went back to his lonely house to care for his half-grown boys, Elmer and Alden. They survived, deeply pocked, but otherwise strong farm lads.

On a cold day in earliest spring, the two boys crept down to Sandcreek, sparkling with melting snow. They threw off their clothes and, shivering, scrubbed themselves with Louisa's lye soap and creek water which "turned 7 times, is pure." Then they ran, chattering and blue, for the comfort of cold quilts in Henry's waiting wagon. Over its tailgate they watched their father set fire to every material possession the family owned. John dropped a short load of dynamite down the well and lit the fuse. He led the cow into the barn, put his

Gravestone of capitalist Carl Hoffman in the cemetery at Enterprise, Kansas.


C. B. HOFFMAN
1851 — 1915
DO NOT WEEP FOR ME, THIS IS NOT
MY TRUE COUNTRY, I HAVE LIVED
BANISH'D FROM MY TRUE COUNTRY—
I NOW GO BACK THERE, I RETURN
TO THE CELESTIAL SPHERE,
WHERE EVERY ONE GOES IN HIS TURN.

army Colt to her head and pulled the trigger. Later he said the experience brought back the terrible day of Sherman's stand at Bentwood, late in the war. Pulling hay from the loft, over the carcass, he touched his torch to it.

The house was harder. John carried out the walnut trundle bed loaned by Louisa for the little girl. Henry, waiting, shook his head and John King threw the little bed and his torch back inside. He closed the door and walked down to the creek, buried his clothes, and scrubbed in the strong soap and cold water. The clothes he then put on were Henry's.

When the wagon brought them to Louisa's kitchen, she clucked at the boys' poor, pitiful backbones, like strings of white beads down their pockmarked backs, and they jumped gratefully into the jeans and shirts she had made for them.

THE KINGS thrived on care and good food and hard work. No wonder the farm prospered. They worked Henry's place on shares and hired out in the simple community where people toiled from sunup to sundown, then bragged at the square dances about how much they'd done.

Nevertheless, the two fine young ones had reached manhood without an acre to their names. The Topo Bay scheme seemed a godsend. They studied the stated arrangement with the Mexican government which was to settle an almost unknown region with people from the States, *improve the beautiful harbor*, build a railroad across the northern border of Sinaloa which eventually would connect the isolated colony with home. It might even come into the Union as a State! Oklahoma's Strip had just been swarmed over; gold had been discovered in San Diego! Woof and warp for dream-weavers.

Henry loaded a freight car with get of his finest work horses, bred heifers, a ewe; hens whose egg settings brought seventy-five cents in Bennington. He bought train passage for himself and the Kings—to be repaid in the Land of Promise.

I do not know when doubt first assailed them. Not on the exciting train ride to Nogales. Maybe during the water trip, part-way down the gulf to Guaymas. The piratical captain of the stinking little vessel sold part of the stock in some port one night, and stole their chickens for the cook's scalding-barrel. Or did disillusion set in during the burning trek overland, the trail disappearing behind them in desolate alkaline heat? Or was it at the face of a black mountain wall called Sierra Madre? Their water had run out. They walked to lighten the load on the teams, and threw off bales of hay. Bony, ill-kept animals pained Henry. Accustomed to grass pastures, even roads, and shaded water tanks pumped full by the windmill fan each day, the animals lagged and fell along the way. Rolling their eyes, they neighed or bawled and all limped pitifully.

A tear-stained letter told of the end of Lead and Drum, Henry's purple-rosette winner-team at county pulling contests: "Beyond Guaymas going was hot and terrible. Then, one day, the stock distended their eyes and nostrils and stepped more lively. They smelled water, praise God, thought I. Cattle and sheep ran ahead of the teams where, before, they lagged behind. I unharnessed Lead and Drum lest they gall their withers on hames and collars. They disappeared in the dust ahead. The last I saw, they suddenly stopped running, and there on the brink of the river's abyss, they reared with forehooves almost touching; their manes flying. They screamed as they plunged over into the Fuerte River canyon."

Jagged rocks below were swords in the rushing water. Kindhearted John King was so shaken he slapped his two grown sons for their tears. "Nobody coulda stopped them," he said. "Straighten up!"

Quaker Henry, who had never raised a firearm even during the war years, borrowed a revolver and crawled and slid down the ledges to stick it into the ear of the suffering Drum. Lead's neck had broken in the plunge. The buggy team was safe. A few heifers and sheep survived the slashing rocks. With ugly, broken stock, their fly-blown wounds festering in heat and dust they found the Fuerte ford and picked a tortuous path up the wall of the far side.

WHEN one pot dissolved in the rainbow's mist, another formed. Henry wrote, "We passed through a wonderful *mountain region. . . .* I have seen a section of timber here where one square mile would furnish five miles of railroad ties and leave plenty of heavy wood for bridges. We could cut wood in the mountains, partly peel it and set it afloat down, then boom it into the Ditch. A mill could easily be packed-in for making sugar and molasses."

Mexican laborers shoveled beside them in the irrigation canal that blew full of sand or washed out in floods. (Today an engineer chains a bulldozer to the tip of a mountain and scrapes a broad spiral road round to it, so a Ditch operation seems Liliputian.)

Henry had to lay aside sugar-mill dreams to work with team and slip-shovel ahead of the rainy season. He was fond of his brown brothers and learned to communicate with them as they labored with pick and scraper and wheelbarrow moving endless yards of rock and dirt. He mentioned their artistry in riprapping the caving walls of the Ditch. One "carried small silver coins inside his ears for safekeeping; one wore an emerald earring like a pirate," Henry wrote. "Most ate rolled up tortillas, but one hollowed out a loaf of bread each day and poured into it cooked beans with onions and hot peppers—his only meal—and he worked from sun to dark. They strum sad songs on guitars and the heart cries for home. . . ."

Lengthy descriptions did not deceive Henry's family. He asked Al to put a second mortgage on the farm at Easter, 1891. The homefolks sent Henry five-dollar bills, although he never asked. The bundles of scrip he sent home were placed in a broken drumhead atop the pie safe in Louisa's kitchen. The drum had belonged to Leonadis, her youngest brother, who had left at fourteen to serve with the Union army and had not survived the war. Henry's son-in-law Al said the supper fire should be lit with the scrip, sent regularly; but what Al really did was to fit a box for his father-in-law with dried fruits, rice, and canned goods from the farm.

Al built a false bottom to avoid Mexican duty on a caddy of store chewing-tobacco which had high trading value at the Ditch co-op store where flour was bringing $12 a bag by 1891.

Henry wrote how his Mexican compadres caught ugly, naked baby parrots up near the headwaters of the Fuerte and taught them to talk before their green feathers covered them. And he lamented, "Tons of water fall on this land—but all-at-once. It cannot be retained." He was accustomed to annual rainfall evenly distributed. "Water is below the capacity of the pumps and there is no water for gardens at all. If only we had a dam. . . ." Again Al roped a big box and saw it off in the train, but it was never delivered to his father-in-law at Topo Bay. Too many people hungered or stole between the point of origin and its destination.

Sometimes, Henry's letters said, scorpions rattled in the thatch roof of the commissary hut and dropped into soup bowls. So dear was food that this ugly intruder was merely flipped to the floor and trodden upon, and the soup eaten.

"So urgent is the need for men and teams to complete the Ditch that none are spared for building proper houses or shelters. We live in palm-thatched bunkhouses and eat in a communal dining hall; no floors or sidewalls, as it is uncommon hot."

SUNDAY trips from the Ditch to the beach and the yield of the sea, were wonders. Mexicans used their straw hat cords for fishing line and stringers, sharing their bountiful catch with the *Norte Americanos*. Before sleeping away the siesta hours, all watched in vain for a ship on the horizon, for not a mile of railroad was yet complete. They swam in surf under a sky so clear and blue, heaven seemed near.

"You, dear Louisa, would relish the great bronzed backs of the King boys. Fine shapen men but for pocks. Always together, they dive in the clear blue salt-water and tell of the sea floor, a thing alive with color, dancing and waving in ripples of sunshine. . . ."

Elmer and Alden King, inseparable, one day frolicked and swam beyond the rock ledge, hidden by incoming tides that rolled snowy foam on the curve of white sand.

Henry's warning shout was less than a leaf blown in a gale. "Sharks!"

The Mexicans, always staying within the rock reef, cried *"Tiburones!"* and scrambled out. From the shore, in brave futility, they pelted sand and rocks toward the dark shadow behind the swimmers. The King brothers, looking back, swam frantically before the saw-toothed monster gliding like a thrown spear.

(Continued on page 55)

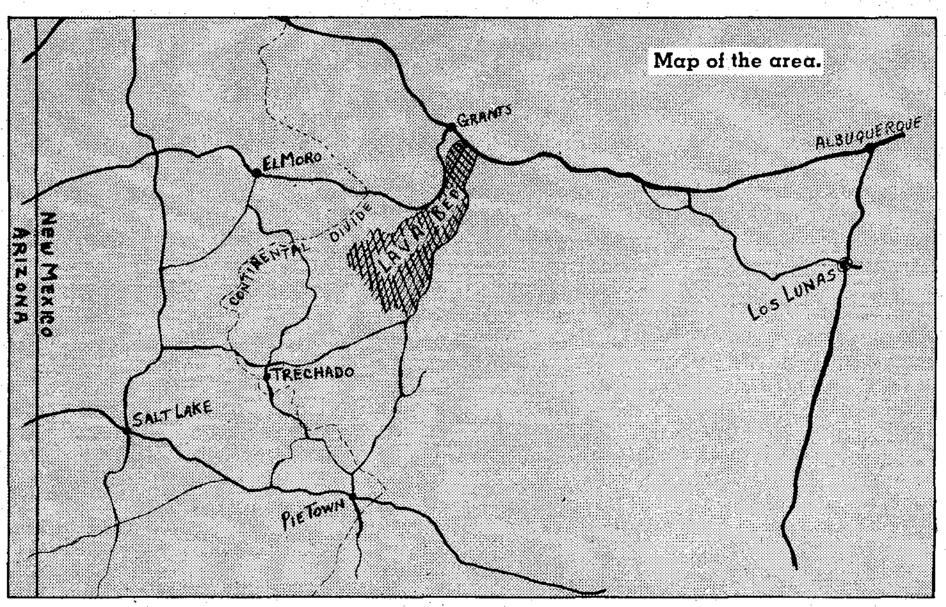
Reuben Wright

THE NESTER and THE LAW

Realistic defense attorneys had a motto: "Don't hang the man—hang the jury."

BY LYO LEE as told to EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author


Map of the area.

HE CAME from Texas to western New Mexico in 1916 with his wife, daughter, and two sons. He had a wagon, a good team, thirty-two head of cows, a bull, and some saddle horses. He knew the score too well to attempt to farm—but to make a living from cattle with thirty-two head! Well, that was his business.

Ol' Man Moore filed on a section of land up toward Trechado, and as soon as his children came of age, each of them filed on another. At that time every other section of land both north and south of the Santa Fe for many miles belonged to the railroad. Of the remaining sections, four in each township were school land. With the three the Moores had filed on, and some leased from the school and railroad, they had pretty good range. He drilled the first well in that area, and put in a windmill.

The Half Circle N controlled the whole country south of El Moro down to Salt Lake Valley. All cattle ran wild. It was not unusual to find a three-year-old bull unbranded. Still, not much rustling had been done up to that time. The Mexicans were not ambitious enough to take more than a few cattle.

But the situation changed. Ol' Man Moore annexed every animal he found unbranded. If the owner didn't think enough of it to brand it, he did. With a herd of thirty-two in 1916 Moore built one up to two thousand by '23. And in that interval he sold many steers.

He prospered, and so did a good many nesters; but as they were doing so the Half Circle N went broke.

ABOUT ten miles north of Ol' Man Moore's there was a section with a lake of permanent water on it—Post Lake. Moore's cattle watered there. Everybody assumed that it was a school section until Wilson, a nester, came in with his wife and little daughter. He had sufficient acumen and money to have a survey made and found that the section was public domain. He filed on it and built a little log cabin.

After World War I, when a second wave of nesters hit the country, every source of water was already taken and many of the newcomers filed on dry homesteads. They had to haul every drop, some as far as twenty miles. Most of them attempted to farm. Nobody could have convinced them that one section of land, even if it had permanent water, would not ordinarily support more than ten head of cattle. Many of these people starved out and left.

One old fellow and his wife filed on

dry land and established a post office which was their only source of income. It was suspected that they gave it up because of intimidation by Moore, but they made no accusations—they just left. Moore moved their little building down to his place and set it by his house.

The man named Wilson had a place a long way from Pie Town, so he had to get his mail as we did, at Moore’s. Wilson went down there in a battered old car. One day his radiator boiled dry and he crawled through the fence with a gallon bucket to get water from Moore’s tank. The Ol’ Man followed him with a gun and ordered him to pour the water back.

Wilson looked up in astonishment. “What do you mean?” he asked. “I just want a little water for the radiator.”

“No damn nester is going to use my water,” Moore said gruffly.

And Wilson poured it back.

Slim Roberson and I rode up to get our mail a little later. I’d never liked the Ol’ Man, but his boys were fine fellows and my good friends. Mrs. Moore and the daughter couldn’t be beat, and everybody respected and admired them.

Moore blustered about the nesters and said that some of them should be run out of the country, that they came with nothing.

“We all did,” Slim interrupted him, and got an ugly look for his comment.

“Orter be kilt,” said Moore. “An’ I know a Mexican at Atarque that for fifty dollars—” his voice faded out.

As we rode away Slim said, “You don’t suppose that old s.o.b. would really do that?”

“No. Just grouchy, that’s all.”

Shortly after, Moore took an old black hat with two bullet holes in it to Los Lunas, the county seat, and had Wilson put under a $500 peace bond. He charged that Wilson put those holes in the hat while Moore was wearing it. He thought, of course, that Wilson would be unable to make bond, but the nesters took up a collection and met it. Wilson was released and returned to his home.

Evidently Moore assumed that because Frank Lee and I had a few cattle we were inimical to the nesters. His son, Largus Moore, confided to me that his father found that old hat, brought it home, and that he and his brother used it for a target to practice with a .30-30. Until that time I’d liked the Moore boys very much, but that story shook my confidence in them.

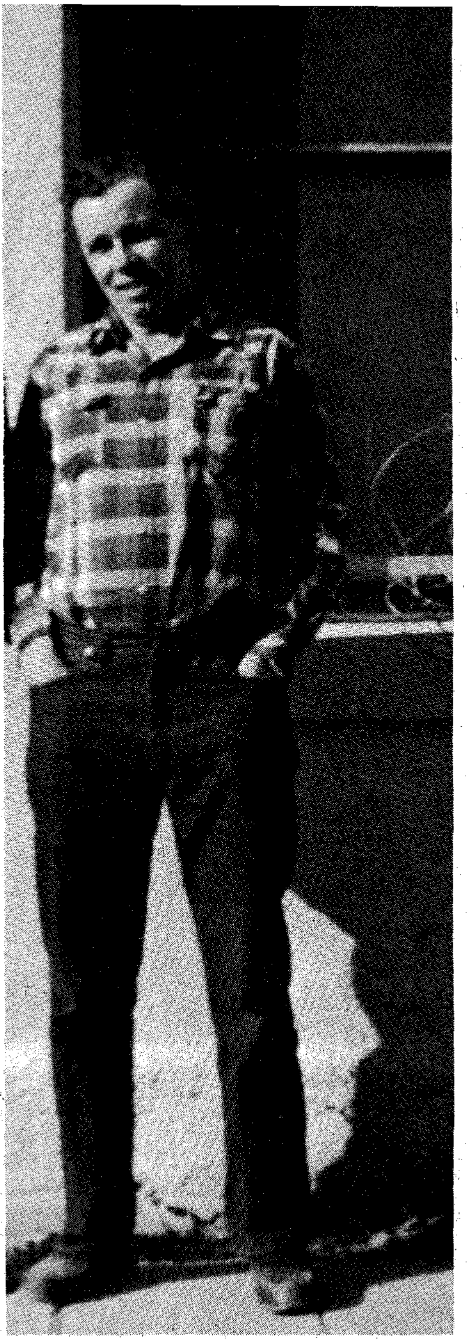
A week later Wilson again went to Moore’s for his mail. He rode like a farmer and, when he dismounted to open the gate, like a farmer he preferred walking to re-mounting his horse. Ol’ Man Moore was waiting with a shotgun in a chair on the porch. He pumped both barrels and blew Wilson’s heart and liver out of his body.

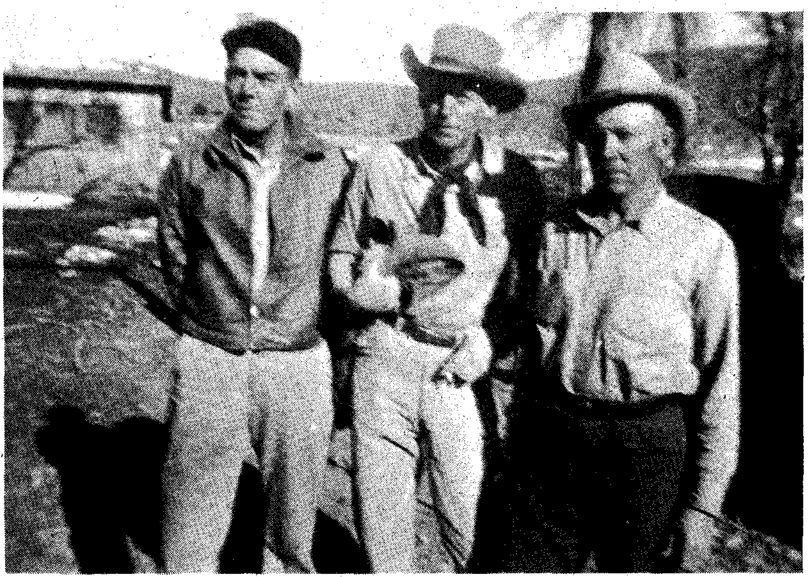
REUBEN WRIGHT, my uncle, was deputy sheriff, and Peewee Beckwith was constable. I had gone with them to Pie Town to a Saturday night dance. About ten o’clock a man burst abruptly into the place and called for Wright. Everything stopped while he told them that Wilson had been killed and that Moore would not permit his body to be moved. It still lay in the road a few feet from Moore’s porch.

I went with Reuben and Peewee and when they found that Wilson had been unarmed, they arrested Moore for murder. The whole country was up in arms. There was no question as to Moore’s having killed Wilson. People debated lynching him but Reuben Wright talked them out of it. He assured them that Moore would be punished if they let the law takes its course, and that they would have nothing to regret. Reuben took Moore to Los Lunas and put him in jail.

Soon Old Man Whitley came to me. He had lost his leg above the knee in a railway accident and had made himself a wooden one. He used iron hinges so that the wooden leg would bend. It was very heavy and it creaked terribly, but it sufficed. Crippled though he was, he was a

(Continued on page 62)

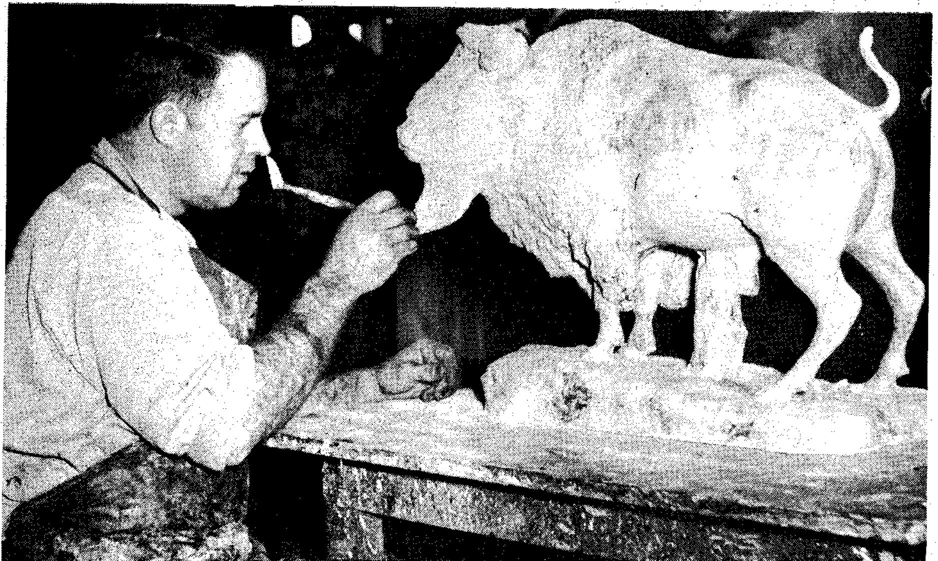


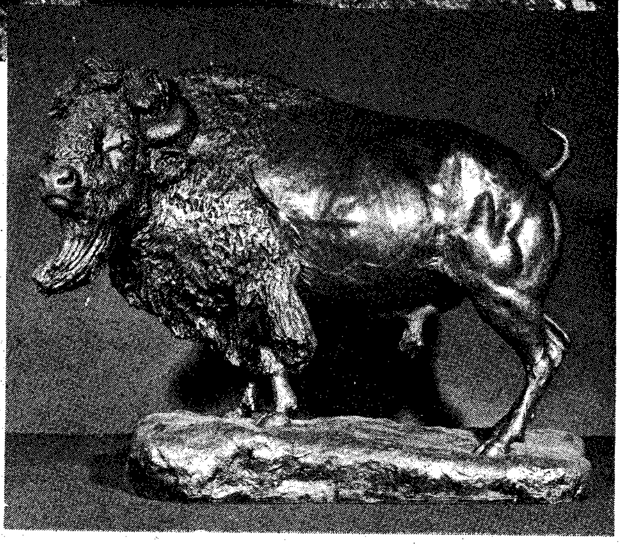


Some of the men involved. Above: Lyo Lee. Left, left to right: Dud Lee, Reuben Wright, and Tom Lee. Below, left to right: Elmer, Reuben, and Dafford Wright—brothers.

NUGGETS

Photos Courtesy Author





Scriver working on a buffalo entitled "Herd Bull." Shown after it was cast in bronze, right.

BOB SCRIVER OF MONTANA

By Helen Clark

OUT OF one of the small towns in Montana—population about 2,500—comes a great Western sculptor—Bob Scriver. Now in his late fifties, Bob is at the peak of his career. To some it might appear as if he has blossomed overnight, but those knowing his background realize his rise to international fame was slow, labored, and carefully planned.

Bob excelled early in life at many things, being a stellar musician with an inborn desire to turn his students into polished performers. He taught high school music and band for about six years, but he knew it was not to be his lifetime career. From boyhood, he loved making things in clay. The animals of Glacier National Park on which Browning borders, and the colorful Indians of the Blackfeet Reservation in the area, fascinated him. He wanted to preserve and record the things he saw, and he felt perhaps that taxidermy was the answer to this yearning. He became, with study and practice, one of Montana's top taxidermists but this wasn't the answer either. Bob Scriver began to model in clay and beeswax in every spare minute he could find.

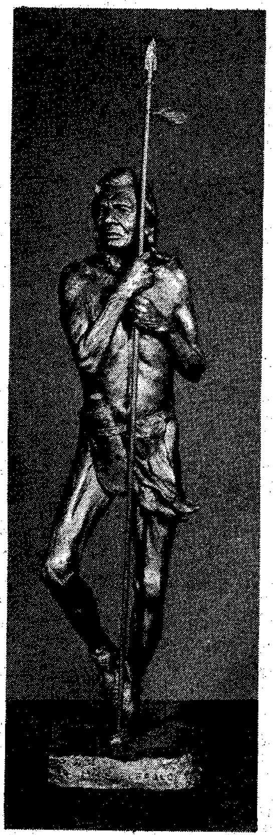
"One has to concede that taxidermy is a branch of sculpturing," Bob says. "After all, the body of the animal, bird or fish is a papier-mâché sculpture over which we glue the skin of the creature we are preserving."

Writer Mary Strachan, Bob's former wife, explained it this way: "The pose requires design, and the final touches are modeled in clay inserted under the skin. Taxidermy put animal anatomy literally at his [Bob's] fingertips."

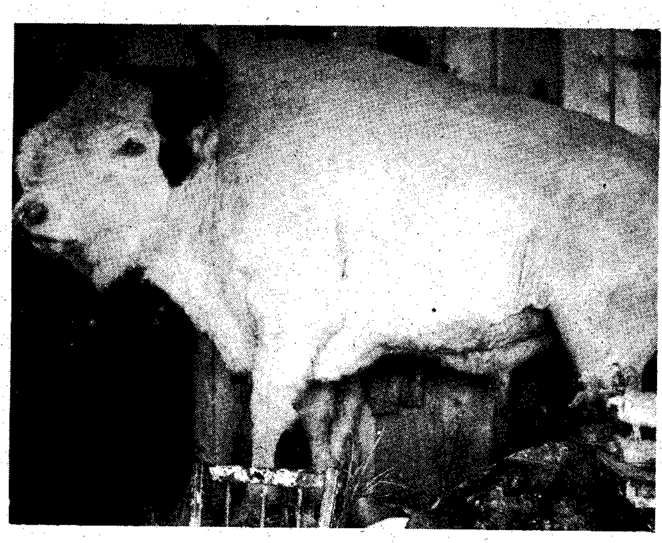
At first he stayed busy doing small figures of buffalo, deer, elk, bobcats, cougar, prong-horn, mountain sheep, goats, and eagles for the tourists who frequent Browning in the summer. He had a real insight into what the visitors wanted because his parents owned a prosperous gift and curio shop in Browning. But Bob was not affiliated with this trading post. Instead, he built his own shop, studio and museum, "The Museum of Montana Wildlife," under the same roof to display his taxidermy, this on the edge of Browning and neighboring the Plains Indian Museum. From the first the venture was a financial success.

The fact that the tourist trade in Browning is seasonal—that area having exceedingly severe winters—was to Bob's advantage, for during the snowed-in winter months he could work without disturbance. Each coming year was a challenge to him.

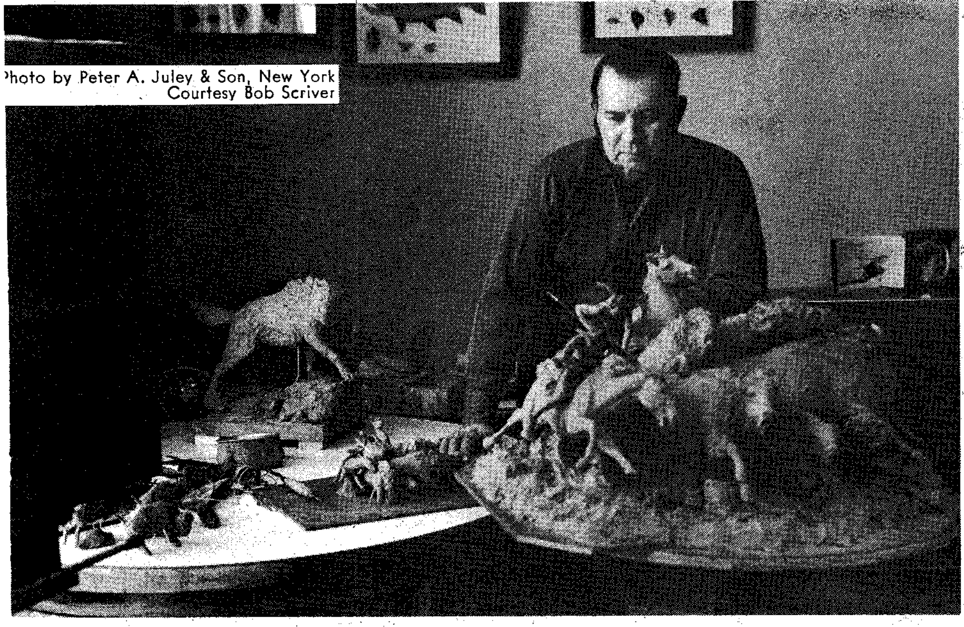
One experience which stimulated and spurred Bob on to greater endeavor happened over a dozen years ago, when Montana held a contest to select a 7'



"No More Buffalo"

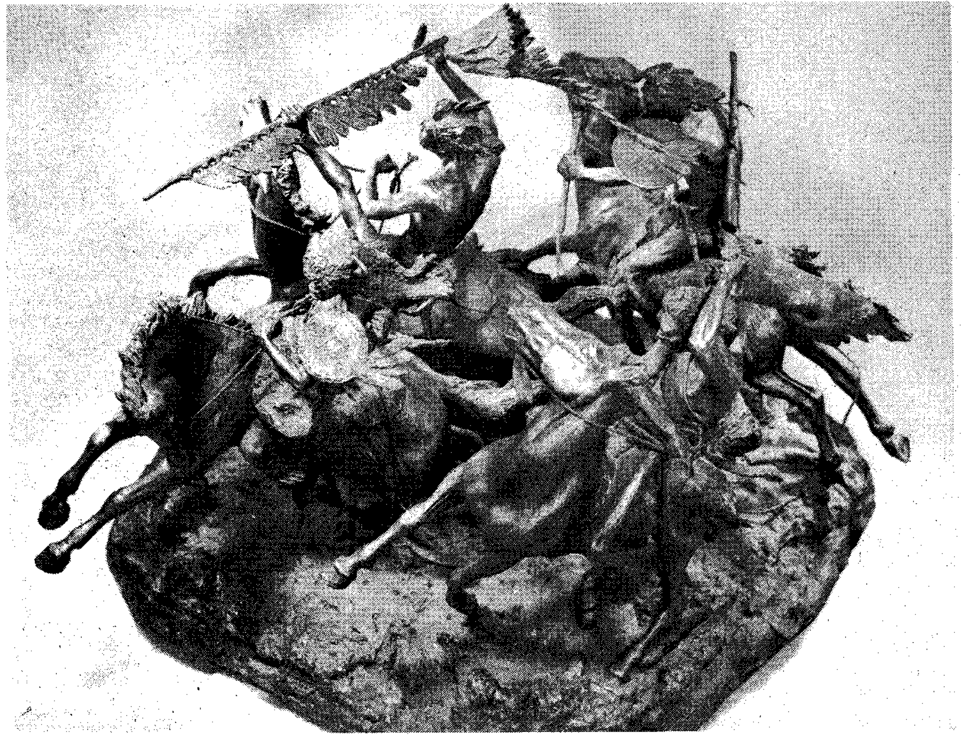


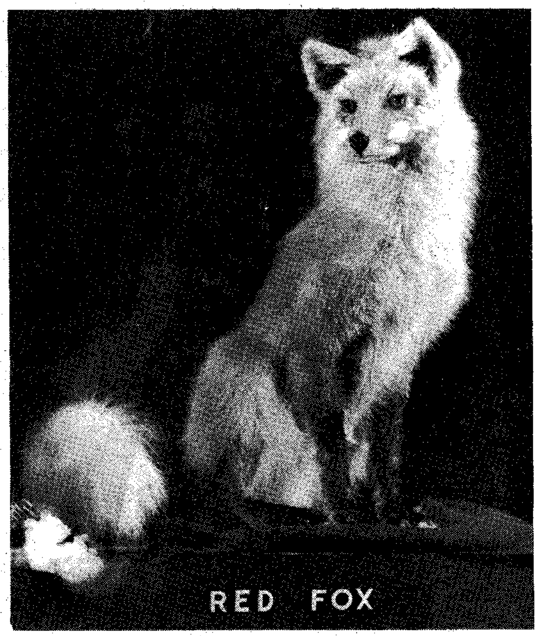
Left: "Good Medicine," a famous albino buffalo which roamed the Moiese Department of the Interior Wildlife Refuge. Bob was called in at the time of death to take the bull's measurements and strip the hide. The finished product stands today in the Veterans & Pioneers Museum Building, Helena, Montana.



hoto by Peter A. Juley & Son, New York
Courtesy Bob Scriver

Above: A more recent photo of Bob with some of his work in various stages. Below: "Blackfeet Raiders," on a rotating base. A copy of this sculpture was purchased by actor George Montgomery.





This red fox in the Scriver Museum is a good example of Bob's taxidermy skill.

plaster figure of Charles Marion Russell to be cast and sent to Statuary Hall in Washington, D.C. Bob built a figure, his first of that size—and though it was not selected for the honor, it showed him that with greater endeavor and application, he was capable of creating life-size and larger-than-life figures. (Bob later built a superb likeness of CMR, in a standing, casual pose which was cast in bronze in 1963 and stands 19 inches high.)

ANOTHER challenge which was to accelerate Bob's growth and reputation considerably was an invitation to send in a model for a larger-than-life figure of the late great cowboy, Bill Linderman, to be placed in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Bob won the commission and not only sculptured but bronzed the figure. Sometime before, Bob had discovered for himself the lost art of casting from wax and had started his own foundry, which he calls the Bighorn. It was in this foundry that he cast the Linderman statue in sections and welded them together.

Scriver's favorite form of exercise is horseback riding, which gives him a chance to get out into the fields and mountains to observe wildlife in its natural terrain. He enjoys studying animals in motion so that he can bring to his work that same movement, as well as other details his eye records for future use. He has been quoted as saying, "While I'm modeling an animal, I *am* that animal."

Bob rides every year on the buffalo roundup at Moiese in western Montana. This roundup inspired one of his great bronzes called: "Real Meat For Red Men" and shows the Blackfeet hunting the noble bison.

Mary Strachan, in *American Artist*, September 1964, quotes Bob: "How can you portray what you've never really seen? Sure, lots of artists could paint a buffalo so you could tell whether it was anatomically accurate. But you can never really get the feel of buffalo until your horse runs away with you into the middle of a herd stampeding down a hill; or until some two thousand-pound bull chases you straight up the side of a coulee!"

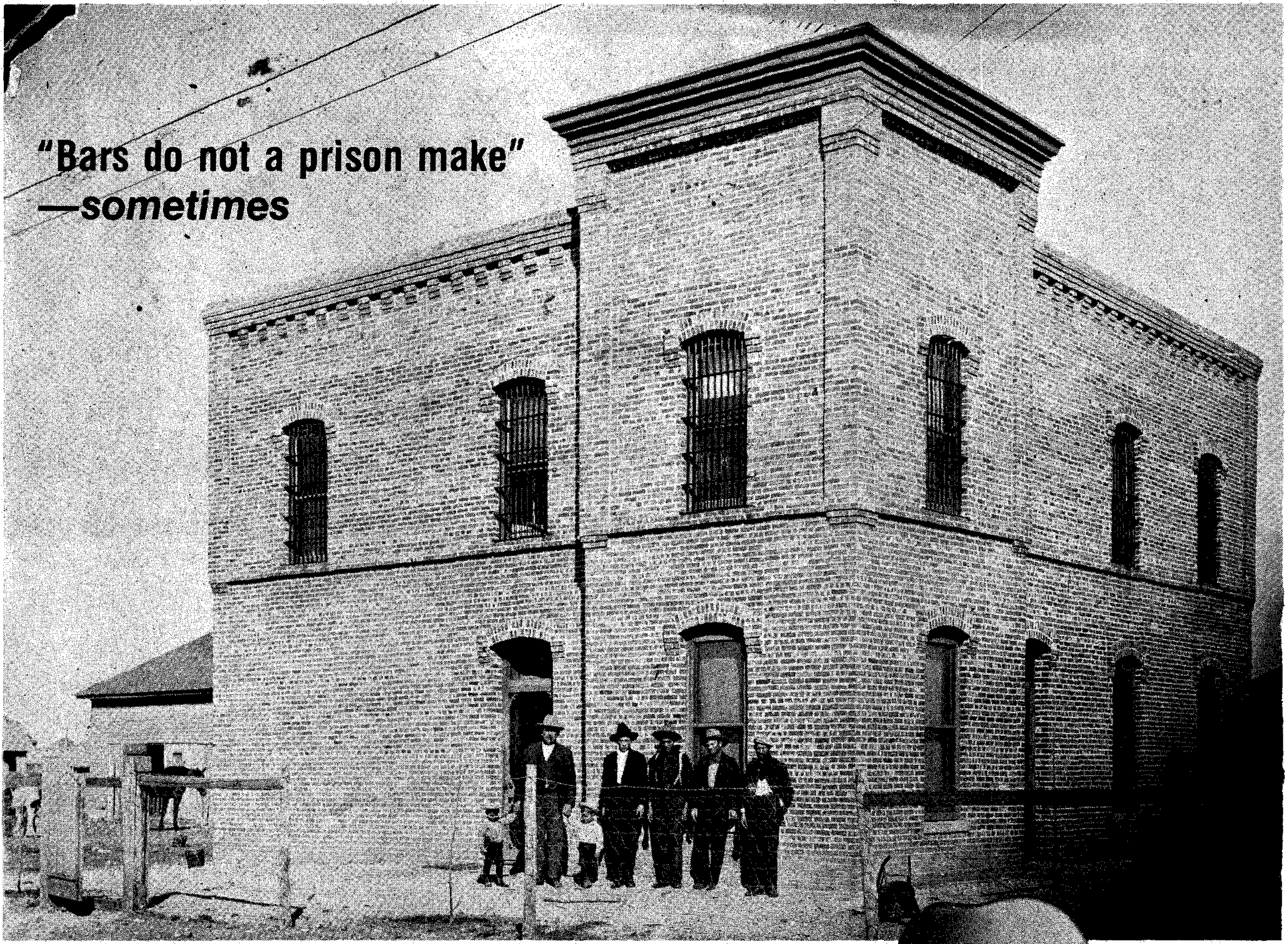
To get the stance of a horse correct, Bob often takes his own saddle horses into his studio, and sometimes his own bobcats, eagles and other wild things he has rescued from starvation or crippling accidents and brought home.

One 20-inch high bronze done in 1959 called "No More Buffalo" carries the nostalgia of a gaunt Indian, leaning on his lance and looking into the horizon, remembering that in earlier years the bison were there for him and his. Another shows Blackfeet raiders in full war attire, mounted on their finest horses and about to discharge bows and lances at the enemy. This is a circular sculpture, and a copy of it was purchased by actor George Montgomery.

Bob has also done an excellent bronze of two mounted Indians studying the terrain which he calls "Enemy Tracks"; this stands 13 inches high and was done in 1963. He has done mountain men, cowboys, rodeo riders, barrel racers, and many other subjects. At Helena, Montana he unveiled a collection of rodeo bronzes, numbering about thirty, which received tremendous acclaim.

No phase of Western life is escaping Bob Scriver. He is leaving a proud testimonial for future historians to study. He still has years of creative accomplishment ahead, providing he does not push himself too hard—he has suffered a couple of coronaries.

(Continued on page 42)



Courtesy Deaf Smith County Museum, Hereford

"Bars do not a prison make"
—*sometimes*

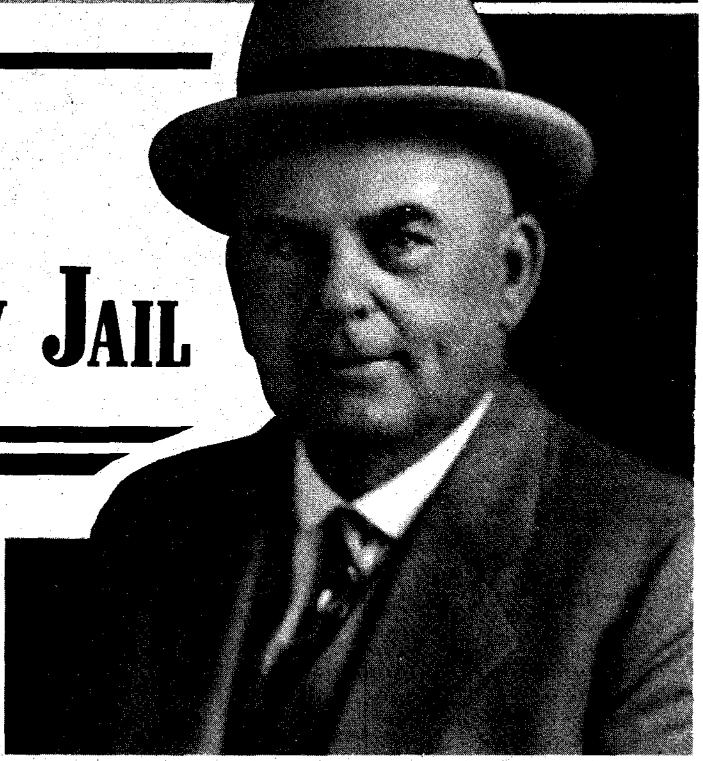
FOUR YEARS IN THE DEAF SMITH COUNTY JAIL

BY EDDIE CONNELL TRUSSELL

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE BEGINNING let me say I was innocent of any crime. I was never placed behind bars. No charges were ever filed against me. No trial was ever held. I believe one is supposed to "languish" in jail but I never did any languishing. It was too exciting to be a young girl, the daughter of Ed Connell, former Texas Ranger, XIT security officer, and sheriff of Deaf Smith County (1906-10), then serving his second term.

Our home was in the county jail at Hereford, Texas. It was a two-story brick structure. Our family had living quarters on the ground floor, while the prisoners were housed upstairs, reached by an iron or steel stairway going up from the lobby. It was from this vantage point that we children saw new prisoners arrive and others discharged or sent to the penitentiary.



Top: Ed Connell (left) with his twin sons, Ira Aten and Bill, in front of the Deaf Smith County jail, with Wirt Phillips (on his left) circa 1906-09. The other men are unidentified. Above: Connell after retirement.

We knew each one by name. Each had a distinctive personality to us.

My mother prepared the meals for the prisoners, and their food was always the same as the family's. It was nourishing, bountiful and well cooked. There was usually a trusty to help with the meals and the cleaning up afterwards. He also carried the trays upstairs to the prisoners. I can see him now as he made the trips from the kitchen, up the stairs, and hear the clang of the big jail key in the lock followed by the louder clang of the iron-barred door. On rare occasions when there was no trusty available, the food was delivered by a deputy or by my older brother, Douglas.

Most of the trusties were young men guilty of minor offenses. They came and went. I remember one who *went* too soon. The water pipes in the jail had frozen, and Papa sent his trusty across the street to the courthouse to get a bucket of water. Time went by and no water and no trusty. Papa went to check on the situation. The empty bucket was lying beside the hydrant but there was no sign of the "water carrier." Papa reasoned that the escapee could not have gotten far, as he had neither horse nor coat. The weather was freezing.

A quick search by Papa and a deputy and the shivering prisoner was soon back behind bars. He forfeited his rights to trustyship then and there.

We had only one jail break during Papa's tenure there, and I had the honor of being the one to discover it. I was the first to go out the back door that morning while everyone was in the kitchen getting ready for breakfast. When I came back in the kitchen, I very casually asked what the long blankets were doing tied together and hanging from the jail window. I was ill-prepared for the sudden reaction. A bomb would have caused no more prompt consternation. My father and Mr. Muse, the deputy who lived with us, were headed for the door before I finished my innocent question.

Sure enough, two of the prisoners had tied their cotton blankets together to make a rope; had pried open the bars enough to squeeze through, and were gone. To add insult to injury, they had stolen two of our horses from the lot.

Of course, Papa did not know how long they had been gone and how much head start they had, but he reasoned that they had headed for either New Mexico or the Canadian Breaks. The Breaks provided excellent hiding places for outlaws, as there was plenty of water and game and the hills and valleys could offer cover for days and even weeks. My father searched out many a man from this refuge. I remember one who fled on foot to the Breaks. The search lasted, as I remember, several days. When Papa finally brought him in, his feet were so swollen, bloody and bruised that he had to be doctored for a long time.

The author and her younger sister, Lulu Connell (now Lulu Bennett) who was born in the Deaf Smith County jail in 1909, in a photograph made in 1913.

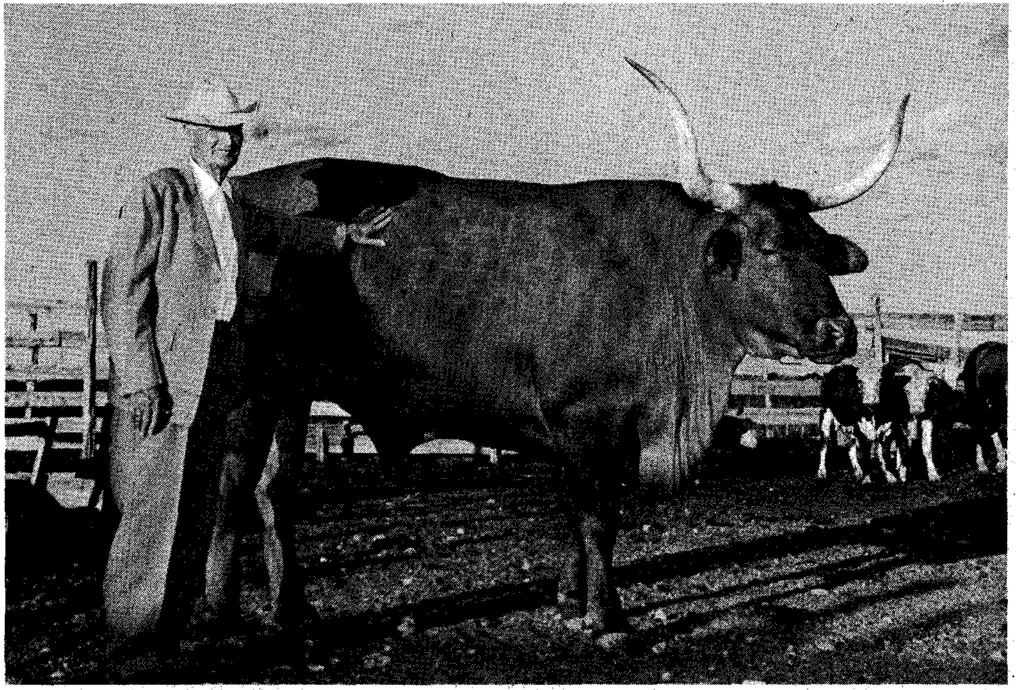
BUT BACK to the two jail breakers: So many years have elapsed that I no longer remember the details of their capture, but I do know that they landed back in jail to await their trial and sentence and that we got our horses back, one of which was Pinto, my brother Douglas' beloved paint pony. My claim to fame and to being a heroine was never widely acclaimed. In fact, I don't recall that anyone ever mentioned that *I* was the one who discovered the dangling blankets.

I MENTIONED that we always knew the prisoners by name and, unless they were quite young, we children addressed them as Mister. So did my mother. Well, one time we had two prisoners who were brothers. They were middle-aged men so we called one Mr. Henry and the other Mr. John. Now these two men would never have won a popularity contest with us or with their fellow inmates. They were chronic complainers; the trusties used the indelicate expression "belly-achers."

Mr. Henry was not only always dissatisfied with the food, services, and conditions in general, he was also a hypochondriac. He was grossly overweight and never left a crumb on his plate, but all the time kept up his steady stream of complaints. Papa was kept busy answering his demands for medicine, the doctor, and sympathy.

Like the young boy who cried "Wolf," Mr. Henry almost forfeited his right to be heard. He had kept the other prisoners and our family awake most of the night with his loud groans and declarations that he was dying. Finally Papa's patience wore thin and he called the doctor. After a thorough examination, Dr. Taylor diagnosed the patient as having an acute attack of appendicitis.

(Continued on page 51)



Richards with a steer he considered a freak of nature because of its enormous size. The mother was a Jersey bred by a Durham bull.

Rancher Tad Richards

(Continued from page 27)

"The wind struck with tremendous force—almost sucking the cellar door out of our hands. Dad, one of my brothers, and I held fast to the chain attached to the cellar door. Mother, my sister, and other smaller brothers huddled on the cot at the back of the cellar in the dim light. The rain gushed through every crack and gap in the door. We three holding the door became soaking wet and could hardly keep our footing on the slippery steps. Finally the storm passed. When we threw back the cellar door, never have I seen a sadder sight. Our home had been completely destroyed—blown away—scattered over the fields."

Tad Richards' love of his own home and wanting to share what he possessed with others may be rooted in this childhood experience. In relating the incident, Mrs. Rowland explained, "They had a hard time of it after the tornado demolished their home, but with God's help and the neighbors' they eventually rebuilt. This time the family settled closer to Oak Creek in Runnels County."

A Texas Highway 277 historical marker reads: "The area was roamed by Indians for centuries and tamed by the open range cattlemen in the late 1870s. . . . Permanent settlement began in the 1880s."

Tad Richards liked the family's new location, according to his daughter, but grew tired of the daily treks to the Fort Chadbourne school. At the age of fourteen, he quit school to work on his father's ranch, herding cattle and trailing strays among the tumbleweeds and prickly pear cactus.

Within the next few years he worked on ranches all along the Frio and Nueces Rivers in South Texas. From his cowboy days, in the opinion of old-timers, Tad Richards learned the "cattle savvy" that helped make him well-to-do and able to afford the lavish parties of his later years, though his road to riches was not always smooth.

IN 1898 Tad Richards, at nineteen, had grown into a six-foot strapping young man—hungry for adventure. His mother had died and he was anxious to strike out on his own. Tad headed for New Mexico where he heard that anyone could claim property. Horse and cattle rustlers abounded in the southwestern corner of New Mexico where Tad located to batch and ranch with a small herd of cattle.

According to his daughter, "Everyone around that part of the country had been deputized and was on the lookout for thieves thought to be in an abandoned shack near Dad's place. Dad didn't realize it at the time, but he was in danger of being in direct line of a crossfire in a shoot-out between the rustlers and the lawmen. Apparently, one of the deputized men dropped his gun and fled, for Dad found a .45 Colt revolver lying on his property. He later gave the gun to me."

While living in New Mexico, Tad Richards met the attractive dark-haired Eva Tallent. She was the daughter of a rancher stockman who took care of the watering wells for trail drivers. They were married in 1901 in Carlsbad.

Shortly after the wedding, Tad received a letter from his aging father offering him a part of his land on Oak Creek. Richer now in ranching knowledge and tired of the desperadoes rampant at that time in southern New Mexico, he brought his bride home to Oak Creek. They began farming with a team of horses. From a humble beginning of living in a tent with homemade furniture, the young couple skimped and saved over the years until their fortunes improved. His daughter said, "They raised cotton—plenty of it—and prices went up. They raised maize and started buying and selling livestock."

Nevertheless, the Richards ranching ventures were threatened continually by droughts and bankers. He was almost wiped out by the drought of 1917-1918. Because of the long dry spell, crops failed and cattle died. The Richards family barely survived from week to week. Tad, who had always helped those less fortunate than he, now found himself in need of money. He had borrowed all he could from surrounding banks. The bankers refused to lend him any more money on promises of next season's crops. Times were so hard that some banks had no money to lend!

Tad became infuriated with one local banker who refused to extend him credit. As his grandson tells it, Tad shook his finger in the banker's face and promised him, "I'll be eating steak when you're still eating chili!"

In order to survive that drought, Mrs. Rowland reminisced, "Dad had to sell a piece of land that to his regret later became part of a productive West Texas oil field. But, it was not long afterwards

Some of the people dancing in the barn loft at one of the birthday celebrations.

OLD WEST Bonus - Scarce Book!

Cattle Trails of the Old West

* * * By Col. Jack Potter * * *

A sampling of the book's contents: The Goodnight and Loving Trail, Stepping High, The Eastern Trail, Trail Dust, Chisholm Trail, Prunes and Cartridges, Western Trail, The Mysterious Passenger, Jim Stinson Trail, The Phantom Herd, Potter-Bacon Cut-off, Bob Isaacs—Pioneer Fun Maker, The National Trail, Buckshot Roberts, Jones and Plummer Trail, Covered Wagon Kate, Randao, and End of the Trail. In addition to the book there are many exciting articles! PICK UP A COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND OR, BETTER YET, SUBSCRIBE NOW!

OLD WEST
75¢
IT'S TRUE
KIDNAPPED!
BEAR ISLAND'S GOLD
BATTLE OF THE MINING CAMPS
OLD BOOK COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
CATTLE TRAILS OF THE OLD WEST

OLD WEST
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tx. 78764

(check one)

☐ 1 year subscription (4 issues)—$2.25 ☐ NEW
☐ 2 year subscription (8 issues)—$4.00 ☐ RENEWAL

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

NAME____________________
STREET____________________
CITY____________________ STATE__________
ZIP__________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a separate sheet of paper.)

---

that he acquired enough land that it took fifteen houses on his place for his farm and ranch workers."

One of Tad Richards' ranch hands in the early 1900s was Hackberry Johnson, who became famous as a buffalo trainer and rodeo performer. Hackberry, semi-retired and living in Baird, Texas, recalls that Tad was a winner in any game he played. "He won the steer roping championship in 1906 in Robert Lee, Texas. A picture of Tad and his roping horse, Curly, hung over the fireplace in the Richards home.

"One event that I recall about Tad was the time I staged a rodeo in Winters, Texas a little after the turn of the century. I planned to feature Tad because he was an expert rider and would show off for the crowd. I introduced him as 'the boy from Oak Creek, riding Bad Mule.' All eyes focused on the arena. But disappointment followed. The big mare wouldn't pitch or buck—only ducked its head and brayed. Tad wasn't on speaking terms with me for a long time after that. He thought I had played a practical joke on him, letting him ride that no-good mule.

"Tad always told many great stories to make someone laugh and, when we did make up, that was one story he didn't let me forget."

Hackberry Johnson said, "I worked on his ranch for years after that. Mrs. Richards was a good ranch worker. There were times I had to help her with the housework, but she could do any work on the ranch when a cowboy wasn't handy."

BY 1926, Tad and Eva had managed to set aside money to build a white stucco house with a red-tiled roof. The Spanish architecture seemed more fitting for south of the border than for the vast dusty cow country of West Texas. Jutting out from the upstairs bedrooms was a balcony overlooking the front yard. The kitchen and living room were downstairs, as was a lovely sun room.

The house was spacious, but when Tad began giving his parties in the 1930s, it became evident that the place wouldn't hold all who attended. Mrs. Rowland recalled, "Dad hired carpenters to erect a big galvanized tin barn and had a hardwood floor built in the loft for those occasions. In following years, he installed air conditioning in the loft. If there was one thing Daddy wanted it was for his guests to be comfortable."

Due to his ability to attract large crowds, the local chapter of the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis solicited his aid in the 1940s. Richards hosted charity benefits in his barn on Franklin Roosevelt's birthday, January 30, for a number of years. Instead of this event being free, as were his own birthday parties, there was a cover charge. All proceeds, plus a liberal donation from Tad Richards, went to the March of Dimes campaign. Reports indicated that his dances brought in more funds than any other chapter in that part of the state.

By the 1950s, Tad Richards had become a prominent West Texan. Then oil was discovered on his place. Those who remember that day said Tad Richards rode up to his house on a horse that was running like a wild jack-rabbit leaving a screen of hot dust behind. The sun beamed down from a cloudless sky. Tad leaped from his horse, took off his hat and wiped sweat from his brow. "Two good things happened to me today," he was reported to have said. "One, I was able to save a newborn calf—and the other, I had an oil well come in!" Both events seemed equally important to him.

With the new oil wells pumping, he continued to prosper and the numbers who came to his parties increased each year. On the day of the barn dances, cooking began early. Pounds and pounds of prime beef were barbecued over a pit in the specially built concrete block barbecue house. "We boiled beans in a big old black wash pot over a campfire outside," his daughter says. "About a hundred pounds of potatoes were boiled in a similar kettle, cooled, then peeled and diced for salad. Coffee brewed in large pots. And, of course, there was son-of-a-gun stew made from an old cowboy recipe."

The latter dish had to simmer for twelve hours, so it was started the night before the party. The ingredients included mostly marrow gut, sweetbreads, heart, liver, mountain oysters, and spleen. Water was added and seasonings to taste, which consisted of salt, black pepper, red pepper and chili pepper.

Serving tables for the food were improvised by spreading long planks across sawhorses in the runway of the Richard barn. Every available container that was large enough—tubs, dish pans, etc.—held beans, potato salad, pickles and onions. The Richards family bought dozens of loaves of bread, and cases of paper plates and cups for the multitudes who passed through the chow line that formed about sundown on the night of the barbecue. Coffee and tea were always served, and there were also stronger refreshments.

The San Angelo *Standard Times* recorded on September 3, 1952 that a newspaper reporter asked Richards why he gave those parties. Richards replied, "Oh, I just like to give these old boys like me something they can't get anymore."

One barn dance that was given on a day other than Tad Richards' birthday was his and Eva's Golden Wedding Anniversary party on August 16, 1951. Tad, although seventy-one years of age with hair turned white, danced his jig at midnight. On his tie he wore the spur clip that had become his trademark because he was never without it. Another thing he was never without was a joke. Someone asked him at his anniversary party how he stayed so young. "Oh," he replied, "if you want to look young, just hang out with older people."

ALTHOUGH Tad Richards quit school as a teen-ager, he wanted his four children to earn a college degree. Three of his children went to college, but none finished. One source said Tad liked to tell about the time he took his only son off to college in a horse and buggy, and "be darned if he didn't beat me back home!"

"Granddaddy was never one to mope over the past," his granddaughter recalled. "His main concern was what he could do tomorrow. He had a keen interest in the future and he lived as if he would last forever. During a drought or when he was sick, he spent his time thinking about what he could do 'next year'."

With this same indomitable spirit he faced his last illness—but lost. He was hospitalized in the spring of 1958. Responding to the medicine, therapy and the love and attention of his family and many friends, his thoughts once again turned to the barn dance due in September. As he rallied temporarily, he invited his doctors, nurses and all those who had attended him during his confinement to come to the upcoming barbecue and dance. The family could only shake their heads in disbelief. They knew the prognosis was grim.

Despite his terminal illness, the barn dance was held that year as Tad Richards had wanted. "Mostly, I imagine," his daughter said, "for the sake of his family and friends, because he went to the party in a wheelchair." By this time his parties had become so large that the food was catered.

Hundreds of people came to wish him well, but this was really Tad Richards' farewell party. Within the next few months he was bedfast and spent his last days in the warm sunroom of his home. In 1961 he succumbed to the illness.

Tad Richards gave of himself in order to bring happiness into the lives of so many. Invitations to his home were extended to everyone, regardless of economic background. The Richards' house is vacant today, this landmark that once stood proudly on a sandy knoll in Oak Creek Valley. After Tad's death, the estate was divided between the children by drawing names from a hat. Subsequently, the house was sold to new owners. Time, weather and vandals have taken their toll. Across the creek, the empty shell of the house and barn look eerie silhouetted against a moonlit Texas sky. All is quiet at the old Richards place, but perhaps on the night of every September 2, music drifts down from the loft and ghosts from the past dance a jig.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

Bob portrays the Indian beautifully in bronze, and he also captures the Blackfeet on canvas. But sculpturing comes first, and he has forever put aside taxidermy.

This versatile artist has exhibited in galleries throughout the nation. The honors he has won are too numerous to list. He has made his mark, and the West which claims him is proud of this son of Montana.

A fire destroyed part of the Scriver Studio in 1975 and many works of art were destroyed. Bob estimates his loss at about two million dollars, but he is rebuilding.

MULE RIDING

By Don Bell

FORTY-FIVE years ago jobs and money were an unheard-of thing in our part of the country, so my partner and I in an old 1928 Chevrolet took to the highway to try our luck at rodeo riding. We had ridden everything around our home state and figured we were nothing but champions; we just knew we could make a fortune. We packed a chuck box from our folks' larder, rolled up a few soogans, loaded our saddles and took off from Wyoming to Texas. In our pockets we had no more than a few dollars. The Chevrolet wasn't paid for, but we just knew when we hit the big rodeos we could soon take care of that—and, in fact, our dreams were so big we had visions of a Cadillac.

Just to make sure we didn't starve to death we took along an old .22 single shot rifle, and it came in handy. Every farmer's chicken that crossed our path made its acquaintance. In Oklahoma we could buy ten gallons of gas for a dollar, but just to feel more comfortable we took along an Oklahoma "credit card"—that's a six-foot hose for siphoning gas from other cars. We were experts at that. We were reckless as could be and didn't have worry one.

As for rodeo experience, we had had very little. We had ridden at several bucking shows, but very small ones where the money was paid for what you rode by the head. Five dollars for the saddle broncs, two dollars for bareback and steer riding, and you had to come out spurring high and ride to a chalk-line about fifty feet from the chutes.

We landed in a little north Texas town where a real rodeo was to take place. We inquired and found out we had to pay an entry fee for each event we rode in—five dollars for each event. We didn't have enough money together to pay for one of us.

I was always a gifted talker and promoter, so I went to the arena director and asked him if we could work out our entry fees in the bronc riding. He told us if we would ride a bull and a mane-hold bronc for the opening of the rodeo that he would put us in the saddle bronc event.

They had two shotgun chutes. A bull was loaded in one and the bronc in the other, and we were to come out at the same time. Later they called this the "mad scramble." Well, out we came. My partner was on the bull and I was on the bronc. We were more afraid of the crowd of people than anything else, as we were plumb country kids and had never been away from home.

Well, my bronc from lack of spurring just ran off to the catch pen; he never bucked a jump. But my partner got bucked off his bull. At least we were entered in a real rodeo and we sure were confident that we could win.

Don Bell after a fall while riding with a mane hold.

Photos Courtesy Author

WE THOUGHT we had ridden broncs before, but we never in all our life had seen such bucking horses. They threw us so quick and fast that afternoon that I'm sure I set two world's records. I got throwed the quickest and the highest, but my partner was right along with me. We didn't even get a marking, just a big fat goose egg. The next day was about the same, only I got bucked off my mad scramble horse also.

When the rodeo was over we still hadn't had enough, so we went to the next one with the help of our Oklahoma credit card. There we decided to just work the wild-horse race and leave the broncs to the bronc riders. We won some money but I can't remember now how much it was. Our car payment was past due but that didn't worry us in the least. What we had in money obviously had to go for entry fees at the next rodeo.

My partner and I ended up in Buffalo, Oklahoma flat broke and in need of a tire. We went to the local pool hall to sort of get acquainted, and while there we met the town bootlegger. He was very friendly and invited us to his home. After he passed around the bottle, the courage that the white lightning brought forth made us both very big-time riders. We told him of our talent and skill as riders. Every time he passed the jug our stories got bigger, but he was a smart old boy. We told him all we had won and the amount doubled with each drink. All we were interested in was for him to find us some really rough horses to ride.

Finally he squared off and said, "Listen cowboys, I got a plan that I'm sure can make you a lot of money. I just happen to have a work team of mules—don't know if they will buck or not, but I sure know they are wild and can kick like hell. They tore up everything I ever tried to hitch them to. I'll tell you what I'll do. I can get those mules and you boys can ride them at the rodeo grounds Sunday. We'll just take up a hat collection for you, then you can pay off your car, get a tire, and make it home. I'll have some hand bills printed, and I don't see how you can miss. You ought to make a few big green bills, as people would like to see them mules rode."

We agreed and took another swig from that jug, telling him several times more about what champions we were, and even getting to believe it ourselves.

Well, with a lot of trouble, we got them mules corralled. They had long manes, foretops and tails, all full and wadded with cockleburs or burdock.

All the hand bills were passed out, stating that admission was free but to please be generous when the hat was passed out among the crowd. It also stated that "these boys are champions out of Colorado and can ride anything that grows hair and make 'em like it."

A very large crowd came in on Sunday, all of them turning out to see those mules try to buck off the "champs." I was the first to ride. My mule was some looker, and wild as any African beast. We had one old shotgun chute, and what a battle it was to get that old blue mule in it. Finally after we got him snubbed to the side, I put on my old freak bear-trap saddle. It had a scratch rig built in so you had to spur wild to keep up with your mount. Now anyone who knows mules knows that to keep a saddle on a low withered mule you just have to have a crupper or breeching strap, but this didn't bother me one bit. I cinched him tight and got on. I got set my best as after all that bragging and talking we did, I sure wanted to show these Okies.

Well, when I told my buddy to turn him out, that mule just exploded, I think. I didn't even know where I was at. He hit and sucked back, and my saddle and everything was right back of his ears. The next jump we were flat on the ground—I was still in the saddle though. My buddy had tied a rope around his flanks; that was to make him buck. Well he did, all right. When I looked up and could see again, that mule was running and bucking and on his way out. He jumped the arena fence and lit a shuck for home range. I wasn't hurt a bit, but was terrible sorry to let all those people down.

I could see the bootlegger and several of his friends in the crowd still passing the hat. I knew the hats must be full by then and if they were I intended to buy a jar of white lightning from my good friend.

We worked hard getting the old brown mule in that chute, and when we got him in and anchored down, out my partner came, spurring real wild, but that mule just stopped in his tracks. He wouldn't make a jump. In later years I found out why. My partner wore real sharp rowels and before the mule came out of the chute, he gave the mule a real "hardware bath." When the mule got hurt, he just balked, froze up, and we couldn't get him to untrack.

My partner jumped off right there, took off his rigging, and that mule left the nation exactly like his mate had. He tried to jump the fence, and didn't make it but he did manage to tear it down. Then off to the river bottoms he went. I don't know till this day who took off those flank ropes as I never saw them again and never want to. The crowd was laughing—no doubt laughing at us champions.

Well after everybody thinned out, my partner and I were anxious to see what the hats contained. I didn't plan on getting a tire for that old Chevrolet—I was dreaming about a new car.

Three men came over to the chute carrying their hats. They dumped the contents on an old jacket lying there. After the count was in we had exactly fourteen dollars. I feel very sure that the bootlegger and his pals dipped in pretty deep getting their cut. This I can't swear to, of course, but we took the fourteen dollars and prepared to leave town. I thought ten dollars would buy us a used tire and get us home.

We wanted to be cash customers for a change and buy a bottle to celebrate. Before we could get to the bootlegger's house to get it, the printer who made the hand bills hit us up for five dollars for the printing.

We bought a tire for two dollars, and

(Continued on next page)

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 21)

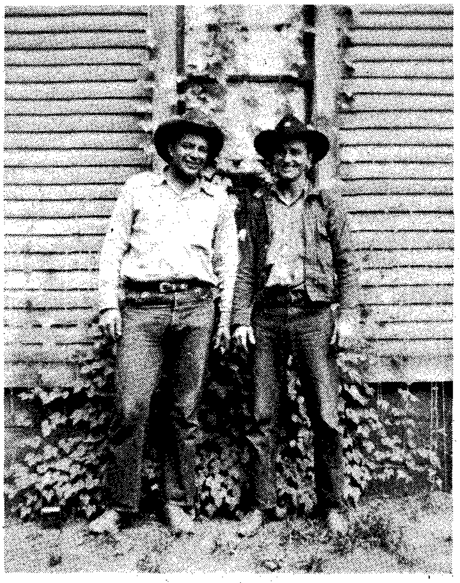
historic Indian murals found at a puebloan site in New Mexico. This pueblo thrived in the period 1300 to 1475 but had been abandoned for perhaps a century before the Spaniards arrived in New Mexico. Over 800 mural frescoes have been unearthed in the seventeen kivas excavated to date at Pottery Mound. The chief value of this book is the reproduction in color of 109 of the most complete murals. The author points out the historic importance of the discovery of this pictorial record of the art and religions of "The Ancients." Highly recommended.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

Yesterday's California (E. A. Seelman Publishing Co., $14.95) is a recent picture book of the state's early history by Russ Leadabrand, Shelly Lowenkopf and Bryce Patterson. All three are experienced professional writers and bookmen, and have enlivened *Yesterday's California* with 511 authentic historical photographs, engravings, drawings and maps. These present the state's development from Spanish exploration, the Spanish Mission period, Mexican rule, U. S. takeover, and gold rush, plus agricultural and industrial advancements. The movies and airplanes also come in for a fair share of coverage. We were surprised to see no space given to the Indians who preceded the advent of Spaniards and their successors. This book should be required reading for the state's teenage students who could easily be sufficiently stimulated by this picture history to dig into serious reading about California's colorful background.

RUBBER ON THE RIVER

Running rough rivers in rubber rafts is a fast growing sport fraught with excitement, adventure and danger. *Whitewater Rafting* (Quadrangle, The New York Times Book Co., $12.50) by William McGinnis is a detailed guide prepared for the professional, amateur, passenger, or Western buff. McGinnis' book ranks with the best on mountain climbing, backpacking, or other types of outdoor activities which require careful preparation, good equipment, knowledge of living in the out-of-doors, first aid skill, and a deep love of and respect for the beauties and dangers of nature. Part I covers equipment, crew, building the raft, emergencies, first aid, food, water, sanitation, and camping. Part II: "The River; A Guidebook," covers difficulty rating, permits, and arranging for trips, followed by detailed descriptions of river runs in the East, Midwest, Northwest, California, and Southwest. The author literally guides the reader through raft trips on twenty-nine famous rivers. Ever conscious of the dangers present, McGinnis cautions, "Somewhere inside yourself maintain a primitive pocket of fear, a frank, clear preception that what you are doing is dangerous." *Whitewater Rafting* will enable you to better appreciate nature and how to enjoy it—perhaps even as the mountain man pitted his wits against the rivers of the West. Highly recommended.



Don Bell, right, and unidentified friend.

two more dollars went for a jug. Before the trip was over, the old credit card had to come out again but we arrived home okay. The car went back to the dealer, and we went to work.

We forgot the rodeo business for that year, but in the spring we were right back at it again. You know how "champions" are!

OLD CONE NOSE

By L. Sexton Anken

NOTHING made a prevaricator of a pioneer housewife as quickly as a bedbug. This insignificant little flat red-brown varmint could make a shifty-eyed liar of a lady who wouldn't cheat you of a penny—and who would give you the last extra shirt in the house, but only after surreptitiously checking under the collar and along the inside seams for nits and bugs!

Ask an old-timer what amusing thing she remembers about bedbugs and the answer is usually: "Are you kidding? Wasn't nothing funny about bedbugs. I hate 'em. Can't stand to think about 'em."

But some of us who saw the last of them when we finally conquered them with DDT, can look back and get a laugh or two. Having one crawl out of your coat sleeve on your first date wasn't funny then, but it is now.

One old friend in her eighties said, "We used to pick the leaves off the string beans and scatter them along the walls. When the bugs were ready to call it a night and hide out to sleep off their feast, they'd pause on their way up the walls and behind the curtains, and tuck themselves away behind the bean foliage. Now beans have rough, sticky leaves, and the principle of the thing was that they could crawl into the leaves but couldn't crawl back over the prickles. We were to gather them up and drop them in the old wood range.

"It didn't work, but neither did sulphur candles or kerosene or boiling water. Killing a bedbug was like digging up an ant hill; where you had one bug, now you have a million."

She's right. One bedbug isn't too much to handle; it's his ancestors and his prolific reproduction of his own kind that could put premature gray in the housewife's hair.

Old Cone Nose was no respecter of persons. In England, if spoken of at all, he was merely called "the bug." It was common knowledge, however, that he preferred human blood to any other and was willing to work for it. Soldier ants on the march took everything before them; the bedbug, on the other hand, simply moved in and annoyed humankind to death.

An old-time encyclopedia describes bedbugs as "a nocturnal, unclean and pestiferous insect that lives in the cracks of furniture, walls and floors of dirty houses, and feeds on the blood of animals and human beings." Bedbugs sealed in bottles, the editors added, have been known to live for a year without food. They suggested fumigating, painting the cracks with corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol, or dusting with insect powder for cleaning them out.

The bedbug's bite produced a papule with a red spot in the center where the blood had been sucked. Itching was relieved by use of ammonia or diluted carbolic acid. Much as I hate to admit it, I'm old enough to have had my share of experience with *Cimex Lectularius*, but like other housewives of that day, I won't admit having a dirty house.

HOW COULD it be? Housework began with a can of kerosene and a chicken feather. We ripped up the beds and spot-checked the bedding. We probed about in the wrinkles and crannies of the feather beds with the chicken feather dipped in the kerosene. We lay flat on the floor and swabbed underneath the bedstead the same way. We placed the legs of the bed in cans of kerosene so that any nomad among this nocturnal and pestiferous clan would fall to its just deserts.

Every so often, depending on the weather and the weariness of our muscles, we dismantled the beds and carted them outdoors to the wash site. Now the wash site, in my case, was under the willows down by the spring. It consisted of an old wood range, a wash boiler, a tub and a bucket. The procedure was to go to the spring, use a stick with a fork at one end for the bail (or tie a long rope to the bail), drop the bucket like a plummet so it would fill, then haul it up for the boiler and tub. Half a cord of wood would heat water to bug-disposal temperature. Then we poured over, doused in, and slopped around enough boiling water to float a fair-sized ship.

But in the meantime, bugs in the walls, under the floors, behind torn wallpaper (usually old magazines) and inside your clothing had reproduced more nits than you had eliminated down by the spring. It was great fun, and a case of perpetual commotion.

Only in retrospect is the bedbug a laughing matter. That's the nice thing about living to enjoy retrospection. An old friend said: "Talk about bedbugs! I'd never lived with the cussed things until we moved to the homestead. We were there about a week when I wondered what was about to drag us off. I got to looking around and they were swarming up the window curtains.

"We'd have to pick over our clothes before we went to town to get the little bedbugs and the eggs off them. It took me thirteen years before I got rid of the pests. We burned sulphur candles. We'd move into town and stay all night. The next day we still couldn't breathe because of the sulphur, so back to town we'd go again.

"Next night we'd come home late, turn on the light, and there they were—bugs racing everywhere in every direction. I finally got rid of them, though. I papered the walls and put carbolic acid in the paste. That fixed them!"

Even for the housewife with bedbugs there was a con game—a sure cure, a guaranteed exterminator. A dollar was a dollar in those days but I thought, Lord, if I can get rid of these things, I'll sure do it. I cut out the advertisement and sent in my dollar. Pretty soon here came a package and in it was a wooden block about two inches square, and a little wooden mallet. Instructions read: *Place bug on block and hit with mallet.*" Even that con artist is funny now—in retrospect.

THEY PLAYED COWBOY AND GOT PAID

By Herbert M. Sommers
As told to Hank Givens

ANY KID who lived in Colorado Springs, Colorado in the late 1890s didn't let his lower lip lose altitude because he couldn't live on a ranch. He had two unusual opportunities to play Wild West each summer in cowpuncher-type jobs for which he got good pay. Patience was the keynote of one of the jobs, while a little specialized knowledge paved the way to the other—burro punching.

The burro punchers were a select company of young teenagers, thirteen to fifteen years, not much older. It was an accomplished group; before one of them dared to ask for a job from old H. T. O'Brien or the Seven Falls Burro Barns he had to really understand burros.

O'Brien's barns were on the north side of a block of ground about five miles southwest of Colorado Springs immediately east of the entrances to North and South Cheyenne Canyons. H. T. was a hard hitting, loud voiced, red faced early pioneer who sold burro rides and took tourists' pictures on the animals.

On the south side were the Seven Falls barns owned by Mrs. Havis who also owned the streetcar pavilion concession at the end of the old Broadmoor car line.

Competition between the two barns was really rough between 1898 and 1901. Every tourist who left the car line in the summer season was subjected to a choice between the two, and there was just as much difference between them as there is now between a new Ford and and a new Chevrolet.

The real difference, however, existed in the burro puncher whom your party happened to draw. If he really knew how to punch burros, then your ride up to scenic Seven Falls went right along and was a success. If he couldn't wield his blacksnake or use his voice properly at

A typical group of tourists who rented burros to see scenic North and South Cheyenne Canyons.

Photo Courtesy Author

the right time, then you were invariably disgusted and disappointed. Sometimes you didn't even get there on your burro.

I've seen those punchers start up the canyon with parties of twenty to twenty-five burros. I've also seen them bring back a great number of empty animals. A lot of people got discouraged riding to the falls on them and preferred to walk back.

A BUNCH of burros headed down-canyon for home could try the ability of even a top burro hand, and the good Lord help anybody that got in their way!

A down-canyon trek of a large herd of burros one summer resulted in the death of the only son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, wealthy Colorado Springs residents. With a nurse and a companion, the little boy was starting up the canyon when suddenly their burros became engulfed by some down-canyon burros returning empty. The youngster was thrown from his mount and, before help could reach him he was trampled to death.

The Town Herd provided less exciting but steady jobs for youths of a mind to be cowboys. Actually, there was a Town Herd for each of the five sections of Colorado Springs.

Many families in town owned only one cow and wanted to get their animal out on green grass as soon as it was available in early summer. The enterprising teenagers who could buy a "cow pony" and a pair of chaps wanted to earn some money and satisfy that yearning of every youth to act "Wild West." The cow, of course, preferred green pasture to solitary confinement.

A boy with fifteen to twenty-five cows would spring into being about one week before school was out and the job would last as long as the youth could or would carry on through the fall.

Shortly after 8 a.m. the cowboy came down your alley, picked up your cow and took her to the next stop for another cow. He proceeded on his route until finally he had a good-sized herd of cows out at the edge of town where he kept them rounded up through the day and out of trouble.

About 5 o'clock he began returning them to their proper homes. The cows always knew where to turn in, even though a strange boy might be herding them.

City officials tried to keep these operations confined to the town's alleys, for street traffic was frowned upon although not forbidden. However, a streetcar line was *always* off limits and none of the herds ever crossed a street with car lines on it if the cowboy could avoid it.

For tending the Town Herd a cowboy collected from $2 to $2.50 per cow per month. Even $2 a head per month spelled a small fortune in those days and a city kid had the added fun of playing cowpoke, besides.

We're A-Goin' To Fight the Indians

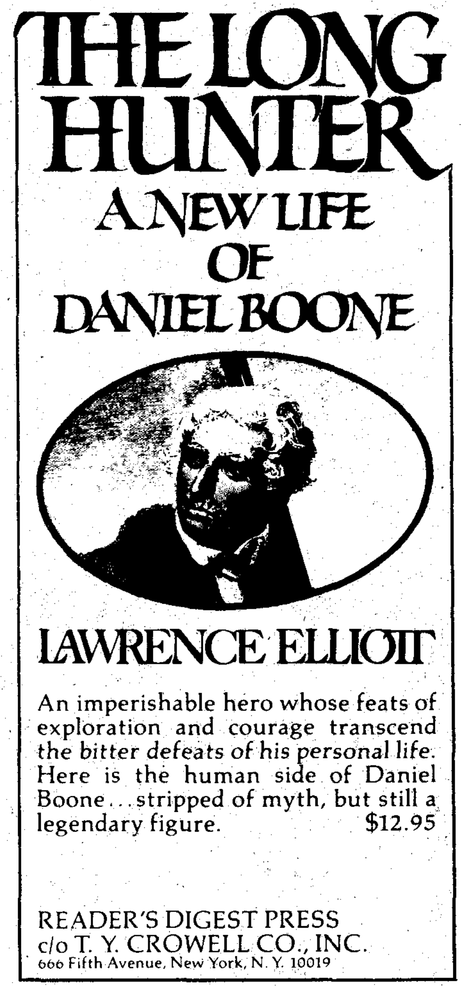
(Continued from page 11)

about me, for I don't intend a Indian is going to kill me in the near future."

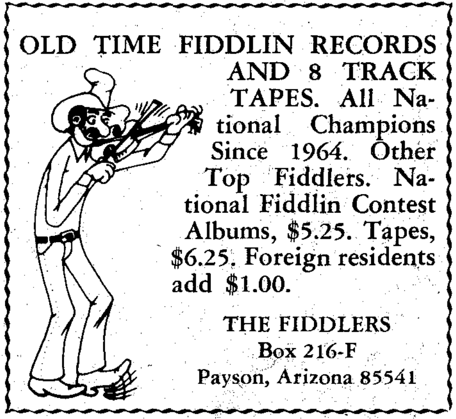
THE wily General Sully camped on the 3rd of September to await the reports of commands he had sent out during the march. He learned that many fresh signs of Indians had been found. Their lodge trails spread over the country, but all seemed to be moving toward a point known to be a favorite haunt of the Indians. One battalion of the Sixth Cavalry, Major House commanding, was sent ahead of the main body about ten miles. If they saw small bodies of Indians, they were to attack them; if they encountered a large band they were to watch the camp at a distance and send word back to the general.

They did come upon a large body of Indians in an encampment of over four hundred lodges in ravines where the Indians felt secure, thinking Sully was still on his way up the Missouri. Sully had marched with great care to keep small war parties from stampeding his horses. He used advance guards and flankers, the wagontrains in two lines sixty paces apart and the troops on each side. In front and center rode Sully with Company H and the battery. All loose stock was kept between the wagons.

In this fashion he had been moving toward the Sioux, camped 1500 strong ahead of him. These were the battle-



THE LONG HUNTER
A NEW LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
An imperishable hero whose feats of exploration and courage transcend the bitter defeats of his personal life. Here is the human side of Daniel Boone...stripped of myth, but still a legendary figure. $12.95
READER'S DIGEST PRESS
c/o T. Y. CROWELL CO., INC.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019



OLD TIME FIDDLIN RECORDS AND 8 TRACK TAPES. All National Champions Since 1964. Other Top Fiddlers. National Fiddlin Contest Albums, $5.25. Tapes, $6.25. Foreign residents add $1.00.
THE FIDDLERS
Box 216-F
Payson, Arizona 85541

PULL 'EM OUT!

"You can't sell 'em if we can't find 'em!" This comes from our readers in a flow of letters that is too constant for comfort! I've found them myself, sometimes on the bottom shelf, completely covered by other publications. Now we don't have nutin' against other publications, but we'd like a breath of fresh air and the sight of light now and then ourselves—so if you find our magazines covered, we'd sure appreciate your leaving them in the same approximate spot, but at least giving them a show. Sometimes, if you take them completely out and put them in another spot, the wholesaler will get upset and take them off completely!

seasoned warriors who had successfully fought General Sibley and had sunk a boat on the Missouri, and they also carried relics of the Minnesota massacre.

About two hundred of them surprised a guide from the battalion led by Major House. They told him that they had fought General Sibley and that they couldn't see why the whites wanted to come to fight them unless the whites were tired of living and wanted to die. After some difficulty the guide succeeded in getting away from them and rode his horse hell-for-leather ten miles back to give General Sully this information. Sully had called a rest halt and the horses were grazing.

A bugle call brought his cavalrymen with a cheer, and they were soon saddled, mounted and in line. Sully left four companies, and all men who were poorly mounted, in camp with orders to strike the tents and corral the wagons. He then went forward at a gallop with the Second Nebraska on his right, the Sixth Iowa on his left, and one company of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry and the battery in the center. They made over ten miles in less than an hour.

On reaching the site, they found the Indians were leaving, carrying off what plunder they could. Many lodges, however, were still standing. General Sully sent Colonel Wilson with several companies of the Sixth Cavalry to take the left while Sully himself with the battery, one company of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, and two companies of the Sixth Iowa charged through the center of the encampment.

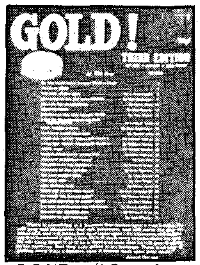
There was literally hell to pay when the Indians came barreling out of the lodges and down from the hills on the left. The battle was formally known as "The Battle of White Stone Hill" and in a letter to Louisa, dated September 17, Frank Niles describes it:

"We have just got back from our Injun hunt, making a march of 500 miles in a circle above Fort Pierce. We went to Painted Woods and from there over to Sioux River and on the 3rd of the month we came up to two or three thousand Indians, all armed with rifles, bows and arrows and tomahawks and painted up for a fight. We waded into them about sundown and had plenty of fun for about three quarters of an hour until dark, when they charged on us and drove us back a few rods . . . not drove but scairt our horses so we couldn't control them. We got in line again and dismounted to fight on foot, but they didn't care anything about fighting any more and we was in danger of killing our own men in the dark, so we captured 150 of them

GOLD! BACK ISSUES

GOLD! #1— $1

GOLD! #2— $1

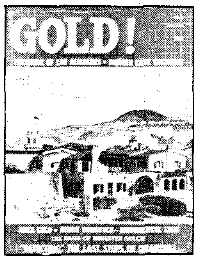

GOLD! #3— $1

GOLD! #4—75¢

GOLD! #5—75¢

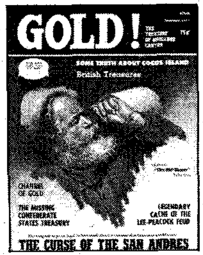
GOLD! #6—75¢

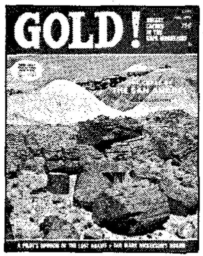
GOLD! #7—75¢

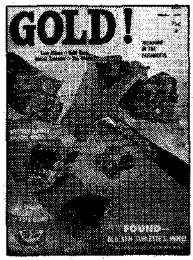

GOLD! #8— $1

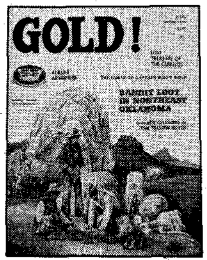
GOLD! #9— $1

GOLD! #10—75¢


GOLD! #11—75¢


GOLD! #12—75¢


GOLD! #13—75¢


GOLD! #14— $1

Order Now!

GOLD!-BI
P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Tx. 78764

☐ #1—$1.00 each
☐ #2—$1.00 each
☐ #3—$1.00 each
☐ #4—.75 each
☐ #5—.75 each
☐ #6—.75 each
☐ #7—.75 each
☐ #8—$1.00 each
☐ #9—$1.00 each
☐ #10—.75 each
☐ #11—.75 each
☐ #12—.75 each
☐ #13—.75 each
☐ #14–$1.00 each

Please find enclosed $________for the issues marked above. (Please add 25¢ per order for postage.)

NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________ STATE________
ZIP________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order a sheet of paper.)

Prospectors, TH'ers, Collectors, Oldtimers, History Buffs, and Dreamers—(we're all dreamers)! Almost everybody enjoys exciting, true tales of treasure, mysteries of fabulous lost mines, ghost towns and enormous wealth still waiting to be found!

and stood in line ready for battle all night.

"There were 14 men killed out of our regiment and 7 out of the Nebraska 2nd. and about 20 or 30 out of each was wounded. There were three men killed out of our company. Sargent Davey, Charles Everman and W. K. Dermet. All out of our first platoon. Davey and Dermet was riding on my left when they got it and both fell together. Dermet and his horse fell against my horse. He was shot through with an arrow. Sargent Patterson was shot through the right side with a ball. Sargent Bansketer was shot through the face with an arrow and between the shoulders also. Both of these were badly wounded. We killed about 200 of the reds before they got away.

"It was awful to see our scout party the next day with their heads and faces cut to pieces with axes. Some of them had their tongues cut out. They tried to creep home, but couldn't make it on account of 'short hair.' We took everything the Indians left and burned it, except each of us a good buffalo robe for winter. I guess they had a hundred tons of buffalo meat dried for winter which we burned.

"We are on our way to Sioux City. They say they are playing smash with the Sioux between here and there. Woe be unto them!"

He went on to tell Louisa about the hardships they had endured: "We have seen most everything since we have been up here. We have seen 12 days of marching without seeing a running stream or a bush, and lived on half rations of crackers, which if you split one in two there would be one dozen big grubs roll out. Good living, that! But it's all right now. We have plenty." He told her Henry Heath was with him and had made it through the battle without a scratch and was healthy and ready for more of it.

IN A LETTER written from Fort Randall, Dakota Territory on September 20, Frank wrote in part: "General Sully has been ordered back to Fort Sill. There is a Major General here and General Curtace is coming up here to investigate Sully's affairs. I think Sully will be thrown out of office. There was an order to muster the 6th Cavalry out of the service in April and Pollock was trying to get them out and Sully put him under arrest and kept him in close confinement all summer and kept the 6th here. Pollock now has been relieved from close quarters by the Major General. It may be all talk, but that is the story." (And it must have been all talk, as there is nothing about this in the archives of the Iowa National Guard.)

However, in a letter to his sister, dated September 29, Frank mentioned that they are under General Sibby [this must have been General Henry H. Sibley] and that they had another battle. Frank was disappointed in the General and, for that matter, with Colonel Wilson, his commanding officer. He wrote: "We used the Indians up worse than Sibby dared to for all we didn't have no General to give us commands. He stayed back with the battery and never gave one command. Colonel Wilson rode in front of us and never give a command either and the consequence was, our company fought without a command. Wilson's horse was shot from under him. Pity it hadn't been him. He marched us within 80 steps of the Indians and never ordered us to unsling our rifles, draw our revolvers, or nothing. We stood perhaps for one minute when the Indians fired on us perhaps 2000 shots the first round. Part of the horses bolted and part stood still. The first platoon of the company was on a knoll while the Indians was about 2 or 3 rods down in a holler. When they shot, 3 men rolled to the ground dead and 2 horses, two or three to the right of me run. My horse, being blind in his right eye from an arrow wound at White Stone Hill, stood his ground. Perhaps 40 stood their ground, the Indians yelling, their fire fairly burning our faces. Then we drew our revolvers and we poured volley after volley into them. It made me laugh to see the devils jump and try to catch something in the air when we shot, but they came on by the rear, yelping and scaring our horses. We killed a lot of them which they carried off during the night, all but squaws and papooses and a few warriors which they throwed in deep holes.

"I have heard it said by old soldiers that balls made pretty music, but all I could compare it to was 10,000 big bugs diving for each ear, makes a fellow dazed like black smoke does. Never believe an old soldier when he says the whistling of balls is pretty music!" He finished this letter by asking his little sister Nora about her dog Watch and her chickens.

Frank's opinion of ineptness on the part of Colonel Wilson was apparently not concurred in by General Sully. In his report of this encounter, Sully highly commends Colonel Wilson of the Sixth Iowa and Colonel Furnas of the Second Nebraska for their bravery and cheerful obedience to the orders of General Sibley and makes mention of the fact that both these officers had their horses shot from under them.

This great trek, known as "Sully's Expedition," could have never made it back to Fort Pierre intact if the steamboat ordered by Sully had not met them at the confluence of the Little Cheyenne and the Missouri. It was loaded with provisions for the men and grain for the horses and mules and it also took on board the wounded men and some of the wagons for the trip back down the Missouri.

The loss of both horses and mules on the return march had been heavy. As fast as they gave out they were killed to prevent them from falling into the hands of Indians. The actual count of prisoners taken in the expedition was 156—32 men and 124 women and children. At the battle of White Stone Hill, 20 cavalrymen were killed and 38 wounded; of this number 22 were of the Sixth Iowa Volunteer Cavalry.

General Sully then selected a site on the east bank of the Missouri, about fifteen miles above Fort Pierre, to prepare a fort. A detachment of the Sixth Iowa was left there to construct it, and Frank Niles and Henry Heath were with that assignment. It was officially desig-

the budget-priced way to find your own coins, gold, silver, copper, rings, guns and buried treasures!

the coin hustlers

the new light-weight T-R metal detector that does so much for so very little!

COIN HUSTLER I $59 95
Approx. 30 hr. battery life

COIN HUSTLER II $79 95
Approx. 75 hr. battery life
Includes battery check light

COIN HUSTLER II

LIGHT! LESS THAN TWO POUNDS!

WIDE-SCAN WATER-PROOFED LOOP

BUILT-IN SPEAKER

USES DRUGSTORE BATTERIES

AMAZING DETECTION ABILITY!

DEALERS: CALL 503: 357-7117

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG AND THE NAME OF MY NEAREST DEALER

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

CITY__________

STATE__________ZIP__________

COMPASS ELECTRONICS CORP.
Box 366 • FOREST GROVE, OR. 97116 DEPT. 625

nated as "Fort Sully" and as further operations against the Indians were unthinkable during the severe winter that followed, Frank and his friends were compelled to remain inactive in their quarters until spring. He remarked in a letter to his family dated October 10: "Old Frank is still alive and expects to live as long as he can see anybody else live in the 6th Cav. I received a letter from Adanijah which stated he was well. He had been captured and was going home to work cutting fallow for Richard Arthur. Said he was not going back South until he was exchanged. He sent me his likeness, which didn't look much like the smooth face boy he was three years ago when I saw him last.

"Well I heard Doad and Ira Marten had enlisted. Bully for them. They are caught in a rusty trap to work harder than they ever had to at home . . . sleep in the mud and live on Unkle Sam's rotten meat and wormy crackers. But don't say nothing. If Unkle Sam ever lets me go, he will have to oil his traps before he catches this old fox again. I have been in the service 9 months yesterday and am willing to eat what his dog can't for two years more, and then he can kiss . . . Ha!

"Don't you ever say a word about anybody enlisting. Let them all come, for I want to see Unkle Sam eaten out of house and home. Well I expect you are husking corn all sorts by this time. I wish I could husk my two rows through by the side of that old wagon, but that is impossible. I suppose you would like to know how we are bossed in this country. Well, I will tell you. If an officer tells you to go to the river and get him a drink of water and you refuse, he makes you set down till your wrists come together, pulls your hands down over your knees, runs a pick handle through under your knees above your arms so you have to set all doubled up so you can't move without falling over. Then he takes a stick as big as a hoe handle for a bit . . . ties a string to each end, crams it in your mouth and ties it to the back of your head. And there you set for two hours. That is what they call 'bucked and gagged' and they do other things just as bad."

IDLENESS, as always, put a wry taste in the mouths of the horse soldiers, and the officers got meaner and meaner.

The Indians, however, didn't remain idle that cold winter of 1863-64. The whole Dakota Nation, from the Rocky Mountains to the Minnesota frontier and from the Platte River and the Iowa line to the British possessions on the north, combined their various and scattered tribes for a final effort against the hated horse soldiers. By spring they had concentrated their whole force on and near the Upper Missouri, to resist successful navigation of the river, prevent the passage of emigrants across the Great Plains, and especially to muster their entire strength for a final battle against the troops under General Sully.

This force of Indians was comprised of 6,000 able-bodied warriors. A plentiful supply of guns and other necessary equipment had been furnished the Indians during the winter by half-breeds and traders from the British Selkirk settlements on the Red River of the North.

Major General John Pope, commanding the Department of the North West, felt that if this entire force of Indians could be met and properly dealt with, it would forever end the large scale maraudings of the northern tribes; accordingly, during the hard winter of 1863-64, preparations for this campaign began.

The plan called for putting into the field during the summer of 1864, under the command of Brigadier General Alfred Sully, an active column of 2,500 cavalrymen. They would advance against the Indians wherever they could be found and do battle with them. At the same time, detachments of infantry would follow up these actions and establish strong posts in the Indian country. These posts would be close enough together to prevent concerted action between the tribes; to command the hunting grounds so that a heavy force of cavalry could be dispatched to any portion of the region in which the Indians were obliged to hunt for food. These cavalry units could also protect emigrant routes from the Upper Missouri to the territories of Idaho and Montana.

When the dogwoods began to blossom along the Sioux River, General Sully collected the forces under his command and commenced to move up the Missouri.

Pastime or Profession . . .

join the world's most enjoyable and most profitable activity!!

TURN THOSE FANTASTIC DREAMS OF ADVENTURE INTO REALITY...

UNCOVER TREASURES LOST FOR CENTURIES WITH A RELCO METAL/MINERAL DETECTOR

- Detects gold, silver, iron, coins
- Works through earth, vegetation, water, beach sand
- Powered by inexpensive battery
- So powerful they detect even a single coin
- Easy to operate. Weighs about 3 pounds
- Many top-quality models to choose from
- Lowest prices. Buy factory-direct and save
- Instant financing available; small down payment

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

FREE: Write or call day or night for big free catalog, L. P. phono record and unusual souvenir coin. Phone (area 713) 682-2728 RELCO, Dept. DD96, Box 10839, Houston, Tex. 77018

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Strung out behind him were 1,500 Minnesota cavalrymen with four light guns, the battle-ready Sixth Iowa Cavalry, three companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, two companies of Dakota Cavalry, four companies of Brackett's Battalion Cavalry, one small company of scouts, and four mounted howitzers. They numbered in all 2,200 men. Franklyn J. Niles and Henry Heath were among them.

Alfred Sully marched to the head of Heart River, some forty miles above the confluence of the Cannonball and the Missouri. At this point he corralled his trains and, leaving sufficient guard, moved rapidly toward the northwest until he reached the point where the combined forces of the Indians were assembled.

On the morning of July 28, 1864 he found, confronting his command, 6,000 Indian warriors, strongly entrenched in a wooded country cut up with rugged hills and deep ravines.

With Acting Sergeant Henry Heath carrying a flag of truce, General Sully advanced toward the Indians' position and invited a conference. The leading chiefs came out to meet him and he had an hour's talk with them.

It is deplorable that General Sully, in his reports, didn't name these chiefs. He probably looked upon them as murderers who didn't warrant recognition. Big Eagle, a Santee Sioux, said later that the Mdewkanton Santees had been joined by Wahpeton and Sisseton warriors as well as Tetons, Brulé, Oglalas and others of the vast Sioux Nation.

Lightning Blanket was there and so was Spotted Tail, both of whom had fought Colonel Henry H. Sibley, known to the Sioux as "The Long Trader," in the summer of 1862 along the Yellow Medicine River. Pawnee Killer of the Oglala Sioux must have attended the conference; also, Tatanka Yotanka (The Sitting Bull) a young Teton Sioux who years later would lead the strategy at the Greasy Grass River fight, which the whites were to call the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

General Sully reported that the Indians were defiant and refused to consider the terms of surrender which Sully offered them. Seeing he was getting nowhere with negotiations, General Sully ended the conference and ordered his troops into battle line.

THE ARTILLERY opened the engagement, the troops advancing and firing rapidly. For a time the battle was sharp and bloody but the superior range and destructiveness of the horse soldiers' rifles and the deadly fire of the artillery were more than a match for the Indians despite their great advantage in numbers. They were driven back to their lodges and compelled to abandon them. Frank Niles wrote his mother of this engagement: "Company H lost a few men but we got all their provisions and everything they owned except the horses they rode away on."

A running fight of nine miles ensued, the Indians finally scattered and escaping with nothing but their wounded and as many of their dead as they could carry. One hundred and twenty-five dead warriors were left on the field.

Colonel Wilson had resigned as Commander of the Sixth and Lieutenant Colonel Pollock had replaced him. In his official report concerning this engagement, General Sully highly commended the officers and men of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry for their faithful and efficient service in winning such a decisive and complete victory over the combined Indian tribes.

On the return march the regiment participated in further action on the 8th and 9th of August. Frank Niles wrote of this to his parents: "We had a pretty good time this Summer with a few exceptions. We had a little fun with the red skins. We whipped them wherever we met them, but I expect we have lost as many men as they have, for they were continually pitching into us and killing our men whenever they got outside of camp. On August 9, Alfred Nicholson, a boy that enlisted the same day I did, was wounded in the rump. He fell back during the engagement to 'do a job for himself' and the Indians made a dash at him. He fell back in it, but got away from them, carrying two arrows with him, one in his backside and one in his horse's side. The Indians got his saber, revolver, rifle and ammunition. That encouraged them, so they made a dash on Company H and a Dakota company, but we dismounted and gave them blue pills so fast that they was glad to retreat back, leaving a number of their dead on the field." This letter was written at Fort Sully, Dakota Territory, several months after this engagement.

Frank continued: "Putting all our fighting together this summer, we fought about sixty hours. I would send you some money now if I dared to run the risk of getting it to you. The mail is robbed so often by the Indians, but we are going to have an escort this winter. I let Sargent Hunter have $20. He is going to Sioux City and he will forward it on to you. We won't be paid again until next Spring."

The returning command had reached the Yellowstone River on August 12 and there found a couple of small steamers loaded with rations awaiting them. With the aid of the steamers, Sully's army, with its wagontrains, crossed the river and moved up to Fort Union on the Missouri. After remaining there a short while, they crossed the river and marched down to Fort Berthold. There they made an attempt to overtake a band of Indians who allegedly were on the warpath, but failed to encounter them, and Sully brought his war-weary band into Fort Rice on September 9.

Frank immediately wrote his sister: "It is with pleasure that I seat myself to write you a few lines. . . . We have just got back from our big Injun hunt this afternoon and Company H and E have just got orders to get ourselves ready to start in the morning on another expedition of 200 miles to relieve an emigrant train which is surrounded by the devils. The 30th C Company of Infantry is going with us. The train consists of 80 wagons and are coralled on high ground away from water, where they have been for six days and will have to stay seven more before we can get there. In all

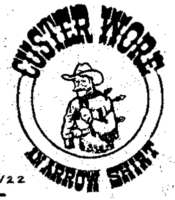
COWBOYS MAKE BETTER LOVERS
241

PEOPLE TRYIN TO OUTLAW GUNS OUTA BE SHOT!
398

Western T-Shirts

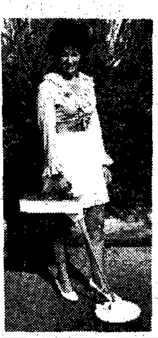
A special offer for the readers of this magazine! An exclusive assortment of our original full color western designs on a quality 100% white cotton t-shirt. These unique shirts are great for the whole family and practical too! A great gift idea! All designs are fade-proof and machine washable. Order now at only $3.00 child - $3.50 adult + $.50 postage and handling each. Please state no. design(s) and shirt size child or adult s-m-l-xl. 10 day money back guarantee. For a Ill. catalog of 300 designs send $.25. Send check or money order today!

DISCOVERY CORP. BOX 288 DEPT. F T 3-20
RAPID CITY, S.D. 57701


CUSTER WORE AN ARROW SHIRT
122

Goat Ropers Need Love too
238

$$TREASURE$$



Find buried gold, silver, jewelry and coins with patented metal detectors that can distinguish metallic trash, such as tin cans, from treasure. Some trash like aluminum cans are not even detected, saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, ground pickup eliminate feature, great range, etc. FREE CATALOGUE.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 34, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

SPECIAL OFFER

Read all about today's gold rush. Monthly newspaper with pictures, articles, news about prospecting and mining. Regular $5.00. Introductory subscription $1.00 for 12 issues.

Western PROSPECTOR & MINER
Box 146 — Tombstone, Az. 85638

THE TRUTH WAGON!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

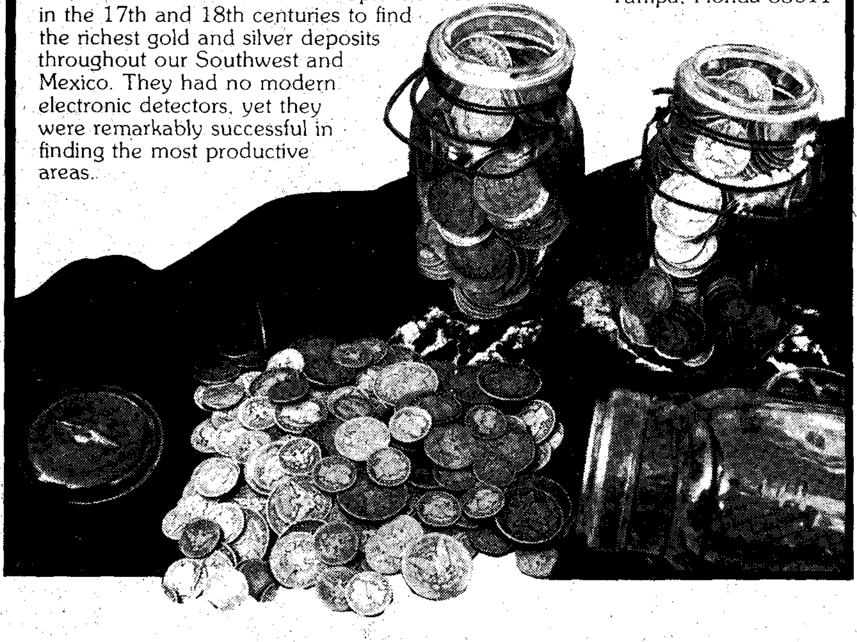
Look for this symbol for the best in exciting, carefully researched Western Americana. It's the truth—as factual as us mere mortals can make it. And when you find the magazines with this symbol covered up on the newsstand, PULL 'EM OUT, PARDNER, so others can find them easily. It sure helps, and that's the truth!

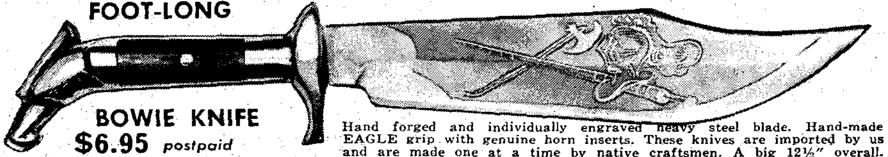
GOLD & SILVER
LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE

With the SPANISH DIP NEEDLE, Gold and Silver treasure or ore deposits can be detected and traced from a long distance away. Many successful users report picking it up from over a mile away. This instrument is no Johnny-Come-Lately. It is the same kind of device the Spanish used in the 17th and 18th centuries to find the richest gold and silver deposits throughout our Southwest and Mexico. They had no modern electronic detectors, yet they were remarkably successful in finding the most productive areas.

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P.O. Box 13441B
Tampa, Florida 33611



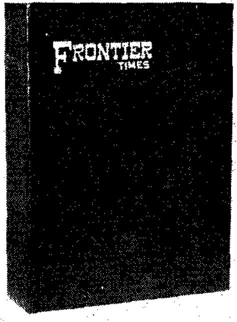


FOOT-LONG
BOWIE KNIFE
$6.95 *postpaid*

Hand forged and individually engraved heavy steel blade. Hand-made EAGLE grip with genuine horn inserts. These knives are imported by us and are made one at a time by native craftsmen. A big 12½" overall. Perfect for hunting and camping. You can't find this knife in any collection outside of a museum. Check, cash or money order. No C.O.D. please. California residents add 5% sales tax.

BOWIE KNIFE, DEPT. FT-5, 4535 Huntington Dr. So., L.A., Calif. 90032

Frontier Times Binders



Only $5.50 each

- FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!

FRONTIER TIMES BINDERS
P.O. BOX 3338, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

I am enclosing $__________. Send______ binders at $5.50 each to the following:

Name________________________

Address______________________

City_______________State________

- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $5.50 each, postpaid.

probabality they will all be killed before we can make it there. Ogen of our company was with them and slipped away during the night and come back for reinforcements.

"P.S.—Company H has fought three days lately and only one man wounded with arrows." The Roster and Records of Iowa Soldiers in the Civil War shows that a detachment of one hundred men, under the command of Captain D. F. Eicher of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, joined a considerable force made up of detachments of other regiments, and marched to the relief of the train. Upon approach of the troops, the Indians rapidly retreated toward the north and after an absence of three weeks these troops returned to Fort Rice.

During the winter of 1864-65, the regiment was widely separated, detachments having wintered at Fort Randall, Fort Sully, Sioux City and Yankton, as well as the Sioux and Winnebago Indian Agencies.

FRANK NILES and his old friend Curly Heath were at Fort Sully, and the usual hardships of winter quarters and inactivity affected the well-being of Company H. He wrote his parents in early 1865: "We know nothing about anything that transpires away from this burrow. It is the same old thing over and over again. Standing guard and fatigue inspection and dress parade guard every five days. I am on guard duty tonight. They have a notion to attack us but they dare not. We are not allowed out of the fort after sundown.

"One of the red skins was killed here a day or two ago by a miney ball. So it has been all winter, once and a while an Indian killed, and the officers look around but can't find the man who done it, so they escape being court martialed and shot.

"We don't know where we are going this Summer. We have no orders yet. They are buying horses and arming us with Sharps rifles, which looks a little suspicious that we are going somewhere. We hope so, anyway. Anywhere to be moving would suit us better than Fort Sully.

"I suppose you would like to hear we still have sow belly and coffee. Well, potatoes as big as ground nuts sell at twenty cents per pound. Apples a dollar a dozen. Very good to keep a poor soldier from dying of skurvy, but better for them that sell them. The officers get theirs free for letting the skin-flints sell to us. Skullduggery from the Company cook to General Grant and President Lincoln.

"The skurvy is a-dying away here some now. It has troubled me some, but I feel I am getting better and my eyes are most well. The ice on the old Mosura has broke up and we'll have some fish soon. A half-breed girl here made a pair of moccasins and I have them for Nora. . . . Love to all, F. Niles."

Despite Frank's suspicions that more Indian fighting was in the offing, official reports do not show any activity of the regiment against the Indians during the spring and summer of 1865. The Indians seemed to realize that with the end of the white men's war, the Government was capable of sending any number of troops to suppress further outbreaks. And so, for the time at least, those Indians who were wards of the nation became comparatively quiet.

Frank Niles wrote his last letter to Louisa on September 1, 1865 from Fort Randall. He was ravaged with typhoid fever and told her: "Louisa, I am too weak to write. If you should see me now, you wouldn't know me. I hardly know myself when I look in the glass. I am nothing but skin and bones. I don't weigh a hundred pounds. For two or three days when I was in the hospital I hardly expected to see you again, and I don't know yet if I will live to get home, but I think if I am not taken down again before I get well of this, I shall be all right.

"Henry Heath is almost well. Everything seems dull here except flies and mosquitoes and there's a God's plenty of them. It beats anything I ever saw. One can't take a nap of a day time for the flies will gnaw you to death, and nights the mosquitoes, fleas and bed bugs and all such that can torment a person cuts loose.

"I want to get away from here as soon as possible, but the bigger the hurry a fellow is in, the longer he has to stay as a general thing.—F. Niles."

By this time, however, troops of the regular army were taking the place of the volunteers, and the Sixth Regiment was mustered out of service of the United States at Sioux City, on October 17, 1865. It then proceeded to Davenport, Iowa and was disbanded there. Frank Niles and Henry Heath, pale, thin and shaky from their long illness at Fort Randall, managed smart salutes to the commanding officer and received their discharges.

The Roster and Records of Iowa Soldiers states: "The Sixth Iowa Cavalry spent more than two and a half years on the Northern frontier, a considerable part of the time engaged in active operations against a barbarous and treacherous foe. Its officers and men endured great privations and displayed true heroism in their conflicts with the Indians. A great part of the country over which they marched and fought is now occupied by a happy and prosperous people, and the remnants of the once powerful Indian tribes are now living quietly and peaceably upon reservations which the Government has established for them. The descendants of the hardy pioneers who settled the Northwest will hold in grateful remembrance the brave sons of Iowa, who went forth from their homes and drove the relentless savages from the scenes of their brutal massacres to the desolate regions of the North."

Henry Heath, recuperated from the ravages of disease which killed almost three times as many of the regiment as did the Indians, lost no time in marrying Frank's sister Louisa, but Frank Niles, war-weary and cynical, found no girl to his liking for twenty more years. Then at the age of forty-two, he married a laughter-loving, comely Iowa farm girl, Edna Parrot, twenty-two years his junior. They had a long and happy life together, rearing thirteen sons and daughters.

Adanijah, who had joined the Army of the Rebellion, didn't fare so well. A whiff of grapeshot from the howitzers of General Grant got him as the Confederate Army was retreating out of Richmond in April 1865.

Four Years in the Deaf Smith County Jail

(*Continued from page 39*)

Upon hearing this, the prisoner's groans became even louder and more agonizing, interspersed with the accusation, "I told you I was dying." There was no hospital in Hereford, and no ambulance, so right there in the "run-around" of the jail, Mr. Henry parted with his appendix.

I hope the other prisoners were sympathetic. We *tried* to be but we had a very demanding patient on our hands for days. There certainly were no tears shed when those two brothers served their sentence and walked down the old steel stairway and out the front door—we hoped *forever*.

DURING our years of making our home in the jail, there was never a woman prisoner, and I believe I am safe in saying that it was never necessary for Papa to arrest a woman. There were no facilities for women in the jail; only cells and run-around for the men.

A very sad thing happened in this respect. Late one evening, just at dusk, a man from out in the country appeared at the front door of the jail with his wife. When Papa invited them in, the man said, "Mr. Connell, I'm going to have to ask you to lock up my wife. She has been losing her mind for some time but I have been able to take care of her. Now she has become violent, and is dangerous. I'm afraid she will kill herself or someone else. Can you keep her here until we can get her in a mental hospital? (Only he said "insane asylum," which was the terminology at that time.)

Upstairs there was a room known as the "jury room." It was large and airy and could be made both comfortable and secure. When the woman's husband came back downstairs he was in tears, and I can remember his tragic words to my mother, "Mrs. Connell, that is the hardest thing I ever did in my life, and this is the saddest day of my life." My mother, kind Christian woman that she was, did her best to comfort him and to encourage him that his wife would respond to treatment in the hospital and be able to return to her family.

The woman only remained with us a short time until she was committed to the hospital in Austin. I shall never forget how our hearts went out in compassion for her—the only woman inmate of "our" jail.

Always when Papa went to pick up a prisoner or track down an outlaw, there was a feeling of anxiety and suspense at home until he returned. One cold, gloomy day he left in the buggy to pick up a man accused of cattle rustling. The day wore into dusk and early wintry dark,

"THE WESTERN POLO"

MANY OTHER STYLES

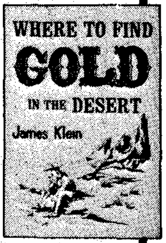
Made To Order Only

This tall, handsome boot offers the maximum in leg protection. Available in a wide variety of imported French and U.S. leathers. Your choice of top, heel and toe styles. Prices depend on leathers you choose. Made to order only. Write for FREE CATALOG and ordering instructions.

WESTERN HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, SOCKS, ETC.

JOE HALL, Box 17971T El Paso, Texas 79917

WHERE TO FIND GOLD IN THE DESERT, by James Klein. Paperback—113 pages, illustrated. GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, where it is, how to find it and where to sell it. This book contains listings of Gem bearing areas and the history of Gold in the desert, plus the latest information on the famous lost treasures of the desert and new tales never before told. The gold bearing regions are pinpointed in the California and Arizona deserts from the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas to the Mexican border. $4.95 each. Send orders to P. J. PRESS, 10262 Gilbert Street, Anaheim, Ca. 92804.



Have Your Name Printed On 10x14" Parchment Wanted Posters

(3 Styles Available)

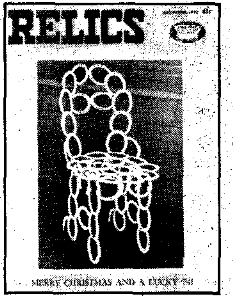
1. $10,000 Reward
2. $15,000 Reward
3. $25,000 Reward

The Madisonian,
Box 367-Dept. A,
Historic Virginia City, Montana 59755

-Prompt Delivery-

A Great Western Idea

$2.00



A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE!

A magazine devoted entirely to the treasures, artifacts, relics and collectibles intimately associated with the expansion and development of the vast frontier.

☐ 1 year (6 issues—$2.50)
☐ 2 year (12 issues—$4.50)

RELICS
P.O. BOX 3338
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

and still no sign of sheriff and prisoner. To add to the anxiety, a blue norther accompanied the gathering darkness and a light snow began falling.

Much to our relief, about bedtime we heard the welcome sound of two men stomping snow from their feet before they entered the door. We noticed that the prisoner was not handcuffed so we concluded that he was not dangerous. Papa introduced him to us as Mr. White (not his real name). Mamma had kept supper warm on the big old coal range.

As the other prisoners had already been fed, Mr. White ate with Papa at the dining table. He had very little to say and impressed us as being embarrassed; as soon as he had eaten and warmed himself thoroughly by the stove, Papa took him to a cell and locked him up.

We children listened as Papa explained to my mother about the arrest. He had arrived at the little house in the country to find the suspect up on a step ladder tacking canvas to the wall preparatory to papering. Mr. White laid down his tack hammer and came right down when Papa identified himself and said, "I have a warrant for your arrest." Mr. White immediately admitted his guilt without having to be warned that anything he said could be held against him. He said he was having a hard time financially and that he had stolen a few head of cattle and had felt guilty about it ever since and was willing to suffer the consequence.

Papa said that during the long buggy ride across the plains he was impressed that the man was telling the truth and that basically he had integrity.

The wheels of justice turned, and Mr. White was sentenced to a brief term in the penitentiary. Upon his release, he came straight to the jail. He was glad to see us and we were equally happy to see him. Papa invited him to spend the night with us and said he would drive Mr. White out to his home the next morning. As they sat and visited that night, Mr. White cleared his throat and in his shy way said, "Mr. Connell, there's something I want to ask you. I thought about it all time I was gone. When you arrested me up on that step ladder, I had my mouth full of tacks. What became of those tacks? Did I swallow 'em or spit 'em out?" Papa's laughing answer was, "Dogged if I know."

That expression calls this to mind—never once in my life did I ever hear my father use profanity. His strongest expletive was "doggone."

IN LATER YEARS when he had a car, he would never have won a prize for being the world's best driver. One day, following a collision which he had with another car on the main street of Hereford, the driver of the other vehicle turned the air blue with his profanity, demanding what in the blankety blank Papa was going to do about it. By then a big crowd had gathered to see and hear the excitement. Papa calmly replied, "You can do as you doggone please. I'm going to drive around to the garage and have mine fixed."

Papa's stature and commanding personality no doubt contributed to his success as a law officer. With his height of over six feet and his weight of near three hundred pounds, he had a distinct advantage over the average lawbreaker. I really don't know why but Papa never wore a sheriff's badge and always carried his gun concealed. Fortunately, he never had to use a gun although his reputation as an expert marksman was widespread. He received his marksmanship training while a Texas Ranger under Captain Bill McDonald.

Among my most poignant memories of those years were the times when the prisoners departed our jail for the penitentiary. They were always handcuffed and shackled with leg-irons—a wise precaution, no doubt. They would come down the steel stairway with chains clanging, accompanied by guards from Huntsville. Our family would stand in the lobby and say goodbye to them and wish them well. Always there were tears.

My mother never really liked living in the jail. In fact she disliked it thoroughly and longed for a home of her own where life would be more normal for her children. My sister, the youngest of the seven children, has the dubious

GOLD!
75¢
TREASURE IN THE PANHANDLE
Lost Mines • Gold Rush • Buried Treasure • The Works!

LOST MINES • GOLD RUSH • BURIED TREASURE

THE WORKS!

Don't miss an issue—

Subscribe Now!

GOLD! P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Texas 78764

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

I ENCLOSE $__________FOR__________SUBSCRIPTIONS.

☐ Gift card to read from____________________.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________State________
☐ 12 Issues—$7.50 Zip________
☐ 6 Issues—$4.00

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________State________
☐ 12 Issues—$7.50 Zip________
☐ 6 Issues—$4.00

distinction of being born in the jail! Yet, in retrospect, those years do not seem abnormal but rather an integral part of our growing up. We had a lot of object lessons and we've never forgotten them.

El Paso Remembers Madero

(Continued from page 20)

waving a large caliber pistol around, we left in a hurry."

Bryan had witnessed the unfortunate disagreement in which Orozco insisted on Navarro's prompt execution and Madero refused such treatment of a man he considered an honorable opponent. Madero escorted Navarro across the line to El Paso, but he seemingly lost Orozco's support from then on.

General Navarro was Provisional President Madero's honored guest at the victory banquet held on May 31 at the famous Toltec Club in downtown El Paso. Carl Beers, prominent civic leader, kept the menu containing autographs of President Madero and General Juan N. Navarro, General B. J. Viljoen, and Guiseppi Garibaldi.

The menu showed the meal progressing from cocktails and champagne, canapes a la Russe and jellied consomme, to filet of sole ravigotte with julienne potatoes and cucumber, to sweetbreads a la Madero, followed by roast tenderloin of beef, potatoes rissole, asparagus and salad. It wound up with ice cream, cakes, Camembert cheese, Bents biscuits and coffee and after-dinner liqueurs. The sumptuous victory dinner is another of El Paso's memories of President Madero.

ON May 25, 1911 President Diaz resigned his office and sailed for Europe. Francisco Leon de la Barra was named Provisional President of Mexico by the Mexican Congress, whereupon Francisco Madero and his cabinet resigned and placed all rebel forces at the command of de la Barra until Madero could be formally elected. In early October Francisco I. Madero was inaugurated and assumed office.

Julius Heins, well-known El Paso restauranteur, witnessed President Madero's triumphant entry into Mexico City on June 7. He recalled that the night before Madero's arrival Mexico City suffered a violent earthquake, complete with tumbled buildings, over 200 deaths, panic and terror. "It knocked the poker chips from a table where I was playing cards," he said.

Madero's followers declared the earthquake to be a good omen for the country and the new leadership. His enemies loudly proclaimed that it proved the displeasure of the gods. "Anyhow," said Heins, "you never saw anything like the crowds that massed along the street to greet him. It took his carriage four hours to make the short drive from the railway station to the National Palace. The people cheered themselves hoarse."

In less than sixteen months, the cheers had turned to doubt, disrespect and hostility. The "Idealist" did not seem capable of keeping his well-meant promises. Uprisings against his government became more serious as months went on. In February the senate demanded the resignation of Madero and Vice-president Pino Suárez. Both signed the resignations after being assured a safe exile for themselves and their families. On February 22, 1913, however, while being transferred from the National Palace to the penitentiary for their so-called security, both Madero and Suárez were shot and killed. The stories about the assassination had many versions at the time and continues to have now.

Mrs. Theodore Kyriacopulos recalled the shocked reaction of El Pasoans to the news. "I remember seeing Pancho Villa in my father's grocery store under the Roma Hotel, right after we had word of President Madero's assassination," she said. "I heard Villa say, 'Well, they killed Madero, but they have me to deal with.' Then he cried. It was a scene I shall never forget."

Pancho Villa was true to his promise. It is now history how the exiled peon-bandit-guerrilla leader, with a handful of followers, swept through Chihuahua gathering an army that for a while crushed all opposition. He fought savagely; it was claimed, for the ideals of the fallen Madero.

Those ideals still live in the hearts of many Mexican people and in the memories of many Americans. November 20, the date of Madero's proclamation of the Plan of San Luis Potosí, is an important Mexican national holiday, observed throughout the country with speeches, parades and ceremonies honoring veterans of the Revolution.

Every year on February 22, the date that Americans honor the anniversary of the birth of our first President, the Mexican people remember the anniversary of the assassination of their President Madero, "Mexico's George Washington." They come to Peace Grove, the little park beside the Rio Grande, across from El Paso, to lay wreaths at the statue of their martyred leader. Nearby rises the white shaft marking the international boundary. By two and threes, young couples with children, older people with memories etched on their faces, respectfully pay tribute to the man who had a dream for them. Francisco Madero's Plan of San Luis Potosí is still a cherished goal—a little land for each man, a place to call his own here on earth.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 3)

a lesser known, but just as important character in frontier times.

Some of my relatives, the Borens, around the Four Corners area of Texas in Grayson, Fannin, Collin and Hunt Counties, Texas were involved in the Lee-Peacock Feud and consequently with Wes Hardin and the Tennilles and others. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information on the Borens in Texas or elsewhere.—Kerry Ross Boren, 3080 Cortney Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84120

Shaniko

Just recently your November, 1975 FRONTIER TIMES was brought to my attention with a most interesting article to me—"Smallpox and the Pesthouse." I was born in Shaniko in August 1901.

Texas Ranchland for sale

Write for list of some rather unusual offerings.

WESTERN LAND COMPANY
P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Texas 78764

BURIED TREASURE

LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE

With my sensitive

DIRECTIONAL LOCATOR

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P.O. BOX 13441-B TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

STUD HAT

GAMBLER HAT . . . very sharp looking in lustrous finish high quality wool felt. The modern styling is accented by rugged leather-like hat band and its brass studs and decorative feather. 3⅛" rolled brim. Buffalo brn. or blk. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾. $9.95. Add $1 handling chg. Free catalog.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

OUTDOOR WORLD Division of Western Brands Dept. FT-56
PHONE 303: 586-3361 ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517

OLD WEST, TRUE WEST & FRONTIER TIMES COLLECTORS!

We have a limited number of rare and unavailable issues of OLD WEST, TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for $3.00 each. We have less than a dozen copies of some of these issues, and must sell them on a strictly first come-first served basis.

TRUE WEST 15, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, ■, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, ■, 57, ■, 60, 61, 62, 63, 82.

FRONTIER TIMES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33.

OLD WEST 17, 18, 27.

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. Box 3338 — Austin, Texas 78764

I was too young at the time of this epidemic to know about it but I heard about it later and we children were warned never to go near the burial ground. Not being the adventurous or inquisitive type I never did, but I'm not so sure about my brothers.

My father and mother, Gustav H. Reeder and Wilhelmina L. Burr, were married in Shaniko in April 1900. They lived there and raised a family of five, two sons and three daughters. They celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in the Columbia Southern Hotel, the only place in town large enough to accommodate the crowd of friends and relatives who had come for many miles to help them celebrate the happy occasion. They had lived there longer than anyone ever had or likely ever would.

I now am living within thirty-eight miles of Shaniko, the so-called ghost town, but I have no desire to go there even for a visit. It no longer is the home I once knew. I prefer to reminisce.—Mrs. John T. (Elsie L.) Jones, Box 202, Moro, Oregon 97039

Goldie Cameron

The following obituary was clipped from the January 7, 1976 issue of the *Daily Camera* of Boulder, Colorado and mailed to us by a reader who didn't sign his name. Whoever he might be, we appreciate his thoughtfulness.

☆ ☆

Goldie Cameron early day rodeo and wild west show rider, died last night at the Mesa Vista Sanatorium.

Mrs. Cameron, 83, was widely known throughout the area and formerly was well known in show circuits.

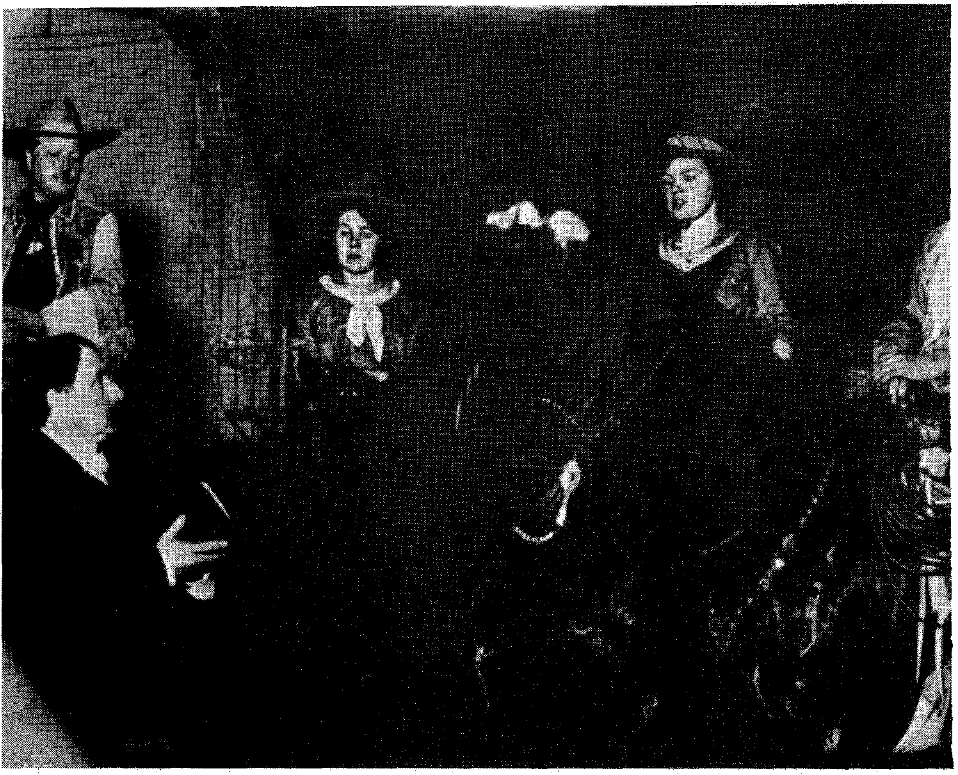
Born at Kimmundy, Illinois on September 30, 1893, as Goldie Griffith, she was the daughter of show people. Her father had a medicine show and her mother was known as Madame Russell, famous trainer of dogs.

In 1910, her mother let her join Blanche Whitney's Athletic Show, which principally featured lady wrestlers. In 1912, she joined the 101 Ranch Show. That organization and the related 101 Bison Company combined national wild west show tours and the production of Western motion pictures. Goldie Griffith became a participant in both, playing with Hoot Gibson, Lester Peg, Helen Holmes and other stars of that era.

In 1913 she was invited by Col. William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody to join his wild west show. She remained with that show until it broke up in Denver that year. She later traveled with the Sells-Floto Circus and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1916 and 1917 and took part in rodeos as a bronco and trick rider until 1922.

She was married in 1913 in the old Madison Square Garden in New York City to Harry Sterling, another bronc and trick rider. The marriage was performed on horseback as part of the show before 8,000 persons, The couple assumed the show name of Walters.

Her sheepskin wedding dress and other items are now in the collection of the Buffalo Bill and State Historical Society museums.



The wedding picture of Goldie Griffith and Harry Sterling (right); Pawnee Bill on extreme left.

The Sterlings were divorced and she married Tim Cameron, another rodeo rider. They moved to the Tucker, now Caribou, Ranch in Boulder County on New Year's Day, 1922. They also were divorced later.

Mrs. Cameron settled in Nederland, Colorado where she ran a restaurant for many years.

She is survived by a son, Russell Sterling, who is at sea currently in connection with his job with Standard Oil Co. There are also four grandchildren.

From a Soldier

I am a member of the United States Army serving in the Republic of South Korea. I have been stationed in South Korea since April 1972. Although I have never made an appeal such as I am making at this time, I am seeking aid from you or anyone who might be interested in the children of the Hwa-Rang orphanage.

I became directly involved with this orphanage through sheer accident. One afternoon as I was returning home from work I saw a sight which I'll never be able to erase from my memory. Three small children were rummaging through the garbage can located outside my house. As I approached, they became frightened and attempted to run. I called for them to stop. Finally, after one of them stopped, I was able to calm him down enough so that, through my wife, he was able to explain to me that he was an orphan.

After cleaning him up and giving him a decent meal we returned him to the orphanage where we discovered that not only this child but fourteen others were suffering from severe frostbite. I was able to obtain medical assistance through an Army physician. I made a pledge right then that I'd do everything in my power to get help for these eighty-eight children before another winter comes.

In the Republic of Korea, there is the problem of carbon monoxide poisoning. Heating a room is accomplished by charcoal briquettes placed under the floor. Cracks in the floor permit carbon monoxide to enter the rooms inhabited by the children.

I have made many repairs on these buildings (if they may be called buildings) but they are literally on the verge of collapse. Repairs are useless they are in such bad shape. It would be easier to destroy the present buildings and build new ones.

These same children in a few short years will become adults. In their present environment, I am afraid they will grow up having a negative outlook toward the world. If God sees fit to grant me help in my endeavors to at least give these orphans the bare necessities of life, I will always be grateful as I know these children will. I will try even harder from day to day to gain the respect and be an example of an American while I'm over here.

I trust this appeal that I am making will not be misinterpreted, so as one might think that I am seeking personal recognition. I wish all recognition to reflect upon the American people who more than any other nation on earth deserve such recognition.

I intend to put any assistance I receive to the best possible use. At the present time, I feel there is no better use than the 88 children of the Hwa-Rang orphanage who have neither home nor family.

I am trying to be more than just another soldier. I am trying in my daily life to represent each and every one of you.—Tampa G. Smith, SSG, 254-64-5750, 128th Aviation Company (AH), APO San Francisco 96358

Panhandle People

I am a history buff located here in the Texas Panhandle. Mostly I like the stories on early ranching, such as "Cattle Kings," in your February, March, and April 1964 publications.

Maurice Kildare's story in the November 1975 FRONTIER TIMES, "American Valley Went Up in Smoke," held a special interest for me. For about five years I have tried to find out all I could on the W. C. Moore in that story.

W. C. Moore came to the Panhandle in 1877 and went to work on the LX ranch. He was there only a short time when he was made foreman. He was also made postmaster of the town of Wheeler. This is not to be confused with the present city of that name in Wheeler County; the other one was in Potter County located on the Canadian River east of old Tascosa.

In 1878-79 the ranches along the Canadian River were losing cattle to Billy the Kid. The then new Panhandle Livestock Association which had been formed in Mobeetie, Texas went into action. The LX, LS, LIT and Old Man Torrey's ranch banded together. W. C. Moore, foreman of the LX, was given the responsibility of outfitting one of the chuckwagons. The men assigned to that wagon were Charlie Siringo, Lon Chambers, Lee Hall and Jim East.

W. C. Moore gave Charlie Siringo three or four hundred dollars to buy feed for the horses and grub for the men. When supplies got low Siringo was sent to Las Vegas but had a few drinks, got in a poker game and lost all the money.

While W. C. Moore was foreman of the LX he was also ranching for himself in Potter County. His brand was Circle H and MC. In 1880 he bought the Double H near Adobe Falls in Hutchinson County. In August 1881 the Wheeler County Court designated W. C. Moore's ranch as the voting place for Hutchinson County with Moore as election judge. This was for the first election in the Panhandle.

That same year Moore sold his ranch to A. H. Johnson who was manager of the Prairie Land and Cattle Co. LIT for $75,000. Now the local history has it that he went from there to New Mexico where he went back into ranching, got in trouble and went to South America. Not so, says Charlie Siringo, Pinkerton detective. Charlie, who had worked for him while cowboying on the LX, met him in Alaska. I wish this was the end, but no. W. C. Moore was supposed to have had a past when he came here to the Panhandle. Some say he killed a man in Wyoming and another in California but I have not been able to prove this.

Moore was supposed to have built a stone house in Hutchinson County but neither the house nor remains of the house have ever been located. When an article appeared in the local paper about this house never having been found plus an article wanting information on a stone house in Potter County on Lake Meredith I pointed out that they might be one and the same. Now, I only said probably; I didn't say it was so and I still don't. I wrote the local editor and he was real nice. He let me talk on the phone to an historian who probably knows more of the Panhandle history than anyone. Next I went to the U. S. Park Rangers and one thing for sure I have learned—I may be wrong and you may be wrong, but the Park Rangers are *never* wrong! I don't think I could have gotten a colder shoulder if I had been foundered on loco weed.

I wrote letters to Wyoming, California and New Mexico, read local history and went through my old issues of your publications. A picture of the very house is in one of those issues, July 1973, in a story by Russel Jones. Jones has it identified as a stage stop on the old Butterfield stage run in Young County. I bought a copy of the Young County history but my house wasn't in it. The Potter County house looks much older than the 1906 that the U. S. Park Rangers label it. It could be the W. C. Moore house, rebuilt in 1906.

If anyone knows anything about the house, W. C. Moore, his brand or his time while in New Mexico, I sure would like for them to drop me a line. I'm just a history buff at heart and always more than glad to help out on any of the Panhandle people.—Big Jim Vallaster, Box 941, Fritch, Texas 79036

Dreamweavers

(Continued from page 33)

Alden King uphanded himself over the rock reef to the safety of shallow tidewater but a pink foam wake rose behind him. Elmer had seized his hand as they raced panting up the beach. Elmer pointed at the bloody sand, at the white-pink bones of Alden's foot, stripped bare of flesh. Mexicans crossed themselves and murmured, *"Muerte."*

Alden King to his final hour was given every kindness. Those at the colony tried every herb, root, remedy and spell that they knew. But die he did, with slow, tortured delirious finality. Years later, old Don Bampo, swinging frantically on his cage perch, would utter cries and jumbles of demented inflection; sometimes sentences.

Old ones have no stomach for watching their young ones die, even at home in a clean bed, surrounded by those who love them, Henry and John King, who had stood the brutal weeks of the smallpox winter, felt their spirits crumble within them.

At the end of thirty months, almost to the day, Henry wrote his son-in-law for train fare home. An early spring flood in 1892 had washed out every semblance of the Ditch. The commissary was all but bare. The whole impractical scheme had collapsed.

Elmer King said he would not go back; he would stay and marry Cellita, the Mexican girl who had been so kind to his dying brother. John King said he would stay also, and marry the school teacher.

Will Comfort was the next to be buried, and his younger brother Herb was close to death too from the typhoid which swept the camp. Surelta, Herb's widowed sister-in-law, bathed the thin yellow face in tepid water and encouraged him to

CROCKETT HOTEL

Texas landmark for sale! Located directly across from the Alamo and only one block from HemisFair Plaza. Complete Restaurant, Meeting, Banquet and Office facilities. Additional Income. Net $40,000 yearly. Contact Annette Middaugh — AC (512) 828-0664 — 225-4494 — 344-7122 or write 320 Bonham Street, San Antonio, Texas 78205

Announcing a very small grand opening

W. A. SEYMOUR GRAPHIC DESIGN

Specializing in the design of printed matter—from initial layout to camera ready copy

Letterheads • Ad layout • Brochures • Books
Magazines • Calligraphy • Artwork • Visual Aids

EXECUTIVE BUILDING / 3007 N. LAMAR / SUITE 205
Mon.-Fri. 1-6 PM; Sat. 1-5 PM Phone: (512) 451-0315

METAL/MINERAL DETECTORS

WORLD-FAMOUS QUALITY

White's

Over 24 models priced from $79.50 with budget terms available.

World's leading maker of fine instruments. Write us today for our dealer listing.

Dept. FB6-E, 1011 Pleasant Valley Rd. Sweet Home, Or. 97386

THE TEXAS ARMY

A History of the 36th Division in the Italian Campaign

By ROBERT L. WAGNER

SALERNO • ALTAVILLA • PERSANO
SAN PIETRO • CASSINO • THE RAPIDO
VELLETRI • ROME

These are immortal names in American military history—due in great part to the men who became known as "T-Patchers."

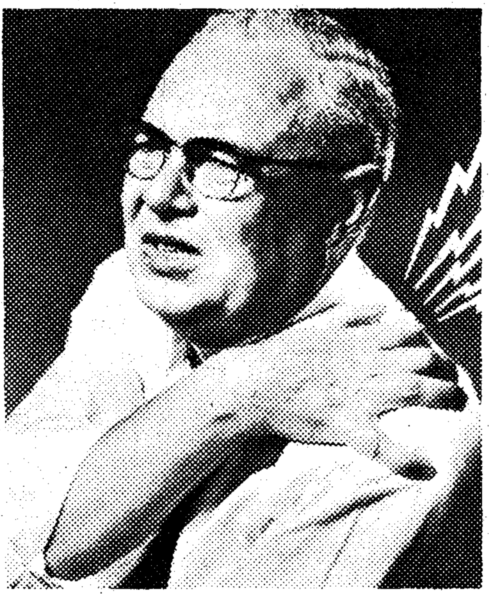
Cloth, 300 pages, photos and maps
$10.50 postpaid

ORDER DIRECT FROM AUTHOR-PUBLISHER:

ROBERT L. WAGNER, P.O. Box 13488
Capitol Station, Austin, Texas 78711

Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!

Time Proven ICY-HOT PUTS PAIN TO SLEEP "Without taking Pills"



If you're one of the many, many folks who have "tried everything"—taken pills by the thousand, capsules until you've gagged on them, spoonfulls of evil-tasting liquids until you can't stand the sight of your medicine cabinet, then it's time you get ICY-HOT!

ICY-HOT has been making friends for just about 50 years.

You don't "take" ICY-HOT. Instead you just rub its creamy balm over the affected joints or muscles. That's all there is to it. ICY-HOT must get you the results you want—blessed temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism, soreness, stiffness. You begin to sleep peacefully again. You can actually feel the pain lessening. If you don't have relief in 24 hours, we'll return your money. Yes, you must be *100% thrilled* with the speed with which ICY-HOT puts pain to sleep, or we'll return the purchase price without question. Send $3.00 for 3½ oz. jar, or $5.00 for 7 oz. jar.

SEND ME ICY-HOT QUICK!

g GIBSON J. W. Gibson Co., Dept.FT5
2000 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Please rush ICY-HOT to me. I must be completely satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother returning the unused portion.)

☐ I enclose $3.00 for the 3½ oz. jar. ☐ Cash
☐ I enclose $5.00 for the 7 oz. jar. ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© J. W. GIBSON CO., 1975

live. "If I could just get home," he whispered. "Just have a drink of well wate at home. . . ."

There is a strange deep will that keep the doomed going long enough to fulfil one last goal. Herb lay on a mattres with Surelta saying, "We are nearin home . . . not long now."

At La Junta, Colorado, a newsma met the train. "The widow of Ezra Comfort's son Will, who died two month ago, is on the train," he reported. "Sh is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. A Hoffmire and has helped care for he young brother-in-law Herb. His deat is imminent and they are trying to ge him home to bury under American skie Surelta Comfort will remain here to visi her parents before returning to her hom in Delphos, Kansas where her father-in-law is a respected farmer."

Herb lived about twenty minutes afte his sip of sweet well water at home breathing ever lighter till no breat came.

"WHAT are you paying the hire help?" Henry asked his son-in-law as they drove around the bloomin farm behind a high-stepping pacer. Th haymow and corncrib were still full fro the past year's crops; calves and pig and baby chicks played in the sprin sunshine. Milk crocks cooled in the ru of the spring, and inside the pantr shelves were crowded with glasses o Louisa's jewel-colored jelly.

"Top wages," Al answered. "Twenty two fifty and found, per month. An keep. *And* washing."

"I wonder why I ever left? What o earth could be better than this place?"

"Let's look at the spring wheat," A answered.

Author's note: Today in Mexico th great Hidalgo Dam waters 585,000 hectares of rich soil. If the Dreamweaver could only see it now: The great suga refinery; the tourists, sportsmen; Coppe Canyon Railway—that tamed rollercoaster gliding through mountain tunnels an over steel-strut trestles; spanning bridges and dipping and diving over bends tha make 360-degree loops in less than mile-and-a-half of track. As late as 193 Elmer King contacted my family fo proof of his U. S. citizenship, when h wanted to be admitted to a Californi hospital for eye treatment. He sti worked in the sugar mill—the successo of the cane mill mirage which never quit materialized for Henry Osborne Benedict.

Jack Slade's Grave Located

(Continued from page 25)

pleasant person was the pitiless scourg of the outlaws, the raw-hand-and-bloody bones the nursing mothers of the mountains terrified their children with."

But Slade could not control his abominable nature when drunk, and in such state he tore up the sutler's store Fort Halleck and was fired from th stage line. His beautiful wife went t live in Salt Lake City while Slade freighted, mosty between Salt Lake and Fo Bridger.

From friends Slade heard of the fabulous gold strike at Alder Gulch in Montana, and gathering up his wife and their few belongings, he moved to Virginia City. In his party were Bill Fairweather, and Louis Simmons (son-in-law of Kit Carson), two of the original discoverers of Alder Gulch, and an old Utah trapper named Jimmie Reed. They arrived in Virginia City in the spring of 1863, bringing wagonloads of goods and a herd of cattle belonging to H. S. Gilbert of Fort Bridger.

Slade became prosperous in a very short time in Montana, buying a 160-acre ranch on Trail Creek about eight miles east of Virginia City. He called it the Spring Dale Ranch, and he owned another 320 acres on the Madison River to the north.

Slade even became a member of the Montana Vigilantes, prominent in the hanging of the Sheriff Plummer gang, and was one of the most respected members of the community—except for an occasional drunken rampage in town, which made him something of a pest.

ON March 10, 1864 a besotted Jack Slade tore up the town of Virginia City, "just having a good time" with his old friend, Bill Fairweather. This time his former friends on the vigilante committee—X. Biedler, James Harry Kiskadden, Charley Brown, Judge Alex Davis, and others—found no humor in it. They rushed him into a "people's court," tried him, and sentenced him to be hanged as a public nuisance—a misdemeanor!

A packing crate was kicked out from under Jack Slade and one of the witnesses—Jimmie Reed—stated that "the damned coward bawled like a baby." His friend Kiskadden met Slade's enraged wife Virginia coming into town and reported that Slade had died like a man, but Virginia, waving Slade's Navy pistol, retorted: "He died like a dog! Jack Slade will never be buried in the soil of Montana!"

Lovely Virginia had Slade's body removed from the Virginia Hotel where it had been taken and placed in a hermetically sealed zinc and tin-lined coffin which she filled with whiskey to preserve the remains of her husband. She then rented a house in Virginia City and with the coffin in the front room, waited for the roads to open to Salt Lake City. In June she loaded the coffin on the top of the Peabody & Caldwell's stage and with her little adopted son, Jimmy, traveled to Salt Lake City, the coffin making a sloshing sound as they rolled along.

In the sexton's book of City Cemetery, Salt Lake City, 1847-64, is written the following: "No. 67, from Bannack (Virginia City), Montana, mines. J. A. Slade. Buried July 20, 1864 on lot B, single. Killed by the Vigilante Committee. To be removed to Illinois in the fall."

But the bones of Jack Slade were never removed to Illinois, and still repose in the Salt Lake City Cemetery, long since forgotten. Many have tried unsuccessfully to locate Slade's grave, and the story appeared to end there until recently.

I MADE a careful search of records in an attempt to locate Slade's elusive grave and was rewarded by the following information: Virginia Maria Slade remained in Salt Lake City until March, 1865 at which time she returned to Virginia City and there married Slade's former friend, James Harry Kiskadden. The couple returned to Salt Lake City where Kiskadden operated a successful hardware store. The marriage, after about two years, ended in divorce. Virginia and Slade's adopted son, Jimmy, were seen in Denver, and then Virginia disappeared. Jimmy (Savoie) Slade remained for some years around his old home at Fort Bridger and Brown's Park.

The last known residence of Virginia Slade was discovered through a letter from J. O. B. Scobey, Chicago attorney, to the Clerk of the District Court, Virginia City, Montana, dated March 12, 1890:

"It seems, according to the story of Mrs. Slade, that although he [Slade] was quite wealthy, there was a general rush made by everybody to get a share of the property, and when it was finally wound up, there were only two or three hundred left for her, of which she was formally notified by the Court at that time.

"She was in Utah, and was so disgusted with the outcome, that she refused to have anything more to do with it or to send for the money. But circumstances with her have changed, and $250 or $300 would now appear to her to be quite a snug fortune. . . ."

James Harry Kiskadden, after his divorce from Virginia Slade, married Annie Adams, popular Salt Lake City actress, and to them was born a daughter who became one of America's most famous actresses—lovely Maude Adams.

A check of the sexton's records shows that Joseph Alfred Slade was buried under the erroneous inscription on his tombstone of "I A. SLADE" instead of the correct "J. A. SLADE." There was no hint as to the exact location except that it was "No. 67 in Lot B." Additional checking revealed that graves were not numbered, and Slade was buried in "Block B" instead of "Lot B." Therefore, Slade should have been buried in Block B, Lot 6, Grave 7.

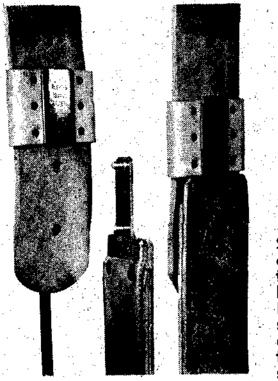
At this location I found the remains of Slade's tombstone, long since fallen and only the top showing from the dirt, but as proof of his burial at this place the two letters "I. A.—" showing plainly.

Efforts are underway through the auspices of the National Association and Center for Outlaw and Lawman History (USU) to place a proper marker at Jack Slade's grave with appropriate ceremonies. He was notorious but he was not criminal, and his contribution to the development of the American West was considerable.

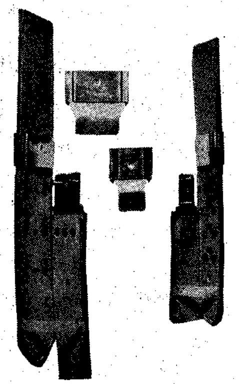
Sonny Powell Died Twice in Welcome Town

(Continued from page 23)

The quiet was suddenly broken by the loud report of gun-shots and once more the shouts of angry men in the street. Matt Forman's almost lifeless body

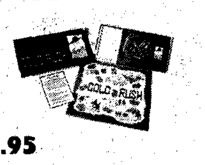


Blevins Stirrup Buckles
NEW, IMPROVED
$6.25 per pair
Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.
AT YOUR DEALERS OR WRITE—
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201



Blevins New All Metal Stirrup Buckles
$4.00
PER PAIR
Blevins new all metal stirrup buckles in 3", 2½" and 2" widths. The 3" and 2½" widths have the posts set horizontally and fit standard holes while the 2" width has the posts set vertically. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum, the same as our leather covered buckles.
At your dealers, or you may write—
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201

TREASURE HUNTING, today's greatest hobby! Send today, FREE CATALOG, widest selection treasure books, detectors. We make it worth your while to buy your detector from us. Ask! Carson Enterprises, 801 Juniper Ave., Boulder, Colo., 80302. Dealer inquiries invited.



STAKE YOUR CLAIM FOR THESE EXCITING BICENTENNIAL PRODUCTS
SAC O'GOLD® GOLD RUSH®
$1.49
One Dozen Imitation Gold Nuggets In A Sack Includes Instructions For Playing Goldstrike Great For Favors and Treasure Hunts
$5.95
Deck of 62 Cards, Shovel Pen 9 Imitation Nuggets, Score Pad Playing Board, Instructions 3-10 Players, Ages 8-80
SEND PAYMENT TO: WESTLAND PHYSICS
DEPT. P
3145 SW WESTWOOD DR.
P.O. BOX 25088
PORTLAND, OREGON 97225
IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT — POSTPAID — SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

Presses and printing are too complicated to explain, but what's important is that we've got a large number of some issues, and only a few of others. IT'S NO GIMMICK! List your choice of back issues (of those marked 60¢) on these two pages and the following page, and get in on these bargains.

Order 5 or more @ 45¢ each

(A 25% savings)

Order 20 or more @ 35¢ each

(Almost half-price)

Order 30 or more @ 30¢ each

(You SAVE 50%!)

Order 40 or more @ 25¢ each

(OVER 50% OFF!)

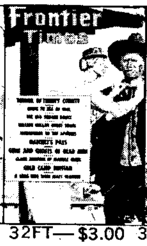
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
— WAREHOUSE SALE —
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

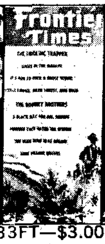
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

WAREHOUSE SALE.... over 50% off!

IMPORTANT: Scarce issues ($3.00 each) are not included in our Warehouse Sale. Sorry . . . Get 'em now, we're going to have to go up soon!

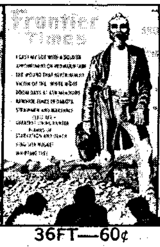
31FT—$3.00


32FT—$3.00

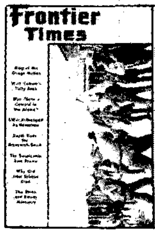

33FT—$3.00

34FT—60¢

Henry Plummer's Golden Loot
35FT—60¢


36FT—60¢

UNAVAILABLE


38FT—60¢

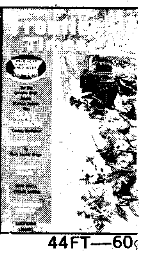
39FT—60¢

40FT—60¢

41FT—60¢

42FT—60¢

43FT—60¢


44FT—60¢

45FT—60¢

46FT—60¢

I CORNERED A LION UNDERGROUND!
47FT—60¢

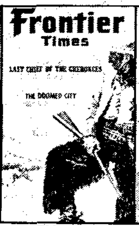
48FT—60¢

49FT—60¢

50FT—60¢

51FT—60¢

52FT—60¢


53FT—60¢

54FT—60¢

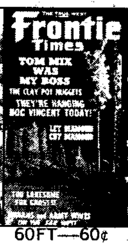
45th ANNIVERSARY
55FT—60¢

56FT—60¢

57FT—60¢

58FT—60¢

59FT—60¢


TOM MIX WAS MY BOSS
60FT—60¢

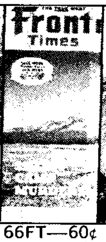
APACHE VENGEANCE
61FT—60¢

62FT—60¢

63FT—60¢

64FT—60¢

65FT—60¢


66FT—60¢

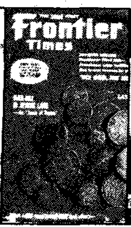
67FT—60¢

68FT—60¢

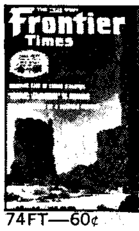
69FT—60¢

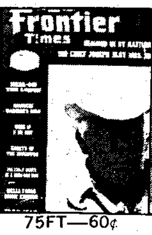
70FT—60¢

71FT—60¢


72FT—60¢

73FT—60¢


74FT—60¢


75FT—60¢

76FT—60¢

77FT—60¢

78FT—60¢

79FT—60¢

80FT—60¢

81FT—60¢

82FT—60¢

83FT—60¢

84FT—60¢

85FT—60¢

86FT—60¢

87FT—60¢

88FT—60¢

89FT—60¢

90FT—60¢

91FT—60¢

92FT—60¢

93FT—60¢

LAST OPEN RANGE IN NEW MEXICO
94FT—60¢

95FT—75¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

BADMEN • RANGE WARS • GOLD RUSH • INDIAN FIGHTS

FIRST... IN THE FIELD OF WESTERN AMERICANA!

GHOST TOWNS • FRONTIER LIFE • BURIED TREASURE

TW—$3.00 50TW—$3.00 51TW—$3.00 54TW—$3.00 UNAVAILABLE 57TW—$3.00 59TW—$3.00 60TW—$3.00 61TW—$3.00 62TW—$3.00 63TW—$3.00

TW—60¢ 65TW—60¢ 66TW—60¢ 67TW—60¢ 68TW—60¢ 69TW—60¢ 70TW—60¢ 71TW—60¢ 72TW—60¢ 73TW—60¢ 74TW—60¢

W—60¢ 76TW—60¢ 77TW—60¢ 78TW—60¢ 79TW—60¢ 80TW—60¢ 81TW—60¢ 82TW—$3.00 83TW—60¢ 84TW—60¢ 85TW—60¢

W—60¢ 87TW—60¢ 88TW—60¢ 89TW—60¢ 90TW—60¢ 91TW—60¢ 92TW—60¢ 93TW—60¢ 94TW—60¢ 95TW—60¢ 96TW—60¢

TW—60¢ 98TW—60¢ 99TW—60¢ 100TW—60¢ 101TW—60¢ 102TW—60¢ 103TW—60¢ 104TW—60¢ 105TW—60¢ 106TW—60¢ 107TW—60¢

TW—60¢ 109TW—60¢ 110TW—60¢ 111TW—60¢ 112TW—60¢ 113TW—60¢ 114TW—60¢ 115TW—60¢ 116TW—60¢ 117TW—60¢ 118TW—60¢

19TW—60¢ 120TW—60¢ 121TW—60¢ 122TW—60¢ 123TW—60¢ 124TW—60¢ 125TW—60¢ 126TW—60¢ 127TW—60¢ 128TW—75¢

OLD WEST
back issues
→
next page

OLD WEST WAREHOUSE SALE!
See preceding pages for details and prices on our Warehouse Sale bargains –
✶SAVE OVER 50%

OW1—60¢
OW2—60¢
OW3—
OW4—
OW5—60¢
OW6—60¢
UNAVAILABLE
UNAVAILABLE
OW7—60¢
OW8—60¢
OW9—60¢
OW10—60¢
OW11—60¢
OW12—60¢
OW13—60¢
OW14—60¢
OW15—60¢
OW16—60¢
OW17—$3.00
OW18—$3.00
OW19—60¢
OW20—60¢
OW21—60¢
OW22—60¢
OW23—60¢
OW24—60¢
OW25—60¢
OW26—60¢
OW27—$3.00
OW28—60¢
OW29—
UNAVAILABLE
OW30—60¢
OW31—60¢
OW32—60¢
OW33—60¢
OW34—60¢
OW35—60¢
OW36—60¢
OW37—60¢
OW38—60¢
OW39-60¢
OW40-60¢
OW41-60¢
OW42-60¢

was being dragged to the same little tree where they had taken Sonny Powell a short time before. There the minister met them and begged that they not do such a cruel deed near a place of worship. "For God's sake, not in the church yard," he entreated. But Sonny Powell was once again dragged forth, and the declared intention of the mob was to hang them both.

When Sheriff Jim Mays recovered his senses he quickly deputized several men to help him quell the riot. They mingled with the mob and soon had the prisoners back in the jail cell.

SHERIFF MAYS told what had happened when Turner was killed. "I thought I knew those two boys," he said, "but I did a darn fool thing when I walked in there with my gun on. When I entered the cell door and started to set the dinner tray down, Matt Forman hit me in the neck. He knocked me off balance. I fell, reaching for my gun. He hit me again and grabbed me by the throat and started choking me while Sonny Powell kicked my gun away from my hand and grabbed it. When I got hit on the head that was the last I knew for some time."

By two o'clock that afternoon crowds of men were gathering in front of the jail until the sidewalk and street looked like a milling mass of humanity. They had come in from ranches, farms and nearby settlements—from the dark reaches of the Verdigris River to the east where ran the famed old Whiskey Road to Coffeyville, Kansas; from the prairies to the west and the Osage Hills to the north. Their mood was ugly. News spread that there was big trouble in Welcome Town.

Sheriff Mays and his special deputies went from one man to the other, urging them to use sound common sense. "Le the law handle it," they cautioned. "G home boys. Break it up. You'll just d something you'll be sorry for," Mays tol them.

The crowd obeyed Mays' orders t clear away from in front of the jail bu they regathered in alleys and bac streets, at the wagon yard, and under th giant elm trees that lined the sidewalk of the town. Hourly the throng grew larger as ranchers and cowboys and lin riders drifted in. One man, whom I talke to in Nowata, told how the word traveled "We lived way out in the country," h said. "I was eight years old. Aroun suppertime a neighbor rode up on a lathered horse and without getting of just called out to Dad and my olde brother, 'Better get into town. There' gonna be a lynching soon as it's dark Dad and my brother saddled up an rode in. Me and Mama were scared t death."

As shadows lengthened in Welcom Town the mood of the mob grew mor ominous. Children and womenfolk staye inside their houses with the blinds drawn Men missed their supper, livestock di the same, and cows bawled to be milked Most folks in town kept a cow and som chickens and a saddle pony, all of whic went hungry on that terrible night.

Places of business were closed an shuttered. Only the railroad depot showe a light. (This was the same depot where only a few short years before, Cherokee Bill had snuffed out the life of the agent, Dick Richards, after robbing him.)

Darkness fell—mid-summer darkness with stars shining bright and a faint smell of wood smoke in the air. Sheriff Mays and his deputies sat tense, armed and waiting inside the jail. The two wounded and beaten prisoners were also aware of the mob and could hear plainly the swell of voices from the streets.

SOMETIME between eight and nine o'clock the restless mass of men became a solid mass of hate aimed at the jail house door, which was locked and barred. "Open up, Mays!" The command rang loud and clear in the sudden quiet.

"Give it up, boys! Go on home!" Sheriff Mays answered.

There was a shattering, splintering sound as a ram of heavy timber struck the door, and the mob surged in. Resistance was useless. At the sight of the two shaking prisoners the mob gave the full-throated roar of men thirsty for a lynching.

Matt Forman, unable to stand because of his wounds, was thrust forward and his head held up while a noose was placed around his neck. Sonny Powell also had a hangman's noose. Directly across the street from the jail stood a small tree. The limb would hold one man, but not two. In front of the courthouse stood an elaborate lamp post. It would do.

Matt Forman was dragged across the street and soon the limb of the little tree bent under the new burden it bore. Sonny Powell was hanged from the lamp post.

In talking to old-timers who were there I noted that the one thing that stood out in the memory of each of them was the look of hatred on the faces of the mob in the crowd.

Joe Fry recalled that his older brother witnessed the lynching and never forgot the expressions of those who pulled the ropes. He recalled that the man who shot Sonny Powell's hand to keep it away from the noose was laughing as he pulled the trigger.

Mrs. Edna Miller Blanke said that, as a child of four, she had been left home with her grandmother while her mother went to town with her father and two sisters, not knowing of the impending trouble. They had just walked down to see what the noise and the big crowd was all about when the two men were pulled up to die. Georgie Miller, her mother, fainted at the gruesome sight, and her father and sisters attempted to get her back to where they had left their wagon. The men in the mob were so crazy and excited they almost ran down the Millers while they were trying to lift Mrs. Blanke's mother from the sidewalk. In ordinary times these same men would have been the soul of courtesy and compassion.

"When Mother was an old woman," Mrs. Blanke told me, "she sometimes would sit in her rockingchair and mutter to herself, or to anyone who would listen, 'The look on their faces was so awful—so awful'."

Arch Sequichie, half-Cherokee and sheriff of Nowata County for twenty-four years recalled, "I was just a young fellow and lived way out in the country. The day after the hanging I came into town with my father. You never saw a town so quiet. I had never in my whole life seen Nowata so quiet. It was like the calm after a great Oklahoma cyclone. Men that Dad had known for years spoke to us politely enough, sort of like in the presence of death, and asked how our crops were and said we needed a good rain—stuff like that—but if Dad mentioned the hanging they found other business that needed attending to. The only ones who discussed the lynching were those who, like us, had not been there.

"Even much later, when I became sheriff, everyone tried to shy away from talking about the lynching. After the fever was gone and sanity returned I know there were a lot of men who wished they could undo that black night."

Charlie Heddy, the town constable, had gone to Coffeyville, Kansas on the morning of the jailbreak. He arrived home about nine o'clock, maybe a little later, that evening, and when he saw all those men on the sidewalk in front of the jail he walked over, leaned up against the light post in front of the courthouse, pushed back his big white Stetson and asked, "Why all the crowd?"

"Hell, man, look up over your head!" someone answered. Heddy looked up and saw Sonny Powell swinging right above him. He sure got away from that lamp post fast.

Now little Welcome Town has law and order. Its quiet wide streets are shaded with great elm trees like those in the church yard, one of which bore the weight of Sonny Powell the first time he was hanged, so some say. History has lost the location of the hanging tree. Some say it is gone. Only a pile of rubble marks the outline of the Methodist Church that stood here.

The courthouse towers over the town. A patch on the sidewalk shows where the ornamental light post stood that bore Sonny Powell's body at his second hanging, and a shop stands where the little tree swayed under the weight of Matt Forman. Soon there will be little physical evidence of the tragedy that took place on September 29, 1916, and it's just as well.

Streets Paved With Gold

(Continued from page 14)

Highways. The only unorthodox and unusual equipment was a water sprinkling system that threw a fine spray over the entire operation. No dust rose. The crushed rock was being forced across a fine grid where tiny loose particles and chips were washed through. These were conveyed, together with the soft wet sand produced by washing down the dust, to the vibrating washing table upon which there was a continuous movement of scattered tiny yellow flakes of gold. These flakes, being heavier than the sand and rock particles, fell behind the other materials in the vibrating trip across the slanted table and eventually dropped into a long narrow trough.

50 YARDS LACE $1.45

LACE—LACE—LACE . . . 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as *hem facing on new double knit fabrics.* **Only** $1.45 plus 30¢ pstg., double order $2.79 plus 50¢ pstg. Satisfaction guaranteed!

FREE with lace **50 BUTTONS!**
50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes, and shapes. Many compete sets. Free with each Lace Order. Order Now!

AUTOMATIC NEEDLE THREADERS!

SPECIAL! 3 for $1.00

Save time, end frustration & eye strain. Threads ANY style or size needle INSTANTLY—AUTOMATICALLY. Just drop needle into funnel, push button—and *PRESTO*—it's threaded! Make great gifts. SPECIAL: 3 threaders only $1.00 + 10¢ pstg. & hdlg.

RUSH ORDER FOR THREADERS & LACE TO
TWO BROTHERS, INC. DEPT. LN-540
808 Washington St. Louis, Missouri 63101

☆ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
LOST MINES AND TREASURES
OF THE SOUTHWEST
by Jimmie Busher 200 stories 200 maps
Calif. Ariz. Nev. Utah Colo. N.Mex Tex. Okla.
Only $5. postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Fantastic New Book Wonderful Gift
Treasure Guide Books Box 368
Mesilla Park, N. M. 88047
☆ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ☆

LIVE-CATCH TRAPS *Write for* FREE CATALOG

MUSTANG

Low as $4.95

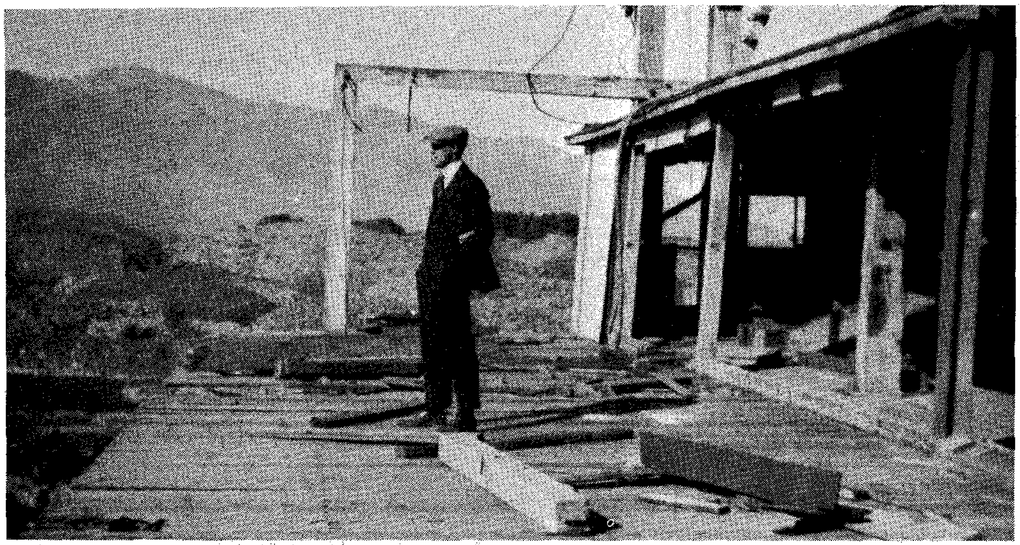
Traps without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pets, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, turtles, quail, etc. Save on our low factory prices. Send no money. Write for free catalog and trapping secrets. MUSTANG MFG. CO., Dept. N-11, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018

SUBSCRIBER'S NOTICE

Post Office charges for notifying us of your Change of Address has gone up 150 per cent! So that makes it three times more important for you to notify us of your change of address.

Also, they won't forward your magazines. In short, it costs the heck out of you as well as us to get things going again.

So when you are about to move, remember that notifying us of your new address (as well as old) is triple important for us both. You will? Thanks!


The author, over fifty years ago, observing the Alder Gulch Mining District from the deck of an abandoned gold dredge near Virginia City, Montana.

Nothing was being wasted. The black sand and mud which completed the journey across the table fell into a container which was emptied into a fine-meshed sack. A number of such full sacks stood in a row a little to one side of the washing table. "When there is a truck load of those sacks," Mr. X explained, "I send them to the smelter and let it recover the fine stuff for me."

"And the crushed rock that goes on the highway still contains gold?" I suggested.

"Sure. I'm only getting what's in the dust and chips that break loose. The rest goes on the highway. It wouldn't pay to grind the stuff for the gold alone, but I've got a nice profit on it as a by-product. The state pays the going rate for crushed rock and this type makes high-class highway foundation. The mine gets 25% of my gross income from gold. They furnish the rocks and space for my crusher and trucks."

"How did you get into such a business?"

He grinned good-naturedly. "I guess I'm just a promoter. During the war, when meat was rationed, there was a shortage of beef in California. I went into the butchering business here in Grass Valley and shipped in cattle from Nevada. It was darn profitable for a while. The war shortages and those little red ration discs set up a system where a small operation like mine could compete with the big boys.

"When the war ended, I was out of business and looking for something to do. I'd saved enough to buy the trucks and the crusher, and the department of highways agreed with me that this pile of rocks would make good roads. The gold became a sort of all-profit sideline."

I laughed. "So California highways really are paved with gold?"

"I'll say they are. Wish I could get another small fraction of what you'll drive across on your way home."

TEN YEARS later I found further evidence of "golden" highways in California. My wife and I spent a part of a winter at Dunsmuir. It must have been some sort of coincidence that I asked my butcher there if he ever panned gold.

"Every chance I get," he admitted. "It fascinates me."

"I'd like to pan some again," I suggested.

"Two o'clock Sunday," he offered. "I'll take you about fifteen miles down the river."

It was a short hop on a newly-completed stretch of Interstate #5 to the spot where we crossed the Sacramento River on a Southern Pacific railroad trestle and began panning. Although I had done this before, I was nevertheless delighted to get two or three colors from the very first pan of gravel. Several times I went to the same place by myself after that.

I also made a trip down to Slate Creek, which dashes to enter the Sacramento River under a bridge about half-way between Redding and Dunsmuir. On this trip I met a middle-aged Frenchman who owns a home and a little garden on a hillside just off the freeway.

When I talked to him about the prospectors I had seen washing gold along the river when I would pass down the canyon on the train, he said, "I used to do a little panning." He reached into an inside pocket and brought forth a small pouch. Shortly I was looking at a good-sized nugget. "Largest I ever found," he confided. "It weighs about two ounces—$70 at $35 an ounce but I could sell it for $100. People collect them when they are this large." (That nugget would bring a much fancier price today.)

"Do you still find gold around here?" I asked.

"After a heavy rain last winter I found two small nuggets while I was walking along the edge of the freeway. They had washed into the gutter where the highway cuts through the gravel up there." He pointed to the bank of the roadway, a solid bank of gravel, where it passed what was once an ancient river bed.

This gentleman went on to explain that there had been a lawsuit over disputed values for property the Department of Highways had condemned for Interstate #5 right of way. The owner wanted more for the property than was offered because he claimed that one of the ancient river beds had created the gravel the freeway would take and that the gravel was filled with gold. Expert geologists were brought into court who testified that the gold content was insufficient to make profitable mining possible. The property owner was obliged to accept what had been offered.

"What did you think about that?" I asked.

The fellow grinned, the expression on his face telling more than words. "They needed clean gravel near here to make concrete for gutters and culverts when they were building this stretch. Help, especially day labor mucking, was scarce out this far because of the commuting involved. The highway then propositioned a neighbor of mine and me to go to work washing out the dirt and debris. We told them we would accept regular union wages for regular hours if they would let us put riffles in the washing sluice and clean up for gold after hours." He laughed again, as if the memory were a happy thought. "Nobody ever asked what we got and we never told anybody. We could only work a few weeks so you know we didn't get rich."

"In other words, a good deal of gold wound up in the highway," I suggested.

"It may not be a big thing, but everybody is sure driving past and over some of it along here. There's enough to make a fellow awfully rich if there was an easy way to get it, but I've been here a long time and I'm not a wealthy man."

That was the final proof I needed. I haven't seen any angels playing on harps in California, but the streets are sure enough paved with gold!

The Nester and the Law

(Continued from page 35)

man nobody would attempt to abuse.

"I was afraid Moore would get him," Whitley said. "He told me something had to be done about the nesters and that for fifty dollars he could hire a Mexican."

I nodded, for I'd heard the same threat.

Eighteen witnesses were called—among them Slim Roberson, Pop Whitley, and me. It was bitterly cold. We went down to Los Lunas and stayed at a small tourist court sort of place where we could prepare our meals.

Witnesses for the state were kept under lock, but those for the defense were left in the courtroom. However, we had such an array of evidence that nobody doubted the outcome of the trial. The jury was composed of Mexicans, mostly from Atarque. There was a Mexican judge, a Mexican attorney for the defense, and because Mrs. Wilson could not hire one, a Mexican attorney was appointed by the judge for her.

With a jury composed entirely of Mexicans, much of the testimony had to be interpreted. Several of us who spoke Spanish knew immediately that the interpreter was not doing his work honestly. I testified that I'd heard Moore say he was going to get rid of Wilson; and so did Wilson and Roberson. There was enough other evidence to have convicted him on a dozen counts, but that jury did not convict him. It was a hung jury. Moore himself testified that he went to the tank with a gun when Wilson at-

(30¢ per word, cash with order)
Send all ads or correspondence to—
JOE SMALL, JR.
Classified Advertising Mgr.
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Tx. 78764

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, Calif. 95126.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ *Yosemite, San Jose, Calif. 95126.*

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

ATTENTION TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST back issue collectors. We have a limited number of the following rare issues for $3.00 each. We have less than a dozen copies of some. They must be sold on a strictly first come-first served basis. TRUE WEST 15, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, [redacted], 57, [redacted], 60, 61, 62, 63, 82. FRONTIER TIMES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33. OLD WEST 17, 18, 27. WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

WESTERN HARDBACK NOVELS. Free lists. Canford Books, Box 216, Freeville, N. Y. 13068.

WANTED—HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES, published in Bandera, Texas by J. Marvin Hunter. Vol. 1, Nos. 1 & 3 and Vol. 3, Nos. 2 & 6. Mary Sanders, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES" by L. Erie Schaefer, about Frank Fish's mysterious death. $3.00. "Buried Treasure and Lost Mines" by Frank Fish. $2.00. Both postpaid. Amador Publishing Co., Dept. 6, 14728 Peyton Dr., Chino, Calif. 91710.

BACK ISSUE MAGAZINES. We buy, trade and sell Western, Railroad, Plane, Car and pulp magazines plus 200 more titles. 1890 to 1975. S.A.S.E. Everybody's Bookshop, 317 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

OLD MAPS AND ATLASES of your state. Enclose a stamp for catalog and Northwest Treasure News. Christensen, Drawer C, Sprague, Wash. 99032.

"LOST MINES AND TREASURES OF THE SOUTHWEST" by Jimmie Busher. 200 stories. 200 maps. Every treasure hunter needs this fantastic new book! Wonderful gift. $5.00. Treasure Guide Book. Box 368, Mesilla Park, New Mex. 88047.

RARE, ORIGINAL HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES. Not all issues. Not all mint, but all good condition. $3.00 for a specific issue. Only $2.50 for an issue of our own selection—that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available of these collectors' items. These are the ORIGINALS. Address correspondence to Marilyn White, Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

FOR COLLECTORS OF TEXANA or military history—THE TEXAS ARMY: A History of the 36th Division in the Italian Campaign. Hardback, 300 pages with photos, maps, biblio, and index. Limited edition. $10.50 postpaid. Order direct from author-publisher: Robert L. Wagner P.O. Box 13488, Capitol Station, Austin, Tex. 78711.

WESTERN PAPERBACKS, $25 per hundred, Western Magazines, $25 per hundred. Also comics, novels, crosswords, etc. Lists 50¢. Select Books, Box 1152, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 57101.

OLD FORTS OF SOUTHERN COLORADO. New. Bent's, Military, Spanish Forts. 60 pages—28 photos. $3.00 postpaid USA. Beckner Books, 415 N. 15th, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

TRUE WEST. Will pay fair price for #2 and #3 of Volume I as published in 1954 to complete set. Hal Clayburne, 554 Broadview Drive West, San Antonio, Texas 78228.

GUNS ALONG THE SILVERY SAN JUAN. New. Authentic. Lawless days Colorado-New Mexico. 46 pages—12 photos, $3.00 postpaid USA. Beckner Books, 415 N. 15th, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

BIOGRAPHAPHICAL ALBUM OF GUNFIGHTERS, Bartholomew. Frontier Press, 1958. 20" x 13" approximately. Very good condition. Hundreds of pictures, Biographies. Best Offer. Parsons, Barrett, Minn. 56311.

"IN WYOMING" MAGAZINE. Original Western historical articles in every issue. Six issues per year, $7.50. Two years, $12. In Wyoming, Box R, Lander, Wyo. 82520.

1881 REPRINT "History of Buchanan County, St. Joseph, and Missouri." The hardcover reprint contains 1,070 pages. 78 page history of Missouri, a 304 page *history of Buchanan County and 273 page* history of St. Joseph. It lists 866 heads of families who were prominent in 1881, dating back to 1840. Crimes, the gold rush to California, first railroads, businesses. It is the only book of the original history that is known to be in existence. The cost of the book is $11.00 plus 80¢ for postage and handling. Make check payable to S. W. Lilly, R.R. #1, Helena, Missouri 64459.

Rare Coins & Stamps

JAPANESE INVASION NOTES. Malaya 1¢ to $1,000. Nine notes uncirculated—$2.50. Price list 50¢. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U. S. Send $2.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-KM, Wash. D. C. 20009.

Western Merchandise

SNAP FASTENERS. FANCY WESTERN shirt snaps, shirt trimming, pearl and metal snaps in many colors and designs. Also nailheads and rhinestones. Send for free catalog. Campau Co., P.O. Box 518-A, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

OLD STYLE Circled Star Badge with your name, town and state. $9.95. Heavy metal over 2 inches in diameter. Not a cheap toy. Perfect for display with your gun collection or fast draw groups. Baird, 9889 Alondra, Dept. FT, Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

Recipes

WINEMAKERS . . . FREE Illustrated Supply Catalog of yeast, equipment. Recipes. Continental, Box 68016-W, Indianapolis, Ind. 46268.

ECONOMICAL, DELICIOUS, Scandinavian Potato Sausage. Cook and freeze for quick meals. Recipe $1.00. 205 Wheeler Village, Missoula, Mont. 59801.

MOUTHWATERING Sourdough Biscuits. Send $1.00 and stamped envelope. Western Recipes, Box 1642, Carlsbad, N. Mex. 88220.

WINE! YOU CAN MAKE. Kitchen utensils will do. Included Free! Ways To Make Champagne. Instructions, Recipe. Only $3.98. Mershon Winemaking Program, 4180 Hybrid, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80917.

SCANDINAVIAN RECIPE BOOKS. $3.00 each, Postpaid. White House Cook Book. Send SASE. C. Pykonen, 938 Oak Point Road, Longview, Wash. 98632.

Business & Employment

"U.S. GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DIRECTORY." How, Where to buy 100,000 items (including Jeeps) . . . low as 2¢ on dollar! Most complete information available . . . $2.00. Surplus Disposal, Box 19107-KM, Washington, D.C. 20036.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME easily. Exciting Details 15¢. Lindbloom, Dept. WP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

$5,000 MONTHLY . . . IN MAILORDER. Free proof. Ross Bright Enterprises, Box 248, Lynden, Wash. 98264.

FINANCIAL LIBERATION—Your Own "Antique Photo Parlour." Not a franchise; no experience necessary. *Send $1.00 for sample and particulars. Prof.* Bloodgood's, Dept. FT, 3837 Mariana, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105.

Treasure Hunting

TREASURE FINDER LOCATES buried gold, silver, coins, treasures. 6 powerful models. Instant financing available. Write or call for free catalog. Phone (713) 682-2728 day or night. Dealer inquiries invited. Relco, Dept. AA 32, Box 10839, Houston, Tex. 77018.

GOLD & SILVER—Locate up to ¼ mile away with my sensitive locator. Send for my free, informative pamphlet. Carl Anderson, P.O. Box 13441-BC Tampa, Fla. 33611.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING, Mining—Equipment, Kits, Books. Free catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

NEW Gold-Silver Pendulums, Rods. Stamped envelope. *Write Mercury Magnet, W. M. Gregory,* Rt. 3, *Box* 100, Anson, Tex. 79501.

BUILD YOUR OWN Directional Mineral Locator. Locate mineral and treasure one mile away. Send $5.00 *for plans and instructions to* Les Hardin, Box 260, Florence, Colo. 81226.

Miscellaneous

PHOTOS—AUTHENTIC OLD WEST photos of gunfighters, Indians, Mexican Revolutionaries and more. Our archives catalog is invaluable for historians, writers, collectors, educators. Prints for decorating home or business. Published and Unpublished. For catalog write: Old West Collectors, P.O. Box 3459, El Paso, Tex. 79923.

CONFIDENTIAL CARE for pregnant, unwed mothers. Edna Gladney Home, 2308 Hemphill, Fort Worth, Tex. 76110. Tel. (817) 926-3304.

SLINGSHOT! Handle made from beautiful maple wood. Quarter-inch surgical tubing with leather pouch. TEXAS ROCKSLINGER imprinted on both sides. Very professional. A nice gift or just keep it yourself! Only $3.50 postpaid. Rockslinger, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

MAPS. OLD STATE, RAILROAD, County Maps. 70-110 years old. SASE. Northern Map., Dept. FT, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

ROBERT E. LEE, 11" x 14" sepia-toned photograph, $3.00. Historic Photos, P.O. Box 18674, Dallas, Tex. 75218.

NEVADA KENO SYSTEM, $2.00. Scenic postcards, $1.50 dozen. Sacramento, San Francisco or Oroville newspaper, $1.50. Will Crawford, Box 2031, Oroville, Calif. 95965.

COMPLETE WILL KIT contains 64 page attorneys book, personal assets record, executors duties, four will forms, all in valuable portfolio. Guaranteed. $3.00 postpaid. Segesmans, 7836 Peachtree, Suite 101, Van Nuys, Calif. 91402.

ATTENTION CRIBBAGE PLAYERS. Beautiful half-inch thick clear acrylite plastic cribbage board, 16½" x 4", countersunk holes, brass pins, boxed, immediate mailing. Only $7.00. J. L. Gabriel, E. 1618 Columbia, Spokane, Wash. 99207.

DISCOVER TREASURES with us. Order a FREE nondenominational Bible study course. PMA, Box 3397-A, Riverside, Calif. 92509.

FRONTIER TIMES in binders, 1 thru 36, best offer. Hundreds of Western Books and Magazines: Price List, $3.00 plus two free western books. Roy Holt, Box 336, Kingsland, Tex. 78639.

METAL MARKERS for Historical Sites. Custom made. For information, Ed Pranger Co., 1840 Almaden Road, San Jose, Calif. 95125.

Indian Relics

OBSIDIAN KNIVES and SPEARPOINTS 3" to 10" long, $1.50 an inch. Obsidian arrowpoints, average 2" long, 3 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis St., Redding, Calif. 96001.

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. List 50c, Irografts, Box 7, Ohsweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

FOR SALE, War Arrowheads, Ceremonial Spears, *Flint Effigies, Birdstone, Boatstones, Bonnerstone,* Pipes. Arrowhead Trading Post, Box 205, Danville, Ark. 72833.

FOR SALE. Clovis Points, Spears, Axes, Pipes, Fish *Hooks, Effigies, Effigy Pipes, Arrowheads.* Clyde Barnett, Box 94, Danville, Ark. 72833.

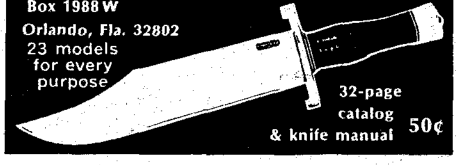
50 BRAND NEW
TOWELS $1.25!

Biggest Towel Bargain in U.S.

UNWOVEN COTTON AND RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — Not Seconds — 50 Towels for $1.25, or 100 for only $2.35! Super Quality. Pts. include 25¢ extra for pstg. & hdlg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. Make good money selling these Towels. We've sold 70,000,000 already and include sure-fire MONEY MAKING Plans with your order. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Order Now!

50 TOWEL CO., Dept. TO-537 Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 62101

RANDALL MADE KNIVES
Box 1988 W
Orlando, Fla. 32802
23 models
for every
purpose



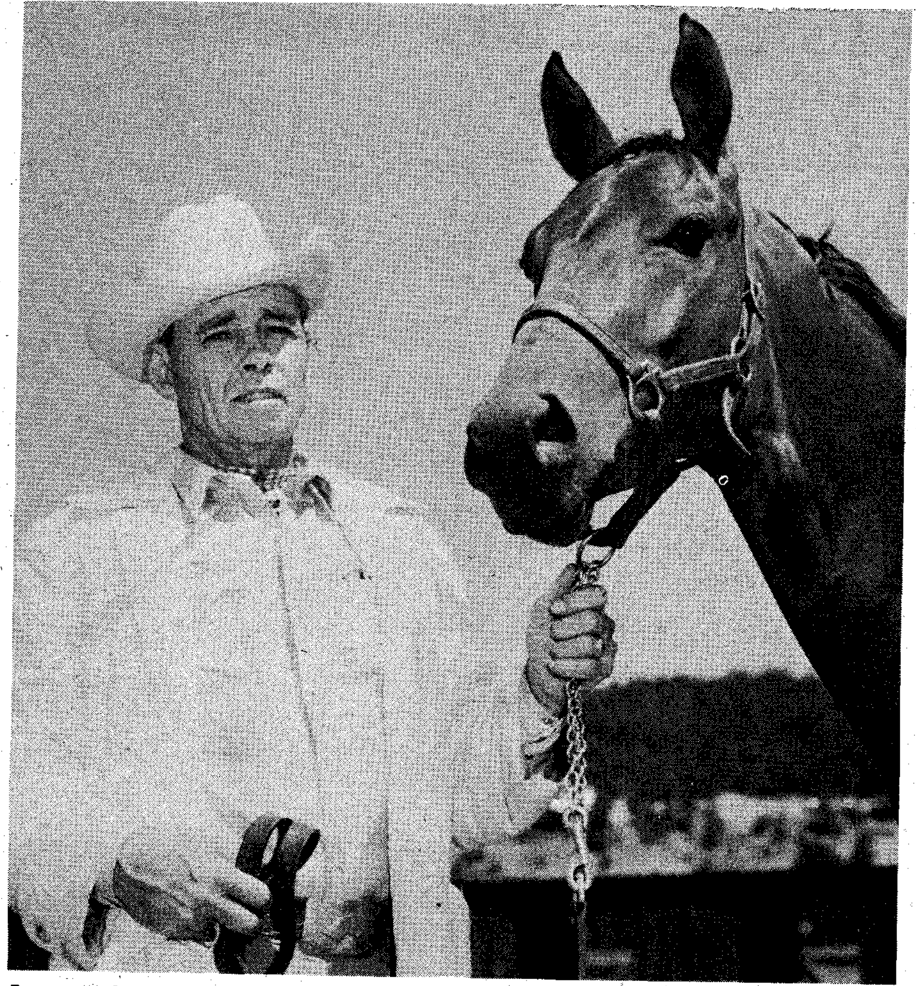
32-page catalog & knife manual 50¢

THURM LOWERY

We need your new address. Please get in touch with Mary Sanders, Western Publications, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 516 West 34th Street, New York, New York 10001.



A recent photo of Lyo Lee with his horse Bobbie Coca.

tempted to get some water for his radiator. Moore said, "And I believe he'd have hit me with that bucket if I hadn't had a gun." Hit him with a bucket! And they let Moore go.

Were some of the jurors paid off in Moore's trial? Nearly everybody in the country believed so. Most wanted Moore to be hanged. Except for his family that sentiment was unaminous among the Anglos, and many of the better Mexicans felt the same. I'll say this for his sons, though—they stuck to him as though he had been a good father. He most definitely had not.

SHORTLY after the trial I saw a horse coming down the trail from the direction of Moore's. The land was comparatively level and we could see ten miles. As the horse came closer I recognized it as Pop Whitley's paint. Pop rode up and we invited him to get down. One of the boys took his horse, and Pop limped into the house, with his hinge creaking. He refused food—said it wouldn't be long till supper and he could wait.

After we'd eaten he said, "Boys, I came over on a little mission. Looks to me like we *don't have any law* to take care of things. I know you two boys did all you could, but the court! The trial was just a farce. I'd prefer law and order but if you've got none—and we haven't—"

We waited.

"You know Ol' Man Moore killed Wilson. Everybody knows it. We gave the law a chance but you see what it did. I guess there's some good in everybody except that old s.o.b. He's a cold-blooded murderer and he's *running* loose."

We agreed.

"What do you think we could do, Pop?"

"Don't know exactly, but you've got *good* horses. My old paint can't take me very far. In the morning why not saddle up, go up on the mesa, and take a look? Somewhere on top we'll find him. When we do, we'll just get off our horses and go to work like we would on a deer. Well, what do you say?"

"Everybody knows he killed Wilson," replied Reuben, "but I'm under oath to uphold the law. I feel just as you do about it; but I've given my word. I'd have to think it over."

There was a little stretch of silence before Pop answered. "My son Heck has a family and I can't expect him to help me. But you fellows, you aren't *married*—"

"I know. If it's to be done, it's men like us who should do it. They won't *hang all of us.*"

"Well," Pop said, "I've enough to take care of my wife if I'm killed."

We gave him the bed and slept outside. And we talked it over. Whitley was old and crippled; there was no use getting him into it.

The next morning we gave him our decision. We didn't want to hurt his feelings, so we just said we couldn't do it but that if anything happened to Moore we wouldn't know *anything.* He nodded and left.

OTHER MEN, too, felt us out, trying to ascertain if we'd join them. We just told them frankly that we felt that killing was too good for Moore but that we had to keep out of it, and especially Reuben because he was a peace officer.

There was much talk but no action. People avoided Moore. Many quit getting their mail from him, but we didn't. Every time I rode up that trail I studied it for places where a man could be ambushed easily, and I rode with my gun in readiness. The place I dreaded most was the gate. When I dismounted to open it I always kept the horse between me and the house. Mrs. Moore usually stayed in the post office, and we tried to be very courteous to her. We felt very sorry for her and her daughter.

Then Moore brought in a gunman, called King. Everybody knew why he was there, and people avoided him and the Moores. One time we had a little roundup by the Sierra Madre, northeast of Trechado. It was at Pop Whitley's, and everybody went. Reuben had been studying his law book and he came up with a solution, or thought he did. He found a clause saying that nobody could attend a public roundup carrying side-arms. Of course everybody did, but it was in violation of the law. He got the word around. And he told me, "Here's where we get King. When he shows up at this roundup he'll have a gun. The rest of the men won't—anyway, not in sight. We'll arrest him and take him to Los Lunas."

The gunman came, and Reuben did the talking.

"Mr. King, what you got in your chaps pocket? Isn't that a gun? Thought so. Hand it over. You're under arrest."

That night they kept him in the bunkhouse, a two-room building thirty feet from the house. There was a door opening into the kitchen, and another into the room where the bunks were. They put King in that room. Whitley insisted on taking first guard. He made a pot of coffee, sat by a little table, and laid his gun, a single action .45, on it.

Later I heard Whitley swear and I beat it for the bunkhouse. I was afraid he would get up for coffee and leave his gun on the table, and that's just what he did. But when I got to the door he was sitting there with the gun pointed at King's belly. "Git back in that bunk!" he ordered.

King had heard Pop's hinge creak when he went to the stove and figured that the old man wouldn't have taken the gun.

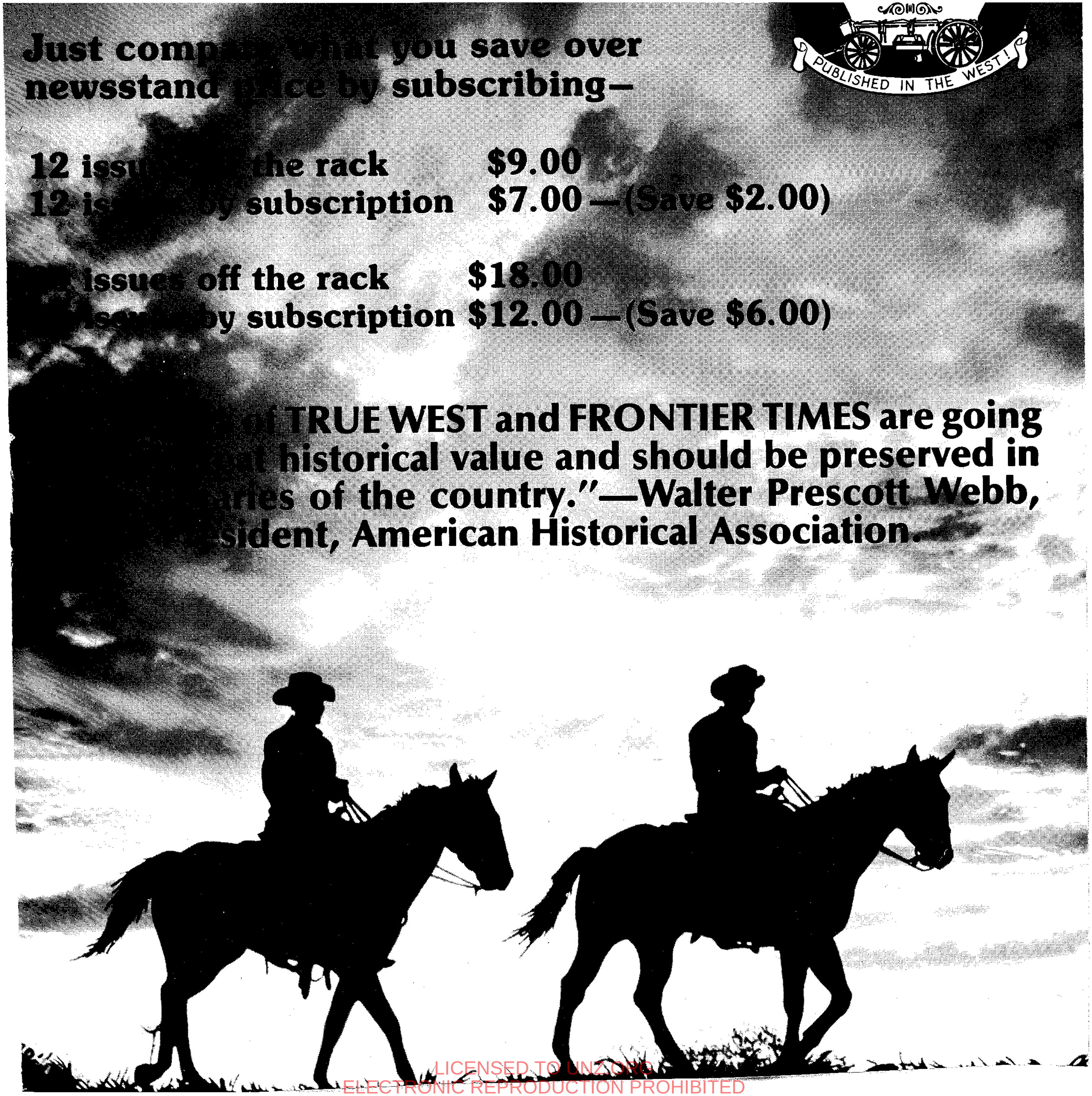
I kept still because I knew how Whitley was enjoying having the drop on King. King knew, too, and he ambled back into the dark bunk room. Neither one knew I was there, or that I had King covered. In about a half-hour King peeped out the door.

"Git back!" Pop spat. "or I'll blow a hole through you that I can throw a dog through."

And Mr. King obliged.

The next morning the "fast gun" was taken to Los Lunas where he was given a fine and a rider out of the state.

Ten years later Ol' Man Moore died of a heart attack.



PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

Just compare what you save over newsstand price by subscribing–

12 issues off the rack $9.00
12 issues by subscription $7.00—(Save $2.00)

[illegible] issues off the rack $18.00
[illegible] issues by subscription $12.00—(Save $6.00)

"[illegible] of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going [illegible] historical value and should be preserved in [illegible] libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, [illegible] President, American Historical Association.

WANTED

The traveling businessman's 10 most wanted list.

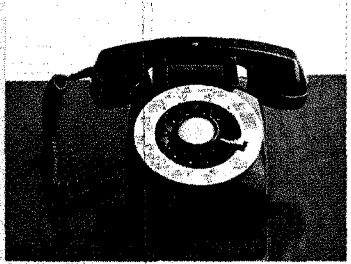
We've asked hundreds of businessmen what they want most when they travel. Here are their answers:

1

Cleanliness. Nothing is more important to businessmen or Holiday Inn than cleanliness. So our Inspection System (see #9) is designed to keep our reputation spotless.

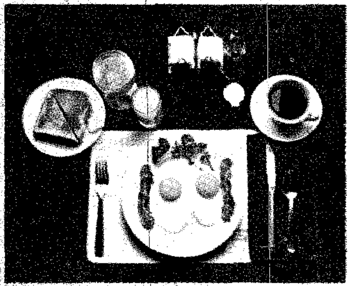
2

Comfort. Each Holiday Inn room is designed for modern, efficient living. Plush carpeting. Comfortable furniture. Oversized beds. A tv. Good lighting for late-night work sessions.



3

Service. Our Holiday Inn employees will serve you promptly and efficiently. And our 24-hour switchboard is always there when you need it.



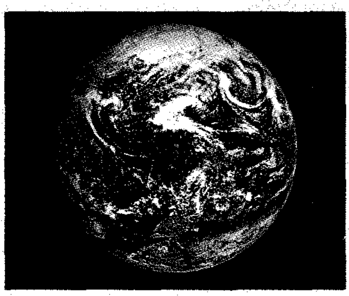
4

Good Restaurants. Early breakfast to late-night snack you'll find reasonably priced, appetizing food 16 continuous hours a day.

Holiday Inn
directory

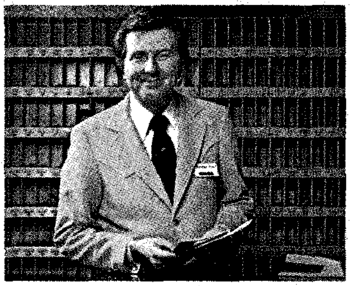
5

Reasonable Rates. And



6

Location. In every U.S. major city we give you a choice of many Inns. And we're along roadsides, at all major airports and in over 200 resort and international locations.

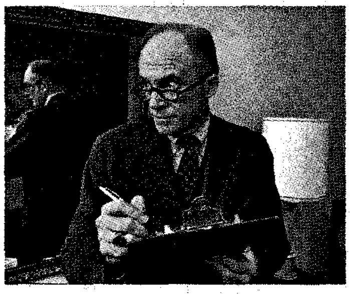


7

Friendly Employees. Businessmen appreciate our friendly, helpful employees who go out of their way to be accommodating.

8

Parking. All Holiday Inns have free parking on the premises for registered guests.



9

Consistent Standards. Every 90 days an Inspector checks each Holiday Inn (174 items in all) to insure consistent, high standards.

10

Reservations. Simple. To